QUAM DILECTA.*

How sweet, O Lord, Thy house to those Whol storm-tossed, plant all hope in "Rice! Whice eas souls find true repose Upon file's troubled sea?

Speak not to me of mansions proud,
Of brilliant throngs and pageants gay
Vain show! beneath its glittering shroud
know of his family's misfortune. Work heartache and decay.

Far dearer be to us the soft, Deep silence of the house of God, Than Fashion's halls, whose floors too

Our feet, perchance, have trod.

More beautiful the flickering light
That spends itself 'fore Jesus' throne,
Than my riad lamps, surpassing bright, That burn for man alone.

More welcome far a lifelong leaso Of meanest nook, if near to Thee, Than Art's superbest masterpiece In sinners' company.

One day at home with Thee, O Lord,-One little while upon Thy breast. Is joy the world can not award E'en everlasting quest!

O blest indeed are they that dwell Amid Thy presence, sweetening, pure! Nought else our fevered pulse can quell, Our sin-sick souls can cure.

For Thee, the True, the Good, the Strong, We thirst in all earth's darkened

Celestial Sion's courts we long To tread beneath Thy gaze.

Our hearts are fainting for Thy face, As Holy David's did of yore; When shall we feel Thy fond embrace On heaven's tranquil shore?

*Ps., lxxxiii.

REV. ANDREW DOOLEY, in Arr Maria.

" A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROWS.

PROLOGUE.

"I never connected these circumstances with his present depression. Dr. Merimee, you knew M. Antoine - you saw him a few days before his deathwhat is your own opinion about it?"
"M. Antoine de Vaux was insane;

his death by his own hand the irresponsible act of a madman."

"You must tell me the truth now." she said, her breath coming quickly, her tongue parched and dry with excite-face of the niece. Alice Montague was ment. Is there any other member of the orphan daughter of Madame de my husband's family you have ever attended whom you have suspected of be-ing of unsound mind?" vaux's sister, who had died some years before. Following the doctor's advice, that cheering society should surround Yes, madame.'

She stood for a moment with her hand pressed tightly against her heart, gathering strength before she should dare to

ask the next question.

"Dr. Merimee," she said at last, standing before him cold and rigid as a corpse, but with her voice still clear and tirm, is my hosband mad?

No, madame ; not yet."

" But he will be:

"I cannot say. Care may save him He must not more; he must not get excited. Above all, he must not fear His sister has escaped, and one of his brothers.

" And the other "

"The other is in a private nation is sante in Brazil." " And my son? Oh, my God!" broke

from the mother's lips, as she wrung her

moments of concentrated horror, that she would never again be able to look

Her life so far, though full of change and movement, had been extremely happy. Married young to a man she passionately loved, for eleven years she same herself."

had never known a wish untuitited, and at his death she had been perfectly ready to retire into perpetual widow use lighting against if, it's sure to break stay with him and read to him a lattle I hood with her daughter. Gaston de Vnux's vehement pleading induced her Vaux's vehement pleading induced her to break this resolve, and now, at thirty-nine, after twenty brilliant years of life at its best and brightest, with her youthful daughter recently married, an indulgent husband devoted to her, and a ground advoted to her and a ground advoted to her, and a ground advoted to her and a ground adv day to see before her a middle age of such sunny contentment and peace, such a field for her affections and her energies, as should make youth a thing to look back upon with pleasure, but without

Now a black veil of doubt and terror seemed to shut out the smiling prespect; for all her tife of bixurious ease, she was as full of courage, endurance, and resource, as though she had been trained in the rough school of poverty and neglect. Against any evil to those she loved which prudence or devotion night avert, she would have been ready and eager to fight; but before this stealthy for this cribed his sudden illness to the intense insidious malady of tainted blood and heat, nor would be in any way allude to the shelter of the hotel for the glaring powerless. A sensation of bitter anger avoided meeting her eye, and retired sunshine outside. He could hear her for a moment swept over her heart, at very early to his room, pleading fatigue, voice calling to him from the balcony, the thought of the deception which had been practised on her, soon to be rethe balcony of her sitting-room trying to wandered simlessly on under the scorchbeen practised on her, soon to be re-placed by tender and more compassionate thoughts for the father of her son. It step in the room behind her made her was not for her husband, indeed, that she was suffering, but for her child. When, after the first paralysing effect of the doctor's words had worn off, she could be could be could be round be adopted by the could be round be adopted by the child be round be adopted by the could be round be round be round by the could be round by the round be round by the round be round by the round by the round be round by the r collect her ideas sufficiently to think and to recollect clearly, a dozen little inside-door, through the hotel garden, and arms in a sort of stupor. cidents, trivial in themselves, but full of into a narrow, rocky path leading up the For months past higher themselves. terrible import now, flashed into her

That Gaston had not entirely escaped from the family curse was terribly evident to her now; but the question

which burnt into her mind was not con-nected with him, but with her boy. From Dr. Merimee she learn that Gaston's father had lived and died in the higher and higher up the mountain-side; watching.

full enjoyment of unclouded reason, not being remarkable even for any eccentrisparkled, the music of it rising in the she had discovered his secret; she city of conduct. Gaston's sister and one perfect stillness of the air.

the first time. With a morbid dread lest his wife should learn the terrible secret. Gaston de Vaux had never taken her to the Norman estate, which he ing away from her, and staring down at first disturb him. They came from a which place us in a minority of a min-

shared with his brothers and sister; nor would be ever allow her to pay more than a passing visit of a few days to Paris, and it was only by accident she had learnt that he was in the habit of

consulting M. Merimes.

All the doctor could do now was to beg her again to use the utmost care with her husband, and to furthermore advise

particulars concerning M. Gaston's state for it, do you?" of health, mental and physical."

There was nothing more that he could say or do for her; but he saw his confidence in her justified by the manner in which she took leave of him, and, talking sweetly, and even brightly, to her son, returned to her carriage; her face a little paler, the lines about her mouth a little harder than before; but with firm step, clear voice, and the same dignified grace she had shown on entering the house an hour before.

He watched her from behind the halfdrawn curtains at the window.

"How brave these women are" he said. "Very few men I know would have borne it so well. It was better she step you might slip over and be dashed should know. With her care, he may to pieces on those rocks, twisted and work off this dangerous melancholy. But what a life for such a woman! And and I together, perhaps—and no one with Gaston de Vaux I fear it is only dewould know how it happened. Are you laying the end." with Gaston de Vaux I fear it is only de-laying the end."

Two months after Madame de Vaux's interview with M. Merimee, the fashionable idlers in the best hotel of a popular | fingers tightening their grasp upon her Swiss valley assembled in the courtyard, arm. Raising her head she looked him on the balconies, and at the windows, to full in the eyes.
watch the arrival of a carriage contain"I should be afraid if I were alone," she

The party, with madame's maid and from a mountain resort not many miles him back to the notel. distant, the elder lady having written M. de Vaux; her little boy; and their servants.

Aunt and niece were almost equally being fair-skinned, dark-haired, and potite in figure, there was a good deal of resemblance between them; but in the within eyes of the former there shone at times a curiously harassed and troubled expression unreflected in the glad young Vaux's sister, who had died some years that cheerful society should surround her husband. Madame de Vaux had fetched the girl from her school in Paris to travel with them about Switzerland and Italy, much to the delight of the ighteen-year-old English girl.
It was easier, in constant presence of a

third person, to conceal the gnawing uneasiness with which Gaston's ever-increasing depression alled his wife's mind: his long fits of moody silence were less scenery, the journeys, or the people in the hotel; and the strain of always watching her husband, whilst never appearing to do so, was relaxed when Alice petual flow of bright talk.

At table d'hote that evening, public interest was divided between admiration of the handsome Englishwomen, of conhands in dry eyed agony.

It seemed to her, in those first Parisian mystery—the ghastly marder of a whole family in a fashionable quar-

sion, and that lunacy was in her

Yes; but she had always been quite

out sooner er later."

Just random remarks from voices raised ;

whether, indeed, he had heard them. I thunderous air seemed to have the But the right was full on her face, and in worst possible effect; he was restless and her eyes, distended a little with the sudden alarm she felt, he read participation in that secret which mutil that moment her journey, he followed her to the door to had believed to have the door that secret which mutil that moment

leave the room.

suite of apartements, however, he as- eyes burning fiercely down into hers listen to her niece's conversation, a soft ing sun, which in his miserable excite him down the staircase, out through a himself down on his face and folded

mountain-side. Here, as in her excitement she dimin-ished the distance between them, he long as his wife did not know, so long as with a black lace shawl framing her pale, still hope to escape the hereditary curse inxious face.

the water splashing over the stones far below them. "Why do you watch granite boulder hid him from their vi

me?"
"Because you looked so ill at dinner, she answered, sick with fear at the sudden ferocity in his voice, but fighting down all show of alarm.

Do you know why I looked ill?" " How should I?"

**Mow of his family's misfortune.

"Put him to school in England. Bring him up as a healthy English boy. Half the danger in these cases springs from the morbid fear of it. And, meanwhile, let me know from time to time area. He laughed in a hard, discordant way.

> He stared across at her for the first time now, intently, fiercely, but she returned his gaze unflinchingly.

"I know of no reason why I should not be loyal and devoted to you as I have always been. Gaston.' "Then come here close to my side.

he said. Without an instant's hesitation she came, and let him take her by the arm, and make her look down the steep side

of the mountain, and on to the swift

stream flowing beneath. "Are you not afraid?" he asked in a low, grating voice close to her car. "Just where you stand, with one false washed by the force of that water-you

She could feel his hot breath on her car as he bent over her; could feel his

ing two very beautiful women, a little said; "but here, by my husband's side, boy, and a handsome, distinguished with his arm to support me. I can have no fear.'

In an instant he had drawn her back monsieur's man following, with the lug- from the precipice and caught her in his gage, in another vehicle, had come over arms, and, with her hand in his, she led

The danger was past for the present. previously to secure rooms for himself; but that it was a reprieve and not a re-her nicee, Miss Montague; her husband, lease Madamede Vaux felt as, night after regular breathing of her son sleeping in a little bed near hers, and then creeping handsome, so the critics decided. Both noiselessly across the intervening room to her husband's door, there to listen again, nervously, for any sound from

The day after her arrival at the hotel she had written a long letter to Dr. Merimee, detailing every incident that had occurred since her last journey, and begging his advice. In four days his ! answer came, not from Paris, but from Geneva. Not content with writing, the doctor had snatched a rare holiday, and hastened to the spot where he considered his help was so sorely needed.

Do not on any account let you, in sband know I am coming." he said in his letter; "but arrange to meet me some time to-morrow at the principal hotel of the mearest town.

After fixing the exact spot, the doctor went on to say that he intended to bring marked with Alice to chatter about the mental diseases, whom he would intro- we tele-d man, lying wounded and sensevisitors at the hotel where her husband was staying. Dr. Merimee's face being helped her to bring at, occasional smile too well known to Gaston for him to risk to his handsome, gloonay tace by her per-lalarming him further by seeing him in too well known to Gaston for him to risk

Madarne de Vaux, alert and resolute as ver in all cases of emergency, telegraphed back her readiness to be at the place of rendezvous on the appointed day. For this end a little innocent deception was necessary, and she therefore informed her neice that she intended attending into her son's eyes without reading there some shadowing of his ghastly in-heritance.

Of course it was the governess who a business interview in the adjoining there some shadowing of his ghastly in-heritance.

Her life was far though both of above. he should not know of her visit.

"I will tell him I am tired and do not will hasten back as speedily as possible I hope to return within three hours."

She looked at him to see what effect retired to their rooms at about noon. those words would have upon him, and On Gaston's troubled brain the heavy,

he had believed to be unknown to her.

He fell back in his chair, his forehead set, his face lividly pale; but, before she could rise to his assistance, he had re-Alice might take her place. For all her covered himself sufficiently to get up and self-possession, there was a touch of embarrasement in her manner as he stood When she joined him in their own by the door of her room with his great

abruptly away, and without a word left the shelter of the hotel for the glaring

For months past hichad been grappling with this unseen foe, now stealthily but turned, and saw her by the vivid moon- she believed in him and loved him, he ight, dressed in floating white draperies, felt that he could still believe in himself, for the least trace of which in his mind The path on which they stood wound or in his actions he was always morbidly

thought him mad, and though she had pack, a De Vaux of Normandy had cut his throat at the gaming-table where he had risked and lost his fortune.

All this Mademe de Vaux heard for the first time. With a morbid dread lest his wife should learn the terrible secret Cantage of the first time. Why a second to him a sked his wife in a harsh voice.

"I saw you go out," she answered, him. Why else should she put him off with what was evidently an excuse, when he had asked her to read to him?

He was so absorbed in his misorable come, too."

granite boulder hid him from their view and he would have risen and sought the solitude his morbid spirit longed for, when the mention of his own name suddenly arrested his attention, and held him still, crouched in the grass, and listening with fierce intentness to the bright-voiced chatter near him.

If I'd known he was M. Gaston de Vaux, I should not have been surprised at his sinister expression," he heard in a clear girl's voice. "We had a servant who was in his uncle's service once, and he told us the Normandy De Vauxes are all mad, without one exception. I wonder how that pretty woman could have married such a man, or that she isn't afraid of being murdered. You have only to look at his face to see he's out of his mind. I declare it makes me nervous to be in the same house! He ought to be shut up, for fear he should

grow violent." Very slowly and stealthily Gaston edged himself farther away from the stone, and amidst the hum of the girl's

talk rose and crept away.

He was mad, then; there was no doubt of that: and other people knew it, and thought—great Heaven!—that he might kill his wife! And yet, after all, would it be such a very mad act? She was beginning to dislike him, that was certain; would it not be better to put it out of her power to hate him more

That speech about shutting him up rang in his ears, too. He must put it out of everyone's power to do that. And if she went on living and hating him, would not the suggestion be made to

Quick death was painless; it would be better to kiss her dead face once than see it turn coldly from him. Perhaps, too, in another life she would grow to love him again, and she would certainly be happier than now, as by his side she watched that shadow creeping ever nearer and nearer to him.

Yes; he would kill her now, before he went mad: before anyone could truly fact that most farriers, being right-handsay he was mad. And he would kill the boy. She would never be happy anythe foot more than the right side. As a sixty millions of people only. There is
where without him, and, if there was
result the pastern does not set quite not a speck even appearing upon the night, she lay awake listening to the another life, hand-in-hand they would

all pass to it together. The hotel was wonderfully quiet as Gaston came back to it. Green blinds and white awnings shone in the sun, but joint which could not exist if the foot one of the very best, as it will pay from there was scarcely any sign of life about the place as he stole softly upstairs, first to his own room and then across the

sitting-room to his wife's apartment.
Pashing the door softly open without knocking, he saw, in the dim light of maded blinds and drawn curtains, the outline of his wife's figure as she lay on the bed, in a creamy lace dressing-gown round her head and gleaming white anid ankle if he wear for a few days a boot for an acre, my experience is that one the disordered masses of her dark hair. that is run over at the heel. The sore- man will care for about three acres. I She was broathing softly, sleeping, though she did not know it, her last sleep on

And as he saw her, so they found her, two hours later, almost in the same posi-tion, her black hair and the delicate lace at her neck stained red with blood, dead with him one of the best authorities on before she could utter a cry, before the tinue. How such an error, almost unmental diseases, whom he would artro- w, stehed man, lying wounded and sense- notic able, should be so frequently comduce to Madame de Vaux, and who less on the floor at her feet, could dismitted is easily understood when it is would follow her back as one of the cover the hideons mistake by which he seen how much faster the knife removes had killed, not his wife, but her niece, Alice Montague.

So the curtain fellon that terrible drama in Madame de Vanx'- life, never to be lifted without a sick he roe, a paralysing conviction of her own impotence against the decrees of fate, the awful and inscrutable will of Heaven.

Then every thought and feeling, every hope and energy, centred in her son, as, that her whole life henceforward should lameness from this cause is usually be a hand-to-hand fight with fate, a noticeable in the right foot, the left side struggie of heart and nerve and brain to of that foot being the the lower, thus inpropitiate Heaven, and to ward off, if it were possible, that deadly hereditary evil from her son.

(To be Continued)

It saved Him

"Given up to die!" well, let's see what saved him: Fulton, N. Y., U. S. A., January 30, 1889. "I suffered a year and a half with rheumatism in my limbs; used crutches, and was given upto die by prominent physicians, St. Jacobs till cored me." Jorts Wordort.

The mortifications which come to us from God, or from men by His permission, are more precious than those which are the offspring of our will. Hold it as a rule that the less we do from choice or our own taste, the more we shall find in our actions of goodness, of solidity, of devotion and of profit.—St. Francis de

Baby Was Sick.

My baby was very sick with diarrheca and after everything else had failed, I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw bery; the first dose gave relief, and a perfect cure soon resulted,"—Mrs. John Clark, Bloomneid, Ont.

The road to heaven is narrow. He who would walk therein with case must divest himself of all things and lean upon the Cross for support;—that is, he must be resolved to suffer all things for the love of God,—St. John of the Cross.

Micolet Notes.

I suffered continual pain from canker of the stomach and my face and body were almost covered with pumples. I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, the first dose occasioned slight pain, but I soon found relief, and after taking 5 bottles I became completely cured. I think B. B. B. the most powerful remedy known to science.
—Stephen Edge, Nicolet, P.Q.

The best humour is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavoured throughout with tenderness and kindness.

Cannot Compete.

Miss Maud Grant, of Mountain, Unt. writes:-"I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for sammer complaints and diarrhea. There is nothing to compete with it, as it succeeds even in the severest cases.'

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY

Drawings in August, 1891 :- Aug. 5th and 19th,

3134 PRIZES

\$52,740.00 WORTH CAPITAL PRIZE

11 Tickets for \$10.00

\$15,000.00

M Ask for Circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES: \$15,000—\$15,000.00 5,000—\$5,000.00 2,500—\$5,000.00 1,250—\$5,000 1,250—\$1,000.00 \$50—\$1,000.00 \$50—\$1,000.00 \$50—\$2,500.00 \$50—\$2,500.00 5,000.00 2,500.00 1,250.00 1,250.00 1,250.00 2,500.00 2,500.00 100 100 100 999 999 2,500,00 1,500,00 1,000,00 4,995,00 4,995,00 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00 S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

The Hot Weather is Weakening.

IS STRENGTHENING

Keep up your Strength by taking it regularly,

THE FARM.

ONE CAUSE FOR LAME BORSES. ... A curious mistake, common among blacksmiths, was pointed out to me re-

cently by a practicing veterinary surgeon to whom I took a horse that had become the whom I took a horse that had become the gradually, with considerable heat and Territories which if need in the States in the feet. He drew attention to the and Territories, which, if used in the ed, unintentionally lower the left side of would supply two millions out of our evenly on the coffin pone, or the bone horizon which denotes over-production suspended inside the wall of the hoof, or even enough for a full supply to p and in time the concussion of the foot; around. were level. A trifle out of joint, so to \$300 to \$600 per acre each year right speak, the foot at night cannot repair the along if not overtaken by too disastron injury received or the fatigue of the day; a drouth, which is about the only thing it gradually gets feverish and then tend-that stands in the way of making it. er, and the horse is suddenly seen to sure crop every pear. It is well to be limp. I have noticed this in hundreds of cases. The lameness disappears in a had. There is a large demand for it is few days if the cause be removed by the markets, and you can get your om leveling up the foot carefully. A person price for a fine article, will experience the same difficulty in his 4. As for the labor ness will not be pronounced, for two reasons: the boot is not worn nor stood upon night, and leather furnishes more of a cushion than iron when brought in

contact with the pavement. Neither man nor horse is permanently injured unless the faulty conditions conthe horn while being drawn than pushed. The shoer lifts the foot and draws the knife towards himself on the bottom of what is then the right side, but which is really the left of the hoof, as his back is toward the horse's head. To pare the left (right) side of the hoof is more difficult or unlandy, and it is, as a consequence, left thicker. The horse's fore-feet are so constructed that if they must per bushel. The visitors expressed themby the dead body of Gaston de Vaux's turn over, to turn out is less hartful than innocent victim, she registered a vow to turn in; hence, the first indication of clining te roll in. The lesson is, hire competent farriers and be sure to keep about 100 bushels to the acre. the horse's feet level from side to side as well as front and rear. H. Some in American Agriculturist.

HINTS FOR CELURY-GROWERS.

A Correspondent of the Country Genthemen writes:—Will you kindiy allow me space in your valuable paper to answer a few questions propounded to me by celery-growers, or those who would be:

I. Do not try to bleach celery with earth during the hot weather of July,

purpose after cool weather comes on in the fall, but for warm weather blanch ing, use boards, tile or paper. Boards are, however, the most practical, and celery will show up from under them like wax-work.

same ratio as here in Southern Michigan,

prepared to irrigate, where water can be

4. As for the labor required to care grow 34 acres each year, and employ P hands for eight months per year upon the average.

Must not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Winter Wheat.

GUELPH, Ont., Aug. 6-A deputation from the Dominion Millers' Association visited the Experimental Farm yesterday to get information from the samples of winter wheat grown at the farm. Its different varieties were examined, which selves as greatly surprised with the result as a whole, which they characterized as magnificent. They recommend farmers to sow "Surprise," John Winter Fyfe, Canadian Velvet. Chaif and Hybrid Mediterranean. The oats will turn on

Have no equal as a prompt and postive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side and all liver tyoubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try

It is hard to believe in the religion of a August or September, as it will surely man who always looks as though he had rust or rot. Earth was good for that just been throwing bootjacks at a cat.

Its Action is Like Magic.

ONE TEASPOONFUL

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

In a little sweetened water, HOT WATER PREFERRED, taken every half hour, will cure any case of DYS-ENTERY, CHOLERA

CRAMPS, DIAR-RHCEA, if the treatment is commenced in

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS SELL PAIN-KILLER At 25 cents a Bottle.

Accidents Happen -AND-

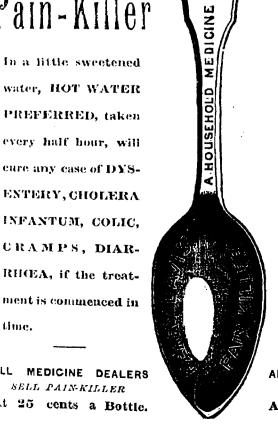
SICKNESS

COMES TO ALL

How much suffering could be prevented by a little foresight!

Always keep in the house this inexpensive and thoroughly reliable safeguard, which for over HALF A CENTURY has stood unequalled as a household remeds and travelling companion.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS SELL PAIN-KILLER At 25 cents a Bottle



CHEST