

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF FAITH AND PERSEVERANCE

Sometimes a striking experience of prayer and the goodness of Almighty God... our faith more than man's. So we will relate to day...

A boy of sixteen, named... was drowned by a raft on Wednesday, Aug. 14. St. Joseph's day of the week...

Meanwhile, the child screams had reached far across the water, gathering in crowds...

Joe's sister, instead of fainting, was praying for God who is indeed our strength. And in her true communion...

Still Joe's sister prayed afterwards that she supplicated to pray to God before she died...

She did not cry. She seemed to herself to be as she could only pray. Man, I don't believe on with her praying...

What gave the men breath alive, that seemed flicker of a candle kept it burning...

The men were five, remained by the boat. The physician of the Catholic, came and...

The water poured in if out of a pitcher. ered at all there was of brain fever or convulsions. By and by piteous moans...

crossed the trail of the moose I knew he was hunted, and guessed who the hunters were. I knew, too, that where the snow...

"I had the offer of long leave," the impatient young soldier continued, "as I started on this expedition...

"It is a bargain then?" "A bargain," exclaimed Maurice. Half rising from their rough couch...

These twin disturbers, Can't Help It and Didn't Mean To, have wrought a great deal of misery in this world...

The habitual drunkard, who has weakened his will by his excesses, always puts forward the plea, "I can't help it..."

"I feel quite sure it is so," said Blake, at last, speaking very low and earnestly. "Some instinct tells me you are right..."

What I would ask of the bright, young, healthy, well-intentioned, brave fellows whose friendship I hope I have made in these friendships...

I know that young men are apt to think that youth is to last for a long time, for, in the happy saying of the day, "I have been there myself..."

Catarrah is a Disease which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates...

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M. D. BOKKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER IX. THE AIR BITES SHREWDLY; IT IS VERY COLD.

"Myself must hunt this deer to death." —Hamlet. "Returns with me And push distraction and perpetual shame..."

To tell of Lord Edward's life in the barracks at New Brunswick would be foreign to the purpose of our story. The all-pervading military discipline, which made the very atmosphere of the place imparted the powers of self-restraint, which served him well in later life.

His letters at this time, written with sweet, playful humor to those at home, show how lightly his emancipated spirit now sported with the fancy which so seriously entailed him a little time before.

"I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilized people, and like houses, I really would join the savages."

There would be then no cases there of looking forward to the fortune of children, of thinking how you are to live; no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England; no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances...

"One would like to linger over this busy, and not unhappy, period of his life, of which many details remain to us, but the chief action of his career cries 'Forward!'"

The military genius of Lord Edward was stimulated by a military life. Daily and daily he mastered more and more completely the details of his fascinating profession.

More and more his old brilliant dreams of victory and conquest beset him. He pictured himself at the head of a nation's armaments, wielding its powers as Jupiter would wield the thunderbolt.

His cheek flushed and his heart beat faster at these glorious visions. The east of victory—the plains strewn with mangled corpses, the myriad happy homes made desolate, were quite forgotten.

But there were times, too, when the nobler instincts of his nature rebelled against the dull routine of the life he led, and the hard, hurtful splendor of the dreams he dreamt.

He longed for adventure with a spice of danger in it, and fortune threw what he longed for in his way.

He volunteered for the command of a wild and dangerous expedition—from Fredericksburg, where his troops lay, to Quebec, and was accepted. Fortwithwith he embarked on the strangest piece of inland navigation ever attempted.

One hundred and seventy miles he must pass through the primeval forest. To make his way (where no way was visible) was to meet death. Lord Edward commanded the little troop, which consisted of three men and a dog.

But there is many a slip between the gun and the bullet. The high-piled camp fire at this instant fell in with a crash. The black shadow vanished suddenly as ghosts vanish, and only the keenest eye could detect the rushing through the snow as the frightened moose deer fled away to the night.

Lord Edward called up his sleeping comrades. Here was a chance of fresh meat not to be neglected. But the meat was alive on four swift, strong legs, and must be caught before it was cooked.

They reconnoitered the spot where the shadow vanished, and at the covert's edge found a deep track stretching away through the woods. Very quickly their simple belongings were bundled up, their snow-shoes strapped on, and they were away in pursuit.

The trail was easy to find. There was a broad, deep furrow where the resolute deer had ploughed his way, belly deep, in the loose snow dust.

The trail was easy to find, but it was

sisted of an officer, younger than himself, and two men of the rank and file. In the course of the party. Their food supply was very scanty, for the double question had to be determined, what was the least that could sustain them through the journey, and what was the most that they could carry.

"It was mid-winter when the expedition started. The snow lay thick upon the ground—soft, dry, and powdery as white sugar. The sky was of clear, distinct blue in the daytime, with vivid flushings at sunrise and sunset.

In Indian file the party marched, their broad snow-shoes sinking a foot or more in the soft drift, where a man without such support would have gone down to his waist.

At night they cleared a narrow circle of the snow, and spread the ground thickly with soft, sweet-smelling spruce leaves. A huge fire was kindled in the centre—a firewood, at least, was abundant in those regions.

Within the radiant glowing circle, hemmed round by the cold, they ate their frugal meal, of which steaming hot coffee was the chief luxury. Pipes were smoked and story and song interchanged.

They were up with the first ray of morning, to rekindle the smouldering fire with armfuls of wood, just as the rekindled sun peering over the globe's rim, threw a red glow across the white world.

"Snow and frost! frost and snow! It grew very monotonous at last; trudging along, all day, and every day, as it seemed over the same white ground, through the same interminable woods.

Stepping carelessly in his haste, young Langley's snow-shoe, following the deer's trail like themselves, the party stuck still for a moment in surprise and disgust.

On they went, steadily, with eyes straining through the forest, yet another peep at their quarry.

As he came up he discovered with dismay the distinct impression of snow-shoes like their own, following the deer's trail like themselves.

It was wonderful how tired and hungry they all were. The venison we started with was in all their minds. There was another competitor for their live venison, and he had got the start of them.

One such night he lay with eyes wide open, and senses alive to the sweet smell of the spruce and the quiet beauty of the night, while his comrades, soothed by the kindly ministrations of a nature's soft nurse" were as still as the earth's bosom where they lay, and as insensible.

Lord Edward's troubled thoughts yielded to the magic of the night's beauty. The night was so calm, so quiet, so soft, so touching the tree tops with light, and marking the silver ground with black tracery that waved with the swaying branches as the light breeze softly stirred them, making no sound. His thoughts as he gazed on the vastness of sky were

Suddenly out of the darkness of the thick wood the huge black quivering shadow of a deer's head was projected flat on the white ground. The body followed, the long legs striking back right into the shadow of the trees.

It was a weird and ghastly sight, to send a thrill through the heart of a watcher in the still moonlight, but Lord Edward felt no such thrill. He knew there was a substance behind that shadow. As he steadied his rifle across his arm where he lay and waited for the substance to follow the shadow into the light, the savor of hot grilled venison steak was the happy anticipation that absorbed him.

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by no means easy to follow. The snow-shoes of the party sunk deeper than ever from the quick motion. The front man who laboriously beat down the track for the others, had to be constantly relieved. Every half hour or so there was a change along the whole line, so that the labor might be more equally divided. But Lord Edward, light and active, insisted on more than his share of the toil as the leader's right.

So they plodded rapidly and doggedly forward along that white furrow from red sunrise to redder sunset. But the stout deer ploughed his way still faster, and from sunset to sunrise they strained eyes caught no glimpse of moving thing in the still white forest.

By endurance, plainly, not speed, the brave prize was to be captured. Worned, but hopeful, they camped round their huge fire that night, and ate more freely of their scanty store, and drank success to their strange chase in cups of scalding coffee.

Before dawn they were up and away again. By sunrise they had come where the wood was more open, and a broad expanse of white ground flushed pure red in the morning light.

Young Lieutenant Langley, who headed the party at the moment, peering out into the crimson haze thought he saw two black branches stuck up from the white, bare ground, and quiver and wave in the dead calm.

At the same instant he felt Lord Edward's hand heavy on his shoulder. "Down, Artie, down!" the leader cried, in an excited whisper. "It is he—only three rifle shots away. With caution we may creep on him."

Crouching and cautious, the party moved stealthily as spectres over the white ground.

It was no use. The quick ear of the deer caught the faint rattle in the snow; the keen eye marked the string of dark figures sharply outlined on the white. Before half the distance was over-passed the slender branches that stuck up out of the snow were violently shaken. For one moment they caught the full outline of the great deer as he leaped from his repose. The next he was tearing through the snow like a swift ship through the water, throwing up as he went a cloud of frozen foam, that glistened and sparkled with myriad colors in the glancing sunlight.

With a shout of excitement they pressed forward, as the trail of foam lengthened out before their eyes. But the moving cloud distanced them, despite their utmost efforts.

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ing out of range, when Lord Edward, with something that sounded like a curse, flung his rifle on the ground. At that moment a tongue of flame flashed out so close beside that it startled him, a sharp report rang through the crisp air, the distant deer leaped five feet sheer into the air, and fell on his side dead.

With a cheery laugh, Maurice Blake broke from the thick cover, his smoking rifle in his left hand, his right stretched cordially to greet Lord Edward, who, with a cry of glad surprise, sprang forward to grasp him.

Christy Culken followed, as imperturbable and sedate as if he had only parted yesterday, yet with a twinkle of humor in his eye.

"An old friend," said Lord Edward, to his astonished comrades. "I may venture to cite you all to this supper of his providing. It is not the first time his rifle has fed me."

Soon a huge fire was blazing cheerily, flashing its fierce light into the dim recesses of the wood, and killing the sting of cold within the wide circle of its genial influence. Very speedily, for hunger makes haste, the venison steaks were hissing on the live embers, and the warmed air was redolent with the grateful savor.

It was a Homeric banquet, and they fed with Homeric appetite. When hunger was appeased and strength restored," they sat or lay amid the soft spruce within the ambit of the fire's glow, and told wild tales or sang gay songs, waking the echoes of the woods and flouting with uproarious merriment. For the full meal of venison after the long fast exhilarated them like wine.

Then sleep claimed her due from fatigue. One after another the party fell into deep slumber. But Lord Edward, who lay close beside each other in the thick, sweet-smelling leaves, their blankets wrapping them warmly, were too excited by their meeting for sleep to come easily or soon.

As silence settled around they dropped into a more serious talk of what had chanced since they met. Maurice Blake's story was short. His life had run in the old groove. When peace came, he resumed his wanderings in the woods, but the old life palled on him. Though he hated war, he was fain to confess he missed the excitement of the war out of his life.

Lord Edward, in whose soul the young dreams of military glory were re-awakening, smiled, pleased at the confession. It seemed as if Blake guessed his thoughts.

"It was not war but work I wanted," he added, hastily. "Work and human sympathy. I feel my life was not meant to be wasted killing venison and eating it. Even the grandeur of the forest falls on an empty or discontented soul."

"How strange," cried Lord Edward. "I have heard that gospel ably preached to me in the very heart of the wilderness, under the weight of 'I can't help it.' Then he ran shortly through the incidents that had cheered his life since he and Blake had grasped hands at parting. Shyly and slightly, he touched on his own love sorrow, but he dealt at length with Dr. Denvers' story and his own startling experiences amongst the Indians. He made no secret of his belief that his strange monitor, the gloomy hermit of the woods, was the lost Sir Valentine Blake, the father whom Maurice had never seen.

Blake listened with breathless interest. There was a long silence when Lord Edward's voice ceased.

"I feel quite sure it is so," said Blake, at last, speaking very low and earnestly. "Some instinct tells me you are right, but I have no claim to break in upon his lonely life until he calls or comes to me. Still the words he has spoken are for me as well as you—for me more than for you—they are spoken from a father to his son. They are the echo of the voice of my own heart."

"More than another pause. This time Lord Edward broke it. "Whither are you bound?" he asked Blake.

"For Ireland," the other replied with a curious tremor in his voice as it dwelt lovingly on the name. "Let me confess, and I have much to tell you of that same hope of your company. Do you ever think at all of that talk of ours on the night before we last parted, when, as it seems to me, we swore fidelity to the old land? Often the remembrance has come and I have felt that break in upon his lonely life in the lonely woods, and has set me pacing restlessly all through the night. You have been in Ireland since we last met?"

"I have," said Lord Edward, sadly. "I have seen her misery without the power to do anything. I have felt weak and bewildered, and ended by swimming with the current, with eyes and ears close shut."

"I will not believe," Blake broke in, "that you saw misery without trying to soften it—that you saw wrong without trying to right it."

"I felt helpless—that is all. There was no point where I could set the lever—no power I could apply to raise the people. There was no use, I thought, grieving over what I could not remedy. I tried to forget, and I did forget. I grew absorbed in my own life, and I paid the penalty of selfishness. I drifted, and my drifting has landed me here. Our life's course is fashioned before our lives begin," he went on gloomily, with a touch of that dreary philosophy, old as the hills and false as the sea, which youth borrows from disappointed love, and thinks new and true: "Our lives are made for us like our minds and bodies. We can change none of the three. We revolve in a narrow self-conscious circle from day to day, but the great orbit of our existence is shaped by mystical powers which we neither know nor can control. We are what we are, and will be what we must be."

A half-conscious admiration of his own cynical wisdom mingled with the bitterness with which he spoke. "I don't deny it," cried Blake in earnest protest. "God has made us masters of ourselves for good or evil. He has given us power to shape our own lives. On our own heads are the folly, crime, and punishment if we mis-shape them."

The earnestness in his voice touched Lord Edward, more than he cares to show.

"Give fate her due," he cried lightly. "At any rate she has tied your life and mine together. For the third time we have met by the strangest chance in the part of this lonely forest, far from all the beaten tracks of human footsteps."

"The thought that our lives are fated to run together," Blake replied, "has often been in my own heart, and has been very pleasant to me, but our meeting here has not been chance. I knew of your expedition and came to seek you. When I



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