

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moon-
rise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover
Seen in the light of suns that long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly lot is over,
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me through the dusk re-
turning,
I hear the echoes of departed feet—
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore with-
holden?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;
And yet, from out Jerusalem the Golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

Father, I cry, "the old must still be
nearer;
Still my love or give me back the
past!
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths
are dearer
Than all thy shining streets and man-
sions vast."

Fence, peace—the Lord of earth and
heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and
strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Letho
floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, my life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He re-
store;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint this earth and vex thine
heart no more.

Serve Him in earnest work and daily
living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit
heights;
Then shall a palm of gladness and
thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between
the lights.

—Sarah Doudney.

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.
BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

With the stay of life's ebbing current,
Henri's strength began to return, his
brain grew clearer, and he looked ear-
nestly at the grave, kindly face, partially
concealed by the folds of the shawl, some-
thing in the serious, quick glancing eyes,
and the steadfast lines about the silent
lips, that attracted, yet baffled him.

"I think I have met you before," he
said feebly. "But I cannot recall your
name. Ah, I remember now. You are
the young man who spoke to us in the
church just now. I am glad to have a
chance of thanking you, monsieur. That
was a better turn even than this."

The surgeon looked up, without paus-
ing in his work, and smiled. "The meeting
in the temple was not our first interview,
M. Henri."

Was it the old name, or the full glance,
or the quiet, well-known smile, that told
Henri La Roche the truth? The next
moment he had thrown his arm about the
stranger's neck, and was sobbing like
a child.

"Rene, Rene! I know you now. How
could I have been so blind?"
Godfrey Chevalier's son was by far the
calmer of the two. He pressed his lips
warmly to the hand on his shoulder, and
then, forced his companion back to his
recumbent position.

"For once, I must be allowed to give
orders to my young squire," he said
quietly. "M. Henri, if you do not re-
main quiet for a few moments, your
poultice will begin bleeding again, and I
may not be able to staunch it."

Henri submitted passively.
"I am happy enough to do anything
that you wish, mon ami. By the fires of
France, you have learned your calling
well. To think I should not have known
you from the first; do you come from the
schools, or from the hills?"

"The hills, my young squire. I received
my degree three months ago, and have
already begun the practice of my pro-
fession in sight of the towers of Beau-
mont."

"Beaumont: the very name is enough
to put cordial into the faintest pulses. I
think I see them now, glowing like the
batlements of Paradise in the light of
the setting sun. Tell me something of
my father, Rene. It is long since I have
heard from him, and he never writes
much about himself."

Rene Chevalier hesitated.
"Monsieur's head is less erect, and his
eyes less bright," he said sadly. "The troubles
of his people and of the Desert Church
press heavily upon him. But his eye has
the old fire, and his voice is as strong as
ever, when he speaks of his son's exploits
on the field, and of his long look-out
for coming home."

Henri spoke to Henri's eyes.
"And I have been kept loitering here
for a fortnight, waiting the pleasure of
that idle kinsman of mine. By the sweet-
est eyes I know, I will be true to him no
longer; I will start for the Cevennes to-
morrow. What, my doctor? You think I
will not, if I persist in wearing out my
strength like this? Well, do you talk
more then, and I will hold my tongue."
Tell me of your mother and the little sis-
ter. Are they well, and at Beaumont
also? The little maid must be well-grown
by this."

Agnes Chevalier's brother smiled—not
a momentary parting of the grave lips
as before, but a sudden full outbursting of
the soul within, like the coming out of the
sun on a wintry day.

"She hath indeed grown my young
squire, into something fairer and purer
than the whitest lily that was ever blown.
The soul of my father is in her eyes, and
in her voice—the people say—a note
they have not heard since the good pas-
ter went away. The looks of my mother
dwell upon her, and your father watches
for her coming every day, monsieur, as
he watches for the rising of the sun. His
sight is not what it used to be, and the
little maid is happy to read to him hour
after hour, sometimes learned discus-
sions about our faith, but oftentimes
the Book they both love best. Monsieur,
too, thinks that he detects in her voice
the music of one that will never be heard
again."

Henri La Roche stretched out his hand.
"I heard of the end, Rene," he said
humbly. "Shot down, chained to a pris-
on, in a skirmish with a Dutch squadron,
a month after he was placed in the gal-
ley-ship. Thank God, the release came
so soon!"

"Thank God!" echoed the son quietly.
"It matters little to him now, monsieur.
Through that gate he entered in, and we
may well pray to have so abundant an
entrance ministered unto us. The truth
he died for has not languished in the
Cevennes. The temple in which he
preached was indeed destroyed, but the
chateau-chapel has been repaired, and
your father sees that it is supplied every
Sabbath by young ministers from Nis-
mes, and more than once pastor Brou-
sson has himself filled the pulpit. We may
go down in the fight, monsieur, but the
banner of our King goes on 'conquering
and to conquer.'"

"I see you are the same old Rene.
But what of your mother, my man? You
say naught of her."

"The stars do not change, my young
squire."

"Nor the angels in Paradise. You are
right, mon ami. But tell me how you
manage to pursue your forbidden voca-
tion without interference?"

"Very easily, M. Henri. Through the
kindness of monsieur, I have been able
to rent a farm adjoining the forests of
Beaumont, and in the heart of my father's
people. If the authorities inquire,
I am only a vine-dresser. If my brethren
need me, they know where to send."

"Bravo! You are a match for the
Jesuits themselves. But that puts me
in mind. What on earth do you mean,
Rene, by attempting to lift your voice in
the tumult just now, and what means
the silence in the temple yonder? I
thought the people were about to tear
you in pieces when I quitted the build-
ing."

"The tumult is over, monsieur. The
pastor has been removed, and the people
are quietly dispersing."

"The people quietly dispersing! then
it is your doing, Rene. But what spell
do you carry under your tongue. O my
golden-mouthed Chrysostom! You should
have been an orator, not a doctor."

"It was only necessary to induce them
to pause and consider. Their own good
sense and the words of their pastor did
the rest."

"Modest as ever. Well, I will not
praise you if you would rather not. I
will keep it all until I see the good
mother and the little sister. They will
prove better listeners. But tell me,
mon ami, what can I do for you in re-
turn for all your service this afternoon?
What! you are so happy and so singular
as not to have a wish ungratified?"

"Nay, monsieur; but the debt is on
my side. It is I who must thank you."
"Ah! I do not see how you make
that out. You have saved my life twice
over in the course of an hour, and though
it is not of much value to any one else,
I confess I am not eager to part with it
just yet."

"Yet after all, my young squire, the ob-
ligation rests with me. I have saved
your life, perhaps. You have served one
whose a thousand times dearer to me than
my life."

Henri stared. "I do not understand
you," he said blankly.

"Captain La Roche is then not aware
of the name of the young lady whom he
rescued just now from the press?"

The soldier's heart gave a great leap
and then stood still.

"How should I be?" he asked de-
fiantly. "I am a stranger in La Rocheille.
She was a woman in peril, and I suc-
ceeded her."

Rene Chevalier smiled.
"I, too, am a stranger in La Rocheille,
monsieur, but there is a face I have seen
too often in my dreams, not to know it
again, though I met it at the ends of the
earth, after years of absence—the face of
my foster-sister and promised wife. I
saw her the cottage in the grove, yon-
der? She is there at this moment, com-
posing herself after the tumult, and
awaiting the arrival of her aunt's
coach from town. What do you not say?
Are you marble, man? I need you no
longer. You must come with me to see
the surgeon did not move."

"My young squire does need me," he
said firmly. "I shall not leave you until
I have seen you in safety to the door of
your hotel. As for Eglantine, it is
enough for to-day to be assured of her
safety. You must come with me to see
my grandfather's permission to do, at her aunt's residence. I under-
stand M. Laval's temper too well to run
the risk of offending him by what he
might consider a clandestine interview."

Henri La Roche was sitting very still.
When he saw that Rene had paused and
was expecting some reply, he made an
effort to speak, but instead uttered a low
cry, and fell back fainting against the
tree. His face was so ashy that the
surgeon, in much alarm, ran hastily to
the brook near by, and filling a drinking-
cup with water, hastened back with it.
To his relief he found Henri partially re-
stored and trying to rise to a sitting po-
sition. He caught eagerly at the cup and
drained it, smiling feebly but reassur-
ingly into the anxious face bent over him.

It was only a twinge of my wound.
I am better now. Bah, you will make a
poor doctor if you are so easily fright-
ened."

which had flashed upon him in the
crowd; above all, that outburst of grief
at sight of the captive pastor.

Once more the young Cevenol smiled.
"It is not to be expected you should
recognize her as soon as I, monsieur. I
needed but that one look into her eyes!
Yet if I desired further proof, it is given
me." He drew a small volume from his
breast, and Henri instantly recognized the
Testament he had seen mademoiselle
carry into church. He reached out his
hand for it, and his friend quietly re-
signed it.

"I gave it to her the day we parted in
Nismes, five years ago," said Eglantine's
foster-brother.

Captain La Roche turned to the fly-
leaf, and read, traced in a beautiful
clerical hand:

To my dear son, Rene Chevalier. From
his father, Rene, 1699.

And just below, in hasty, boyish writing:
"Read it, Eglantine! I will think of
you and pray for you every day."

And yet further down, printed in the
large, painstaking characters of a child,
and blotted with a falling tear:

"I do try, Rene. But it is very hard to
be good without you and my aunt
Monique."

Henri closed the book and gave it
back. His lips trembled slightly.

"I congratulate you on the possession
of one treasure that rests upon the resolu-
tion of another, my good doctor. Pretty Ma-
demoiselle Eglantine was very much dis-
tressed at the loss of her book. Where
did you find it?"

"Under the window where she must
have dropped it in descending. I have
tended thither as soon as my work was
done, in the hope of overtaking you and
being of some assistance. How shall I
ever thank you, monsieur, for your noble
care of my betrothed?"

"Nonsense, Rene; do not let us go
through that parade of gratitude again.
I think we understand each other. What
puzzles me is, why did you not come to
her assistance yourself when you recog-
nized her. Duty—I see the word com-
ing on your lips, and I know you of old.
But had your foster-sister no stronger
claim upon you than that friendless maid?

"Everything to be decided by the cold
logic of conscience, and nothing by the
warm law of the heart? Is one never to
do as he wishes, unless one always wishes
as he should?"

"I am sure one would never wish to
do anything but what is right, M. Henri.
If one could only always be sure what is
right. Even a difficult duty becomes
easy when one has come to know duty
as the voice of God."

Captain La Roche lifted his hand im-
plovingly.

"Spare me. To love one's duty: to
wish always what is right? Such heights
are too high for me, Rene, though I
doubt not you find them easy climbing
enough. You were always one of the
good sort. I am sure you have ever
longed for the plum in another boy's pie,
nor thought somebody's else better but
tered than your own."

"M. Henri gives me credit for a self-
denial I had no call to exercise. I recog-
nized him as well as my foster-sister, and
I know well that my young squire had
undertaken to protect her would keep."

Once more Henri threw up his hand
with a whimsical gesture of despair.

"A philosopher as well as a Demois-
telle. La grande passion will never
quit you, Rene. But I hardly know whether mademoiselle is to
be congratulated on so self-contained a
husband. Have you not even a spark
of curiosity as to her whereabouts at pre-
sent?"

"She is in safety, or I would not have
found M. Henri quietly seated by the
roadside."

"Still the head, not the heart. La
Petite would scarcely feel flattered if she
heard you. Let me see if I cannot
quicken that sluggish blood of yours.
See you the cottage in the grove, yon-
der? She is there at this moment, com-
posing herself after the tumult, and
awaiting the arrival of her aunt's
coach from town. What do you not say?
Are you marble, man? I need you no
longer. You must come with me to see
the surgeon did not move."

"My young squire does need me," he
said firmly. "I shall not leave you until
I have seen you in safety to the door of
your hotel. As for Eglantine, it is
enough for to-day to be assured of her
safety. You must come with me to see
my grandfather's permission to do, at her aunt's residence. I under-
stand M. Laval's temper too well to run
the risk of offending him by what he
might consider a clandestine interview."

Henri La Roche was sitting very still.
When he saw that Rene had paused and
was expecting some reply, he made an
effort to speak, but instead uttered a low
cry, and fell back fainting against the
tree. His face was so ashy that the
surgeon, in much alarm, ran hastily to
the brook near by, and filling a drinking-
cup with water, hastened back with it.
To his relief he found Henri partially re-
stored and trying to rise to a sitting po-
sition. He caught eagerly at the cup and
drained it, smiling feebly but reassur-
ingly into the anxious face bent over him.

it. But since you will be obstinate and
see me back to town, let me have the
help of your strong arm, mon ami. I feel
strangely shaken."

(To be continued.)

Revealed.

A detective who had been very suc-
cessful in discovering and arresting
criminals under every disguise, said
lately, "I have but one rule to guide me.
I obtain a picture of the man and ex-
amine his eye. Then I search for that
eye. Every other feature of his face, to-
gether with his height, his size, his
dress, can be altered. But his eye he can-
not change. That tells the story."

A gentleman who has long made a
study of amateur photography, asserts
that its chief interest to him lies in the
unconscious revelation of character in a
photographed face. "If a man have any
noble or mean trait latent in his nature,
unknown to the world, it comes out in
his photograph."

Hawthorne declared that dominant fam-
ily traits and likenesses were always re-
vealed in these sun-drawn pictures, even
though they might not be visible on the
real faces of the sitters.

These assertions, if correct, only illus-
trate a truth which is as old as mankind;
that as years go by, the character of a
man writes itself indelibly upon his
face.

Not only the action, whether mean or
noble, but the secret thoughts, which
are never put into deeds—the sensual
imagination, the cruel purpose, the lofty
hope, the kind feeling—all these record
themselves upon the features, or at some
unexpected moment peep out at the
world from behind the eye.

The sin which we welcomed as a pleas-
ant guest in youth, may be hateful to us
in middle age, but we can never again
make it a stranger to us. Some look or
mark in our faces betrays to a keen ob-
server that we were once familiar
with it.

Among the superstitious legends of the
Scotch, there are many stories of an
unclean, wicked little fairy, who obtains
entrance to a house, and lives thereafter
in the cellar and coal-bin, making a mis-
chievous part in the family life.

His persecutions became so intolerable to
one household, we are told, that they
hired a new dwelling, and at great loss
"fitted" from their old house, going se-
cretly by night, to escape their torment-
or. But when the mart with their move-
ables entered the gate of the new home,
the shrill, hateful voice of the wicked
fairy was heard from among them, crying
"Here we are!"

The legend hints at a terrible truth.
How many men have rushed from one
occupation to another from home to
home, from country to country, to escape
some vice or habit which had grown
loathsome to them! Alas, they could
not travel away from themselves.

God's grace, it is true, can banish the
evil spirit from the heart, but the mark
of its footprint remains upon the three-
fold white life last. It is in youth that
we must shut the door if we would keep
that inner chamber undefiled.—Youth's
Companion.

An interesting question.
IS TOBACCO THE CAUSE OF MORE DEATHS
THAN ALCOHOL?

HARD FACTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

It is generally asserted by radical re-
formers that tobacco is directly respon-
sible for a great many ills and maladies,
from smoker's cancer to paresis. On
the other hand, physicians of repute do
not recognize smoker's cancer, although
they do assert that nicotine poison is an
important element in the conditions
which superinduce paresis, which disease
is largely on the increase. The effects
of tobacco are slower in manifesting
themselves than those of alcohol, but
it cannot be denied that the excessive
use of tobacco effects the nerve centres,
while alcohol dulls and weakens the in-
tellect when used in excess.

Many constitutions are ruined, and as
many systems wrecked by the effect
of tobacco. Hundreds of soldiers, who
are so subject to nervous prostration,
produce a convulsed mass of curd and
cheese, which the immature gastric juice
is utterly unable to digest.

This is one of several reasons why infants
should receive the Anderson's cow milk
PAIL as a diet in hot weather.

Pamphlet, also sample, on application to
THOS. LEEKING & CO., Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural
laws which govern the operations of diges-
tion, sleep, nerves, and muscles, and the
application of the fine properties of Cocoa, Mr. Epps
has provided our breakfast tables with a deli-
ciously flavored beverage which may save us
many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the ju-
dicious use of such articles of diet, that a con-
stitution may be gradually built up until
strong enough to resist every tendency to
disease. Hundreds of soldiers, who are so
subject to nervous prostration, produce a
convulsed mass of curd and cheese, which
the immature gastric juice is utterly unable
to digest. This is one of several reasons why
infants should receive the Anderson's cow milk
PAIL as a diet in hot weather. Pamphlet, also
sample, on application to THOS. LEEKING &
CO., Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural
laws which govern the operations of diges-
tion, sleep, nerves, and muscles, and the
application of the fine properties of Cocoa, Mr. Epps
has provided our breakfast tables with a deli-
ciously flavored beverage which may save us
many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the ju-
dicious use of such articles of diet, that a con-
stitution may be gradually built up until
strong enough to resist every tendency to
disease. Hundreds of soldiers, who are so
subject to nervous prostration, produce a
convulsed mass of curd and cheese, which
the immature gastric juice is utterly unable
to digest. This is one of several reasons why
infants should receive the Anderson's cow milk
PAIL as a diet in hot weather. Pamphlet, also
sample, on application to THOS. LEEKING &
CO., Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural
laws which govern the operations of diges-
tion, sleep, nerves, and muscles, and the
application of the fine properties of Cocoa, Mr. Epps
has provided our breakfast tables with a deli-
ciously flavored beverage which may save us
many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the ju-
dicious use of such articles of diet, that a con-
stitution may be gradually built up until
strong enough to resist every tendency to
disease. Hundreds of soldiers, who are so
subject to nervous prostration, produce a
convulsed mass of curd and cheese, which
the immature gastric juice is utterly unable
to digest. This is one of several reasons why
infants should receive the Anderson's cow milk
PAIL as a diet in hot weather. Pamphlet, also
sample, on application to THOS. LEEKING &
CO., Montreal.

sacred emotions in the old channels,
and deeper hopes and fears beating upon
the well-worn banks. The day when
your great bereavement came; the day
when the neighbors knew that death
was in your house; the day when joy,
with that subtle look of the possibility of
deep pain which is always in her eyes,
came to your door and knocked in the
splendor of the rising sun; the day
when, being weak and ill, you did not
go to your business, and the streets you
knew so well seemed strange to you as
you looked out of the window—those
were the days when God was feeding you.
You lost the sense of being one
who was to act, and you were one to
whom God was to do something.—Phil-
lips Brooks.

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMIC—
These few adjectives apply with peculiar
force to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a
standard external and internal remedy,
adapted to the relief and cure of coughs,
sore throat, hoarseness and all affections
of the breathing organs, kidney troubles,
excoriations, sores, lameness and phys-
ical pain.

—A sarcastic lawyer, during the trial
of a case, made use of the expression,
"Cast not your pearls before swine."
Subsequently, as he rose to make the
argument, the judge facetiously remark-
ed, "Be careful, Mr. S., not to cast your
pearls before swine." "Don't be alarm-
ed, your honor. I am about to address
the jury, not the court."—Irish Times.

If the Stomach becomes weak and
fails to perform its digestive functions,
Dyspepsia with its long train of distress-
ing symptoms will follow. Cure it with
Burdock Blood Bitters.

—Brown: "You don't look well late-
ly, Robinson." Robinson: "No; I can't
sleep at nights on account of lung trou-
ble." Brown: "Nonsense, your lungs
are all right!" Robinson: "Yes, mine
are; the trouble is with the baby's."

FOR THE
Handkerchief,
Toilet
AND
The Bath.

DEPOSITS OF CANTON.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

Florida Water.

The Universal Perfume.

NESTLE'S FOOD

IS ESPECIALLY SUITABLE
FOR INFANTS IN HOT WEATHER.

It requires no milk in preparation, and is
very effective in the prevention of
CHOLERA
INFANTUM.

Ziemssen's Cyclopaedia of the Practice of
Medicine, Vol. VII., says: "IN CASES OF
CHOLERA, hundreds of deaths have been
prevented by the use of Nestle's Food."
The food is prepared by the process of
producing a coagulated mass of curd and
cheese, which the immature gastric juice
is utterly unable to digest.

This is one of several reasons why infants
should receive the Anderson's cow milk
PAIL as a diet in hot weather.

Pamphlet, also sample, on application to
THOS. LEEKING & CO., Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural
laws which govern the operations of diges-
tion, sleep, nerves, and muscles, and the
application of the fine properties of Cocoa, Mr. Epps
has provided our breakfast tables with a deli-
ciously flavored beverage which may save us
many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the ju-
dicious use of such articles of diet, that a con-
stitution may be gradually built up until
strong enough to resist every tendency to
disease. Hundreds of soldiers, who are so
subject to nervous prostration, produce a
convulsed mass of curd and cheese, which
the immature gastric juice is utterly unable
to digest. This is one of several reasons why
infants should receive the Anderson's cow milk
PAIL as a diet in hot weather. Pamphlet, also
sample, on application to THOS. LEEKING &
CO., Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural
laws which govern the operations of diges-
tion, sleep, nerves, and muscles, and the
application of the fine properties of Cocoa, Mr. Epps
has provided our breakfast tables with a deli-
ciously flavored beverage which may save us
many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the ju-
dicious use of such articles of diet, that a con-
stitution may be gradually built up until
strong enough to resist every tendency to
disease. Hundreds of soldiers, who are so
subject to nervous prostration, produce a
convulsed mass of curd and cheese, which
the immature gastric juice is utterly unable
to digest. This is one of several reasons why
infants should receive the Anderson's cow milk
PAIL as a diet in hot weather. Pamphlet, also
sample, on application to THOS. LEEKING &
CO., Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural
laws which govern the operations of diges-
tion, sleep, nerves,