Mothers

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URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

> CHAPTER XIX. THE RESTORATION.

The weeks sped by, and at length, towards the end of September, the wel-come letter arrived announcing that Uriel was now sufficiently recovered to and that in a couple of days from the receipt of that despatch he and his little son, under Julian's escort, might be expected at Falmouth. Geoffrey resolved on hastening thither to meet them on landing, that the poor exilemight receive one hearty greeting as he set foot again on his native shore. Moreover, it was Sir Michael's wish that Uriel, on his first return home, should be accompanied by the two devoted friends to whose exertions he owed his restoration to his family and his good

An interest deeper than curiosity, though, doubtless, not unmingled with it, stirred the neighborhood when they learned the day that the young heir was expected. At his own earnest de-sire, supported by the plea of his state of health, no public reception was provided; but this did not prevent a num erous assemblage of tenants and neighbors from welcoming him at the Tremadoc station with vociferous cheers; and as the carriage which bore him to the castle drove swiftly by, the road was lined with bystanders, who renewed the same acclamations. Mary and Gertrude took part in the

general excitement. A convenient spot in their own demesne was found to command a glimpse of the public road ; where, safely establishing themselves, they had the satisfaction of wit nessing the passing of the carriage.
What was it they beheld? Three

black figures, one of whom bowed as he passed to the wayside groups; and appearing for a moment at the carriage window, a little face, all smiles and golden hair, a vision of childish beauty and innocence, "as it were the face of an angel."

This was the report which they brought back to their mother; and then there was nothing for it but to wait in patience till Geoffrey should come back from the castle, and tell hem all about it.

He came at last. "Well, it is over," he said; "wonderful how the old man bore it all. One would have said for the last year or so he had been but half alive; but somehow, there's no denying it, there's always a kind of go in the old blood, which nothing will extinguish.

"Did you see their meeting?" said ary. "O, Geoffrey, I don't think I could have borne it.

"No," said Geoffrey; "Aurelia took her brother straight to Sir Michael's room, and they were alone together for a good bit. We waited in the drawingroom, Julian, and Father Segrave, and Marmaduke—yes, he's there—and one or two others; and presently Sir Michael came in, with Uriel on one side, and Aurelia on the other, holding the little boy by the hand. You would have thought the old man had had twenty years given back to him; he looked like a grand old prophet, with his flowing white hair, as he pre-sented his son to his friends, and they all welcomed him: and Uriel himself-well, I don't know what to think of him.

be nice.

powers seemed to fail him.

"Unpolished, perhaps," said Mrs Houghton; "you know, my dear, he has had a rough life of it.

TAKE STEPS

TAKE STEPS
In time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge
of humanity known as
consumption, and you
can be cured. There is
the evidence of
hundreds of living witnesses to
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fully of per cent. are
cured by Dr. Pierce's
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it surpasses, in curative power over this
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mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these
cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to bene-fit a little for
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"No, not that either, "said Geoffrey he is like a man who does not belong to this world, who does not care for it, and has nothing more to do with it dead and buried and come to life again; that sort of thing, you see."

"A curious description," said Ger-trude; "but we must judge for our selves by and by. And the child?"
"Ah, little Uriel, as they call him; a real picture, he is, with his glittering

hair and his French toggery. Imo-gen, it seems, has taken upon her to get up his wardrobe, and had tricked him out like a fairy."
"And Imogen," said Gertrude,

him out like a fairy."

"And Imogen," said Gertrude,
"have you heard, can you make out,
if there was anything in that report?"

"No, nothing," said Geoffrey, with
a strange expression for a moment
passing over his features. "I asked
Julian point blank, and he looked
gravely at me, and only said: "I
don't change with the wind, Geoffrey;
I thought you would have known me I thought you would have known me better

"He stays at the castle, as a matter course," said Gertrude. "I supof course," said Gertrude. "I sup-pose the next thing we hear will be that the cartoons are finished." "Ah, I forgot, "said Geoffrey: "the

cartoons are finished, and the chapel will be opened on the 29th. It is one of Julian's secrets; he is a strange fellow. When he found that he should be detained at St. Florian, he gave orders to Gules to get them finished by some first rate artist, provided only it was one who would execute his de So it is done, and no one knew signs. it; and the chapel will be opened on the 29th, that is next Wednesday, you know, as a solemn thanksgiving for Uriel's return.'

It was decided by the family conclave that they would wait till Wednes-day's solemnity was over before presenting themselves at the castle to offer their congratulations. Every one felt, by a common instinct, that those who had been so sadly separated, and so wonderfully reunited, needed to be left alone for a while, and that on the first days of restored happiness none even of their best friends could intrude. Nor in the interval did they see anything of Julian, whose entire time from daybreak to sunset was spent in the chapel preparing for the opening ceremony

His plans for the restoration had been skilfully and faithfully executed by Gules, but he felt a pardonable pleasure in the thought that their conception had been his own. Equally his own were the arrangements for the coming festival; it had all been planned and thought of as he had sat by sick bed at St. Florian, and the result of his cogitations had been communicated to Father Segrave, with directions how they might be carried out with the least possible amount of premoni

tory bustle. On St. Michael's day, then, the little chapel was filled with an expectant crowd; and the eyes of some among them, used in old time to the mould walls and crumbling stone work it had displayed in its ruinous condition, wondered to behold it all not changed or replaced by carvings and adornments of a new design, but touched and restored, as it were, by some magic finger, which had only perfected and brought back the beauty which by time had decayed. Angels looked down from the carved bosses, and the flash of their gleaming wings might be caught on the walls of the sanctuary; while on the spot where the old defaced paintings had crumbled away appeared the Seven Spirits, executed by a master's hand from the cartoons which "Don't you like him, Geoffrey?" master's hand from the cartoons which had filled so important a place in the be nice."

"Oh, I like him well enough; it's not that; but I don't know if he is exactly what you women call nice; he's, well—" and Geoffrey's descriptive powers seemed to fail him.

"And the so implicant a place in the amount of two?—you look deep in something."

"No, nothing pressing," said Geoffrey; 'and you've not been here since all these great events. Well, on my strength of God." None who had seen the solution of the so the heir of Merlyn could fail to recognize his likeness; only a few knew how that likeness had been obtained, and that, in very truth, it was that painting which had furnished the first clue to the discovery that he was still alive.

But what hand was that which drew from the organ those sweet and solemn tones? And what voices were those which rose to the vaulted roof, and swelled in heavenly harmony, as though the angels themselves were joining in the chant? The hand was Julian's, as skilled in music as in other arts; and the voices were from a white-robed company he had brought together, who now filled the stalls of the old choir, and made its roof and walls give back the echo of the joyous words:

"Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris Vita, virtus cordium, In conspectu Angelorum Votis, voce psallimus, Alternantes concrepando Melos damus vocibus."

But it was one kneeling group that attracted all eyes and moved all hearts. The father, with his son and daughter by his side; the tall gigantic figure of the son with his golden hair, marking him for a true Pendragon of Merylin; and, kneeling by his side, in sweet unconscious beauty, the little Uriel, looking like the flash of a sunbeam. As they beheld that spectacle one thought passed through many minds, "the same day has witnessed two restorations; the Chapel of the Holy Angels is restored, and with it 'the Fortune of the Pendragons!'"

CHAPTER XX.

SOME MISTAKES AND EXPLANATIONS,

It was all over; the thanksgiving ceremony and the subsequent visits and congratulations. Merylin was alive again; as though to impress on all the fact that the dark cloud and all its associations were gone forever. Sir with his son by his side; the first time for twelve melancholy years that he had crossed his own park boundary.

Geoffrey remained as one dumb-founded, he could not even give utterance to his surprise.

"Why, I thought you would have

"And now, I suppose," said Gertrude, one morning, "we shall return to ordinary life again? One has lived such a story-book existence of late, that the first thought on getting up in the morning is 'what next?

"Oh, the next thing," said Rodolph, who happened to be one of the party, "the next thing, of course, will be a batch of weddings. Whatever course the story takes, at St. George's Han-over square, it is bound to end. • I know of no exception to that."
"Uriel does not look much like Han-

over square, to my mind," said Mary
"With all the talk about 'the Fortune of Merylin, 'I somehow can't get over the impression that their mistortunes

are not yet quite come to an end."
"You will see," said Rodolph.
"Uriel had a hard knock or two, I believe; but he'll get over it. The Fair Imogen will then give her hand to her deliverer (for I hear Julian threaten to shoot any one who couples his name with hers); and then the devoted friend will turn into the devoted brother. I see it all, written with golden capital in the Books of Fate."

Geoffrey had no taste for this style of discussion; Rodolph's rattle wearied and secretly disgusted him : he rose, yawned a little, then leaving the room retired to his own study, where presently after Mary joined him, and coming behind his chair found him, as it seemed, intently studying a map of North America.

"What are you looking at?" she asked, with some surprise; "what in the world has made you take to geog-

raphy?"
"Manitoba," answered Geoffrey, shortly; "it's the place where every-one goes. I'm thinking of looking it

one goes. I'm thinking of looking it up myself some day."
"You!" said Mary, who thought him only joking, "then, you know, you will have to take me with you." "Ay," said Geoffrey, "that would be jolly. We'd clear the forest, build

ourselves a log hut, and begin life over again like the patriarchs." "But what has put Manitoba into your head?" said Mary; "the strange old Geff, that you are! Could you really ever tear yourself from dear old

Laventor and the mill? "I don't know," replied Geoffrey;
"here's Gertrude to be married in the spring, I suppose; and you'll be get-ting spliced some day, Mary; if ever I were to be left alone at Laventor, I don't think, somehow, I could stand it. Besides, I should really like to have a look at their new country farming; I heard a lot about it when I was in London. There's a famous opening at place, only I can't find the name on the map.

"I don't think I shall ever get spliced, as you call it," said Mary; and if you go to Manitoba, I shall go too, that is certain; so I had better prepare for it, and shall begin by feed

ing the chickens."

She left him as she spoke, and for some time Geoffrey continued alone, pursuing his geographical researches. Presently the door opened, and some

one put in a head.
"All right," said Geoffrey, without turning round to see who it was, and supposing it was Mary returning from chickens; it's Arkansacow, that' the place; awful crows, they say; only you must look sharp after the bears; they'd make short work with your pet lambs, I fancy.

A light laugh made him look up "Why, God bless my soul, is it you, Julian?" he exclaimed; "I thought it was Mary.

exactly," replied Julian. "Not exactly," replied Julian.
"But can you spare me a minute or
two?—you look deep in something."
"No, nothing pressing," said Geoffrey; "and you've not been here since

have done it."
"Yes," said Julian; "I have done

what I promised to do in this very room, some nine months or so ago, and now I have come to ask for my reward. "With all my heart," said Geoffrey,

earnestly; "I fancy, Julian, I can guess what it is, and I can only say, may God make you both happy "Thank you," said Julian; "I was only waiting for that. I could not

venture to try my fate without being sure you gave it your sanction." "My sanction !" said Geoffrey, with

a touch of bitterness in his tone; "you know well enough, Julian, that I have no sanction to give in such a matter.

"Well, not formally, perhaps; still I couldn't be happy to speak to her till
I had said a word to you. I know
what she is to you, and I feel like a
villain for asking to take her from you. But come now, Geoffrey, don't look black on it. After all, I mayn't have a beggar of a chance, though Aurelia assures me it's all right. You know she has stood my friend all That day at Merylin, when we all said 'Good bye,' she promised she

would look after my interests." "Well, if Aurelia consents, I suppose that is sufficient," said Geoffrey, coldly. "I thought I understood that

you had not yet spoken to her?"
"Not to Mary," said Julian; "of course not, I could not till I had spoken to you. But to Aurelia, why, bless you, she has known all about it from

the beginning."

Geoffrey looked at his friend as one fairly puzzled. "Look here," he said, "you know what a blockhead I am in taking a thing in. What is it you came to tell me?"

"My dear Geoffrey, surely I have told you, said Julian; "surely you understand that I want you to give me the hand of your sister Mary?

guessed it long ago," said Julian; "that was why I cut up a little rough with you when you began chaffing me about Imogen; I thought you knew, or ought to have known, that I was not

one to change in a month or so."
"My stars!" ejaculated Geoffrey, at last, 'why, I thought, Julian-I know you think me an ass—but I felt sure all this time that you had been thinking

The light merry laugh broke once more from Julian's lips. "Aurelia!" he exclaimed. "Was that what you were thinking of? Oh, set your heart at rest on that seems of your Western. at rest on that score for ever. We are tremendous friends, and she has been in my confidence since last Christmas but for anything else, a British prin-cess is far above out of my ken. I don't aim at metal of such superlative

'The homely round, the common task, Will furnish all I need or ask.'

quality, not I.

"And providedMary will put up with my erratic ways, I shall be the happiest man alive.

est man alive.

Geoffrey could only wring his friend's hand till it ached, and tell him that he would find Mary "somewhere with the chickens"—a hint which Julian at once prepared to make use of by departing in the direction of those inter-

esting feathered bipeds.
"I have been a precious simpleton, it seems," thought Geoffrey to himself. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Sorry to lose Mary. and glad if he must lose her, to give her to Julian. Glad, just for a passing moment, glad to think of Aurelia as really free; yet sorry, too, for he could better have borne to have seen her Juli an's than to hear of her marriage with stranger. But it would be so in the natural course of things. Merylin was now restored to its natural position in the county; the world would be fast flowing into it and around it; great families would be seeking its alliance; and the old days—sad, lonely, yet full of sweetness in remembrance, when he was the only friend of the father and the daughter-those "dear old days were gone forever.

was more than he could bear to think of, and, seizing his hat, he was just setting off for his usual resource, the mill-when a note was brought in Aurelia's handwriting, begging him to call at the castle, as her father wanted to see him on business.

He would gladly just then have escaped presenting himself at Merylin, for he was conscious of a certain inter ior agitation, which threw him somewhat off his balance. However, he could not disregard the summons; so to the castle he went; and being ushered into Sir Michael's presence, found the old man engaged with his son in looking over deeds and papers connected with the estate.

"We wanted your help, Geoffrey,'
id the old baronet. "You must said the old baronet. understand, Uriel, that for the last twelve years Mr. Houghton has stood to me in the place of a son. Never must you or yours forget what you owe him.

"I am not likely to forget what I owe him," said Uriel, grasping Geof-frey's hand in his, with warm affection. My sister has told me all, Mr. Hough ton; she has told me all you have been to her and to my father.

They sat down together, and went through various papers and accounts. It was Geoffrey's element, and he felt the hour of business had braced him, and made him himself again. But when the business was ended, and leaving the study he was making his way towards the hall-door, he encountered on his way the very person whom, at that moment, he would most willingly have avoided.

It was Aurelia, looking joyous and and radiant, with little Uriel clinging to her side. At their first meeting she had won his heart, and the two were now rarely separated. "Oh, Mr. Houghton, how glad I am!" she ex-claimed, "I was so longing to see you, and to say how happy I am about dear

Just then Uriel heard his father's voice, and with a cry of pleasure ran off to find him.

"Is he not charming?" said Aurelia. "To see his little cherub face and hear his laugh is like sunshine in the old house; it does not seem like the old place; toc bright, far too bright, for Merylin. But now, Mr. Houghton, if it is not indiscreet, do tell me if it is all right with Mary She led the way as she spoke, into the sitting room she had just quitted, and whether he would or no, Geoffrey had to follow.

I suppose it is all right," he said "Julian is now at Laventor, and left

me to go to Mary;—how it has ended I cannot say. I was amazed!"
"But you had no right to be amazed, surely," said Aurelia; "you knew about it, I thought, when all that foolish goesing was going on about that foolish gossip was going on about Imogen. Don't you remember assur-ing me that, though appearances were against him, you were certain Julian would prove faithful?"
"I believe I have been very thick-

headed in the whole matter," said Geoffrey. "You see, I fancied—that is, I thought—that Julian had some-thing quite different in his mind."

She looked at him in surprise; then, by a sudden sort of flash, seemed to comprehend his meaning. "O Geofcomprehend his meaning. "O Geof-frey, how could you!" she exclaimed, then paused; and a very awkward

then paused; and a very awkward pause they both felt it.

"I tell you I have been a simpleton," said Geoffrey: "I generally am, I believe. But this time my blunder has had some good results. It was really thinking that, which first set me to work on Uriel's business. From what I heard I thought the clearing up of his name would be removing the ton," said Geoffrey: "I generally am, I believe. But this time my blunder has had some good results. It was really thinking that, which first set me to work on Uriel's business. From what I heard I thought the clearing up of his name would be removing the only bar to your happiness; and—you may believe it or no, as you will, "Why, I thought you would have may believe it or no, as you will,

Aurelia-but for your happiness I am any day ready to give my life. There now, don't be vexed ; I did not mean to speak like that; I shall never do it again. I wouldn't pain or annoy you for the whole world; but that was just how it was; and you see how it never came into my head to guess about Mary.

He hardly knew how he got back to Laventor that afternoon. He had never meant to say what he had said and how Aurelia might understand it he could not tell. She would probably only have thought him blundering and stupid, and, in short, like himself. Still, odd to say, his heart felt lighter for having given itself that relief; and when late in the autumn evening Mary found him sitting alone, he re ceived her with a bright gaiety unusual in his manner.

"Well, Mary, old girl," he said, gently drawing her to him," "have you got anything to tell me, since I

saw you last?"
"Yes, one thing," said Mary.
"And what is that?"

"That I have been thinking it over, and you must not go to Manitoba ; for you see, Geoffrey, I could not now go with you.

"Ah," replied Geoffrey, "I perceive, it strikes me that conclusion was come to in the chicken yard this morning. But who knows? Perhaps Julian will go with us!—we will talk it over with him this evening."

TO BE CONTINUED.

When the Green gits Back in the Trees."

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. In the spring when the green gits back in the trees.

And the sun comes out and stays, And your boots pull on with a good tight And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze.
And you think of your barefoot days;
When you ort to work and you want to not,
And you and your wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
When the green gits back in the trees—
Well, work is the least of my idees
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and

bees
Is a buzzin' aroun' again,
In that kind of a lazy "go-as you please"
Old gait they hum roun' in:
When the ground's all bald where the hayrick stood,
And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees—
I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back in the
trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time Is all pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forrerd, a-gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like, jes' a loaferin' roun'
When the green gits back in the trees—
Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I—do—please—
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

THE REASON

Why a Missionary Became a Total Abstainer.

In the American Catholic Quarterly Review is an article written by Richard R. Elliott, of Detroit, entitled "Frederick Baraga Among the Ottawas." Mr Elliott tells how the late Bishop Baraga

became a total abstainer: In the progress of his missionary labors Bishop Baraga found his work greatly impeded by the prevalent evil of debauchery. He had to overcome the propensity of the Indian for whis-key and lead him to a life of sobriety before attempting to wean him from paganism to Christianity.

To what extent drunkenness prevailed among the unconverted Ottawas, is evidenced by the terrible experience f Bishop Baraga in the Grand River Valley, where he had extended his labors after evangelizing the Ottawas of Arbre Croche and vicinity.

It is stated in the papers referred to, that the whiskey dealers and others opposed to the missionary's influence over the Ottawas, instigated a drunken crowd of the people of his nation one night to attack his cabin. He had been hastily warned of their coming and strongly barred the doors and windows. Fortunately they were too drunk to effect an entrance. Had they succeeded he would have been murdered. For hours this drunken mob besieged his cabin. Their yells were frightful. He expected every moment to see the bark roof ablaze and contemplated his death by fire. Word, however, was sent to the acting United States Marshal, of the riot, and he came and dispersed the rioters. All during this infernal uproar Bishop Baraga re mained on his knees in prayer. vinced of the evil brought upon this people by the abuse of liquor, he came to the conclusion to offer himself as an example. There, in that cabin, but unawed by his assailants, he solemnly vowed to abstain from intoxicating drinks during the whole course of his

He kept that pledge faithfully to the end of his life. But many a time, when overcome with exhaustion, when his stomach was nauseated by unpala-table food, when shivering in his wet clothing or partly frozen during Lake Superior winters he sadly needed a glass of wine or of brandy to revive both body and mind: he may have been tempted, but the night scene in his cabin on the Grand River would recur to his mind and he offered the privation to his Redeemer whenever experi-

O, give me And the fla And the bl thory And a run dun, With a hor And a ien shur And I'll la

O, give m On the de And the li And the w pea And the si And the mer And for fa

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