DECEMBER 29,

### THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; taming of young ladies is not exactly my voca-

THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"Yes," she replied, leaving the group of archaclogists, and coming over to my quarter of the apartment, "can you dispute it."

"I dispute the possibility of a reality ever dying, whatever pains may be taken to bury it."

She remained silent; and, as I looked at her, I too felt a kind of respect for that scorn of shams which was manifestly genuine in her. I thought of the impression I had myself received long years ago, when Grant had told us the story of his life, and how for the first time it had opened my heart to a sense of the realities of faith.

"May I tell you a story, Miss Oswald?" I said.

"I should like it of all things," she replied; "and perhaps it will help to restore my temper. Suppose you tell it in the garden, for if you begin here we shall be swallowed up in the mediæval Maelstrom."

perhaps it will help to restore my temper. Suppose you tell it in the garden, for if you begin here we shall be swallowed up in the medieval Maelstrom."

So to the garden we made our way, and finding a seat adapted for story-telling, I began at the beginning, and related my friend's history and experiences as well as my memory served me. She listened, at first with curiosity only, but soon with deeper interest; and before I had concluded, the tears which gathered in her eyes had almost softened into beauty her haughty features.

"Yes, that is real, if you like," she said. "That mass in the barn listened to by a crowd of shepherds and bush-rangers, with the old priest standing up there in the midst, and speaking out to them like a man; and the others, astounded, cut to the heart, conscience-stricken! What a scene! One longs to have witnessed it!"

"But what made it real?" I asked.

"The man was in earnest," she replied, "and so was his audience. There was no affectation about mediæval vestments, or obsolete ceremonies; he spoke from his heart and they listened with theirs, and that was all about it."

"Then you don't think it was in any way explained by the fact, then he spoke as one having authority, who had the truth to give?"

"The truth! authority!" she repeated in a tone, as though the words conveyed no definite sense to her understanding. "Perhaps I don't quite catch your meaning; I cannot see how one man has any more authority to talk than another; but if he says bravely what he thinks strongly, it is the truth to him; and I listen with respect, whether the words came from Pius IX. or from Buddha."

Yes, that is the sort of thing we have to listen to now-a-days from our sisters and daughters. Of course they don't know what they are talking about, and not two of them would be able to tell you who Buddha was, or when he lived. But what does that matter? It is the last new slang which they have picked up from the last periodical, and it sounds free and slashing; so it is quite in harmony with that peculiar s

before, on the particular vice of similes. At that moment Mary approached, indicating the break-up of the Archeological Committee; Florence made room on the bench beside her, and informed her sister-in-law, that I had been "telling her all about

sister-in-law, that I had been "telling her all about the Duke of Leven."

"Ah!" said Mary, "how well I remember the evening he told us that story; I could have listened till midnight. He's so changed since then: don't you think so, Jack?"

"Yes," I said, "he is changed, but I think it is for the better."

"Better in what?" asked Florence.

"He's less harsh and dogmatic," I said; "he used to have a way of blurting out his views, as if prepared to run his head against everybody's garden wall. Time has softened his rough edges."

"And other things besides time," said Mary; "he has had his sorrows."

has had his sorrows."

"Indeed!" I said. "I have heard nothing about them; but I suspect his wealth, after all, has been

"An original kind of sorrow, that, to which most persons would resign themselves if the chance were

given them. "It is so, I assure you," I said. "He is weighed down with a sense of responsibility, and, wishing to do the greatest possible amount of good, the actual results are always falling short of his

desires."

"Well," said Florence, "it is a noble weakness.

He's mistaken of course—most people that I know of are; but at least he's mistaken splendidly."

# CHAPTER X.

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the very person under discussion; the duke's carriage was seen coming along the drive, and we assembled before the door to meet him. He was assembled before the door to meet him. He was always at home at Exdale, where he seemed to shake off the shackle of his position and move at ease. Thither he came at brief intervals to enjoy the sunshine of the family circle, where the children expected "Duke," as they called him, to tell them stories about kangaroos and dodos, and where he took counsel on many practical points with that wise old Mary.

wise old Mary.

Greetings over, he was shown to his room, whither, at his request, I accompanied him to take care of sundry packets of unanswered letters, the daily acknowledgement of which was one of the duties which he held sacred. Before we again descended to the drawing-room I took occasion to inform him of the presence of Miss Oswald.

descended to the drawing-room Trook occasion to inform him of the presence of Miss Oswald.

"We have had some passages-at-arms together," I said; "What do you think of her?"

"Much like the rest of her genus," he replied.

'They would be offended with us if we were to call them the softer sex, since they've taken to chaff and vachting buttons." yachting buttons.

"You are not often so severe," I replied. "In this instance I do believe there is something hidden under the chaff. I begin to suspect the existence

of a heart."
"She has a head, I know, and one famously full of rubbish: as to the other appendage, I will take it on your word."
"Do you know, Grant, I wish you would take her

"Do you know, Grant, I wish you would take her in hand; it's much like taming a wild cat, I know, but it would be worth the labor."

Grant shook his head. "I know Florence well," he said; "she rises to an argument like a trout to a fly, and would stand out against an archangel for pure love of contradiction."

"If the archangel were clothed in the garb of a

we went down stairs, and were met by Oswald, who barely gave himself time to shake hands with the duke, before he brought forth the iniquity of Degg, and demanded instant justice. "You'll prosecute, of course; he hasn't the least rag of a case, and at last we shall be rid of the rascal."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said Grant, in a very unexcited tone, "but I don't intend to prosecute."

ecute."
"Not prosecute!" cried Oswald. "But, my dear
Leven, have you read his last week's article?"
"Yes," replied the duke. "Verney put it into
my hand as I was getting into the carriage, and I
read it coming along."
"Well?"

"You won't let the fellow escape this time with

"Yes, my dear Oswald, life is too short to spend

impunity?"

"Yes, my dear Oswald, life is too short to spend it prosecuting rascals; if Degg has a fancy for publishing fancy biographies of me, he is perfectly welcome; I shall neither bring him into court, no shall he bring me."

Oswald's disappointment was intense; but something in the duke's manner made it difficult for him to pursue the subject, and he had to content himself with an expressive gesture which if interpreted, might be understood as meaning either despair at the eccentricity of his friend, or a fervent desire of impaling the unhappy culprit.

During dinner, and the hour or two of conversation that followed, the duke was chiefly absorbed by Wilfrid Knowles, who talked to him about Glenleven, and religious rules, and the practices of the Fathers in the Desert, till Florence could not conceal her impatience, and even Oswald fidgetted. I thought that Grant himself must be tired of it, but, if so, he did not betray it in his manner; he appeared to be giving Wilfrid his whole attention, and was always courteous and kind.

As soon as she found herself out of earshot, Florence gave vent to her imagination. "Your duke should certainly be canonized," she said: "he has done two heroic acts this day; he pardoned Degg, and listened patiently to Father Wilfrid for the space of two hours."

"Oswald will never forgive him the first achieve-

space of two hours."
"Oswald will never forgive him the first achieve ment, nor you the second."
"Well, but are they not both rather of the super

"Well, but are they not be a natural order?"
"Probably," I replied, "as yet, I confess, I do not understand his motives in the matter of Degg."
"If Mr. Knowles would but be quiet for a minute I would make bold to inquire; can't you create a

I would make bold to inquire; can't you create a diversion?"

The diversion, however, was effected by the duke himself, who, having succeeded in obtaining a short respite, took refuge in an armchair beside us.

"So it is really true, then," said Florence, "that Degg is not to be delivered over to the tormentors? I assure you, Charley here was already preparing the faggots."

the faggots."

"I daresay he would have run a fair chance of burning in that fourteenth century Mr. Knowles is so fond of," replied the duke; "but we are happily fallen on days of toleration."

Florence paused; and it was with the least possible amount of timidity that she said at last; "Is it very impertinent? I don't mean it so; but may I ask your reasons?"

"Reasons for what?"

"For not punishing him. Was it generosity?"

"For not punishing him. Was it generosity?"
"Well, I'm not very fond of revenge, or of law courts either. I don't believe they're the best places n the world for fostering charity. "And was that all?"

"No, not quite, perhaps," and it was his turn to "No, not quite, pernaps, and it was his turn to hesitate.

"Well, Miss Oswald, I'll say to you what I could not say just now to your brother, when he was at such a white heat of frenzy. All circumstances considered, I should feel it shocking if Degg were to be held up to judgment for libelling me, when for these many years past law court has declared it impossible to call him to account for libelling my

Master."

"Your Master!" ejaculated Florence.

"Yes; why do you look so astonished?"

"I don't think I exactly understand."

"Why, my dear Miss Oswald, it's what every one knows; this poor creature has found it to his profit to put out week after week the most offensive articles on religious matters. He has not been content with assailing what he calls sacerdotalism in all its branches; he has attacked Christianity along the whole line, the most sacred things and in all its branches; he has attacked Christianity along the whole line, the most sacred things and the most sacred person. I should not like to offend your ears by repeating the titles of some of his things; yet for all this blasphemy he has escaped scot-free; and after that, do you suppose I would allow damages to be given against him for some silly lies about my character? It would go against one's instincts of faith: at least that is my feeling." There was a long pause: Florence lent her head on her hand, and seemed to be really thinking; frant took up a book of photographs, and I sat by and watched the scene, which deeply interested me. At last she spoke: "Faith—yes, it must be a wonderful thing; a wonderful motive-power for those who possess it."

"No I suppose I never shall. Don't be shocked. It must be a grand thing to believe as you do; but to some minds, even whilst they admire, it is simply impossible."

to some minds, even whilst they admire, it is simply impossible."

"Do you mean deliberately to say that you believe nothing?" said Grant, looking at her with those grave, penetrating eyes that were so rarely turned to meet the gaze of another. She seemed almost to tremble under their power."

"No, not quite that; but not what you would call believing."

"Let us come to particulars," said Grant, "for I don't believe that you believe nothing. And if there is any one thing you do believe, obey it, and it will lead you further. it will lead you further.
"I don't understand," said Florence. "Please to

explain yourself."
"Well, I will take the first element of faith; you

"Oh course," she replied.
"And that He made you?"

She was silent.

You see there is no alternative. He either made you, or you are a bundle of fortuitous atoms, that have come together of themselves."

Florence still hesitated; to say Yes, would, she

well knew, pledge her to fling to the owls and the bats a vast assortment of scientific semi-infidel views she had been fond of ventilating; and yet to say No in plain English, and to such an interroga-

say No in plain English, and to such an interrogator, was more than she dared.

"I suppose I believe it," she said at length. "Of course we know so little of these matters."

"Well, never mind that; you do believe it, that is enough: you believe that He made you, body and soul: for I suppose you believe that you have a soul; you don't think you are nothing but a body, a handful of dust, do you?"

Again Florence leant her head on her hand, and the answer was, as it were, torn from her: "No, I believe that I have a soul."

"Why?" said Grant. "why do you believe it?"

"Why?" said Grant, "why do you believe it?" She looked at him steadily. 'Because I feet it,' she answered.

## "' Dust thou art, to dust returnest," Was not spoken of the soul."

pure love of contradiction."

"If the archangel were clothed in the garb of a High Church parson, I believe she would; but the tears were in her eyes when I talked to her to-day about Australia and Father Daly."

"So you've been blabbing, and made the little girl cry over your story, and were moved by the 'watery witness in her eye' to believe in her possession of a heart? Really, Jack, it savors of the sentimental."

"No, no, Grant, nothing of the sort, I do assure you; but the poor child is in want of a better helping hand than Wilfrid Knowles, who does his very best, and only drives her in a contrary direction."

"Well, that is, perhaps, not the very safest ground of faith, but it will do for the present. No, listen to me. These things are not intellectual views; they are facts, living realities. If you hold them as intellectual views merely, you don't believe them; but if you do believe them, you must obey them."

"How?" said Florence. "How can I obey a fact?"

"In this way," he replied: "If there is a God, he must be worshipped. If He made you, He is your Master; yes, you don't like the word, I see; you shrink from it, it makes you angry. But it is not

the less true for that; He is your Master, and holds you in His hand, and you must serve Him. And if you have a soul, an immortal soul, as you say you believe, you must care for it as you care for nothing else; and this taking care of an immortal soul is a very serious business."

There was not another word spoken for several minutes; at last Florence raised her head from her hand, and in a timid, subdued tone, murmured, "Thank you." The duke nodded kindly to her, and she went to the piano; and, to excuse her unusual silence, spent the rest of the evening singing Oswald some of his favorite songs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### A MARTYR OF MARTYRS.

Bells were ringing jubilantly, cannons were pealing, the shout of a mighty multitude echoed to the heavers, where in an oriental sky the sters were blezing. Below them torches of scented wood flared red, lines of many colered lenterns ran like webs of fire from tree to tree and from bough to bough, tu ning the groves to fairyland. The road, on either side of which the myrisd people tore the air with clamor of eager expectation and of welcome, was carpeted with fabrics of real splendor. Whatever an eastern realm could lavish of gorgeousness and grandeur seemed arread that night, for the monarch of an ancient kingdom was bringing home his bride.

On came the royal procession. Banner and pen-

On came the royal procession. Banner and pen-On came the royal procession. Banner and pennon, lance and spear, went proudly by; high stepping wer horses, plumed warriors, courtiers in gay attire, nobles in robes of state, princes of royal blood, were there. Then appeared the unsurpassed white elephant, bearing on his broad back at brone of state, where sat the king of the vast multitude with his veiled bride motionless beside him.

Behind him was a throng of retainers, bearing gifts from provinces far off and near. With these there came long lines of slaves, sent, too, as gifts. Upon them searching looks were bent by men jealous of their sovereign's honor, and desirous to judge if they were worthy to be given to him upon such

if they were worthy to be given to him upon such great occasion. One among them attracted every eye, and caused in all hearts unwonted feelings of reverent amszement,
In that long-drawn procession of unveiled

women slaves, walking each after each singly and slowly, so that the beauty of each might be seen by all present and redound to the menarch's greatness—among those women seems beauty of

by all present and redound to the monarch's greatness—among those women, some haughtily defiant, some indifferent, some deepairing, some most vile to see in their enstern tarnished beauty, wholly of the clod—one walked qu'etly, looking neither to the right nor left, and men and women held their breath at the sight of her.

Tall and slight, and fair with lily fairness, she was clad in soft white wools, and over it her hair fell to her feet in a golden veil. Her features were perfectly formed, her face clear cut and oval. She never raised her eyes, but kept them bent upon a little child who lay sleeping in her arms. That sweet face tore a look mysterious to the people, filling them with strange emotions. They loved her as they can be, but they loved her with the love we give to angels. It was the face of one love we give to engels. It was the face of one who has suffered acutely, who has loved and still loves with intense devotion; but the sign of a higher love was on it, and men, not knowing what

it meant, did reverence to it.

A louder clamor of drum and horn, and cymbal and trumpet, a mightier shout upon the echoing sky. The king has brought his bride to the palace bome. The caven doors are open to her; the bridal feat is spread; mude rings around her amid fragrance of flowers and fruits and costly wines. Never has a bride of that kingdom known such

Never has a bride of that kingdom known such rapturous greeting, or been treated so nearly as the equal of her lord.

They brought her gifts before her dais, displaying each one to her. They brought the slaves before her, men and women, whose lives hung on her slightest whim. It was her fancy to choose one that very night to wait upon her, and the king watched her perplexity with gratified pride.

Yet in a moment her doubts vanished when the pale stranger stood before her. Even the king feit the amazing spell. A hush fell over the heathen court, but now alive with wine and passion. What un arthly vision was there?

"I weary of the noise and light and heat," the queen said, looking at the stranger wistfully. Beautiful mother, let us be alone for an hour, that my head and my heart may rest."

And queen and slave passed forth together from the banquet, ending unwittingly the first act of a drama wherein no less than heaven was to be risked and won.

II.

"The woman is a Christian, your majesty-Christian surely The king knit his brows and looked wrathfully at the speaker.

"You do not know whereof you speak," he said.

"Pardon me, sire. I am your oldest counsellor.
I was your royal father's counsellor before you. I know whereof I speak. You have never seen a Christian. We banished them from the kingdom before your majesty's most rappy birth. Believe me they are more dangerous than the plague. One single follower of the Nazarine's sets a whole realm on fire. 'Tis even said, sire—'

"Speak on!" was the imperious cry.
"I feer, sire, that life is worth nothing if I say
the rest."

"It is worth nothing if you do not,"
"'Tis even said, then, your mejesty, that she has
already tainted, with her error, the mind of our

already tainted, with her error, the mind of our most gracious queen."

The king strode to the casement and leaned forth as if stifled. In the sheltered, glorious gardens below he beheld the two persons who filled his thoughts. Where a fountain sprang up in glittering, lace like spray; where birds sang blithely, flitting like gorgeous tones of flame from blitbely, flitting like gorgeous tones of flame from bower to bower; where the trees cast quiet shadows, and flowers of magnificent color and wondrous fragrance lit up the greensward, his young queen sat in her dark and brilliant liveliness so worshipped by him, and close beside her shone like a star the Ohristian's exquisite fair face. Surely it was of no common matter they talked together; no court gossip was sullying their lips. Sometimes their eyes were fixed earnestly towards the sky. And on either face was a look not earthly. So might St. Monica have talked with Augustine and gazed towards heaven.

might St. Monica have talked with Augustine and gazed towards heaven.

Vehement in anger yet stronger to control it till he knew most surely how and when to strike, the king watched and thought. This work must stop; yet how to stop it? His young wife loved this woman as her own soul, and upon his wife's life now the hopes of a nation centred. The slave, being recessary to the real must live.

being necessary to the realm, must live.
Yet she was training the queen's mind with her errors, and the king remembered to have heard strange stories of these Christians. Torture meant little to them, death meant nothing, riches counted little to them, death meant nothing, riches counted for dross compared with something or someone invisible to whom they gave themselves. If the queen were a Christian she would rather see her busband and her children slaves and dead so only they were Christians also, than to see them crowned kings of the universe. The nation would be in commotion. What could be done?

He turned sharply to the counsellor. "Prepare the torture chambers with all speed," he commanded, then looked again to the gardens.

Through flash of fountain and song of bird no

words could reach bim. He could only note that the convertation was as intent and as free from levity as before; God heard the words they spoke.

"It is a land more fair than this, then, Aime?"

"This is an idle dream compared to it, your highness."

"How can that be, Aime? Tell me; for I dream of naught more beautiful than this."

"There is no scorobing heat there, lady, and the flowers never wither and no storms come nigh. And God is there always, lady, and His Blessed Mother, and the saints and angels. It is the court and the country of the King of kings."

"And he is mightler than my king, and wiser and more loving? How can that be, Aime? I dream of none more strong and loving than my king."

"Poor Almo!" Poor Aime!"

"Poor Aime!"
The queen understood that patient sigh of the widowed heart. She could not understand the smile of joy which triumphed over it.

"God is good," cried Aime, gladly. "His will is best. He has given me you to love. He has given me you to love. He has given me my child. He has given me Himself, and heaven watte for us."

Heaven! At that word it was as if she saw the celestial country opening before her rapturous gaze. She, a captive in a strange land, saw the fatherland of God before her, and the gates of pearl flung open to her, and the King who waited on the threne.

The earthly monarch, watching, started as her

on the throne.

The earthly monarch, watching, started as her face, lifted more clearly into sight, flushed its scraphic beauty on him. Then through the sounds which had made their voices inaudible to him, the shrill cry of Aime's infant reached her ear.

All the mother love flew back into her face. She caught the baby from its grassy cradle at her feet, fondled it, husbed it, then nursed it at her bosom, drawing her veil closely round it, while the queen said carcesing words and played with the small pink leet. It touched a chord of pity in the strong man's nature.

"I will save her if I can," he mused. "She will forget her folly. Now must I summon the queen away, and find an opportunity to work my will."
"His Majesty awaits your highness."
The queen turned to the kneeling slave who had

"Tell bim I come at once," sue essue.

But she bent again over the baby, and whispered
to the mother: "If I obey your King, and am a
Christian, Aime, then I may surely pray to Him,

"And that everlasting kingdom will be mine for

"Most certainly, dear lady, if only you hold firm unto the end."

Was it of the award she thought—this queen whose cup of earthly ambition was filling to the being?

brim?
"It has seemed to me," she said slowly, "that if I were a Christian my dearest lord would be a Christian also—I would pray so hard for that!—
and then the heavenly country would be his for ever also. I would be glad to win all that for

him."

They went together through the shadows and sunlight, out of the joy and abounding life of nature, into the palace glittering with babaric pomp, and the heart of each was yearning for a higher life and an eternal eplendor. And as the great door closed behind them an awful highway opened to them, even the King of kings' own royal highway, leading forever from earth's gardens to the garden of the Lord.

They had led her—two spectral figures clad in hideous masks and garments of linked mail—through long galleries and vaulted chambers, amid instruments of torture, nameless, horrible as the work of fiends. She had been summened from her child to attend the queen, but no queen was waiting for her. There was no one to be seen except these men, who walked one on either side of her, helding her by the arms. Neither spoke then, but, as they walked, one told the other what the nature and the uses of the engines of horror were. They brought her by and by—was it after many hours they brought her?—through these anterooms of cruelty, to the presence of the king.

"You are no Christian?" hesald to her abruptly. She made no reply.

She made no reply.

"I told you so," he cried to the aged counsellor.

"She is no Christian, say what you may, and I will save ber."

save her."

Smiling sardonically, the wily statesman took from his robes something which, in the late king's reign, he had known how to play his part with well in discerning gold from dross, something which had been unseen in the kingdom for many years, and he laid it down at Alme's feet. It was only the figure of a man, thorn-cro nailed to a cross.

"If you are no Christian trample on that," he

sald.

She lifted up her hands in horror. She, who had passed through all the torture chambers with no fear except her whitening face, uttered now a sharp, agonizing cry like one who has been struck on a raw wound. And she flung herself on her knees before them, and she kissed the crucifix on feet and hands and face.

"Is that your God?" cried the king contemptuously.

ously.
"It is the likeness of my God," she answered him. "My God died on a cross for me, and I am a Christian."

a Christian."

Rack and fire, scourge and shame, they tried them on her, cautiously, yet sharply. They could force no other answer from her, could not bring that frail, fair woman to do that simple thing; to place her beautiful, her email, her harmless foot upon that piece of wood and silver.

"It was a priest's crucifix," the counsellor said, meditatively. "He was an old man, I remember, and he died hard for it."

"He died harder even than common. These are a strange people."

"He died harder even than common. These are a strange people."

The king, who had been used to conquer men by thousands on the field of battle, and who had subdued provinces to work his will, stood beffled here. And then he deigned to plead with her:

"The queen loves you. Deny your faith, give up your folly, and you shall be her best and dear est, nearest to her throne."

But it was as if she did not hear him.

Suddenly he bade the torturers cease. A new

Suddenly he bade the torturers cease. A new plan had occurred to him. He gave whispered orders to the counsellor, who departed; then shortly after the king bade the torturers cease their tortures and follow him. And so they brought her one more stage upon her journey to the court of the King of kings.

A small room, but, where all was magnificent, most marvellous to see in its luxury and display. Tables were there, piled with most tempting viands, wires to warm the fainting heart, perfumed waters to refresh the racked and quivering frame, couches of down to give it the tenderest repose.

In a princely cradle lay the Christian's child.

Weak as she was, she would have sprung to clasp it to her bosom; but they held her back, gently but firmly, and laid the crucifix before her feet.

"Now," said the king in mild and courtly ac-enta, "you may go to your little child." She did not stir. Gently they laid her down on one of the soft

Gently they laid her down on one of the soft divans; they gave her wine to strengthen her, they put a healing salve upon her wounds. And they left her hangry eyes free to feed upon her baby's innocent, rosy, happy face; they left her tongue free to speak, to call to him; they left her tongue free to speak, to call to him; they left her tongue free to speak, to call to him; they left her tongue free to speak, to call to him; they left her cars open to hear his slightest cry. And they only bound her feet with a painless golden chain, whose links they would quickly loosen for her on one small condition; they only laid the cruc fix in the path between her child and her.

The child cooed and laughed, and talked his baby talk to himself contentedly for a time—yes, for time long enough to revive in the racked heart of the mother (if she needed it) the memory of his beau'y, and his love, and his amiable, exquisite baby ways; long enough for her to note again his perfect health, his unusual strength and activity, and his unusual beauty.

By and by one of the torturers rang a sweet-

By and by one of the torturers rang a sweet-sounding silver bell over her head, and drew the eyes of the child to the mother's face.

He sprang up in his cradle, laughed out delight-edly, stretched his hands to her, allured her to come to him, and lift him and play with him.

She, like a mother, crushed down her faintness and longing, and answered back to him with smiles and tender gestures and most tender words.

But such devices could not long satisfy a baby. He wanted his mother to touch and hold him, and he wanted to be fed. Why did she not come to him—this mother always so ready to attend to his slightest wish? He cried loudly.

Aime looked with imploring gaze to the monarch,
"You are free to go," he answered.
"Free, with the warders' eyes upon her—free, with
the crucifix lying in her pathway—free, by one
touch of her foot, one effort of her will.
Shedid not move, except to fold her hands, and
pray, and pray.

pray, and pray.

The child cried much. It cried itself to sleep at The child cried much. It cried itself to sleep at last, and lay flushed and restless even in sleep, with tears on the plump cheek.

In the stillness, memories of past earthly joys, dreams of future earthly joys and greatness haunted her. Once she had a loving husband, who protected her from so much as a rough breeze, or a curious lock, or on unkind word. Once she was a queen's friend and favorite—was it ages ago or only that very day? Once there was a prospect opening to her of a fair future for her child, a long and happy life for her with him. What did these cruel people mean to do with her? How long would they, born themselves of women, let a mother and her child suffer thus?

Voices. Men are talking near her—men or

Voices. Men are talking near her—men or devils. Their words seemed partial echoes to her though's.

"The queen loves her."
"Trely; beyond all counting."

"Even now she asks for her."

"Even now she asks for her."

"Yes; but the king occones her. He tells her she has gone for a brief time to bring some aplendid present to her. Yet the queen weep, and says no gifts can satisfy her for the loss of her company

even for three days."
"Can it last three days, then?" "Can it last three days, then I"
"They say so. "Tis strong and well, you see."
What is strong and well? A vague horror chills
her. But she fights it off. Human beings could
not be so lost to compassion. The voice speaks

again:
"Fools, these Christians! Look, now. Here is "Fools, these Christians! Look, now. Here is a woman whom the king honors and the queen loves. She shall ask naught that they will not give her. Her child shall be the companion and friend of princes, brought up and honored with the queen's own children. And she lets all go for the sake of an idle dream."

"Will not put her foot upon a stick!"

If she hears, she gives no sign she hears them.
They must touch another chord than that of friendship or of strong ambition. And they are quick

to try.
"The king is firm?"
"L ke rock itself."

"One way or other, he ever gains his will."
"By any sort of torture."
Still no sign of fear.
But now, abruptly, plainly, words unmistakable are spoken :
"It takes a strong man child, then, three days to

"It takes a strong man child, then, three days to starve to death before the eyes of an unnatural mother who refuses to give him food?"

"Taey say so—three days or more. But the king will not grant her three days' grace."

"Hast ever seen or heard the like? Naught to prevent her, and she will not save him! Let's try once more."

"And then speedler ways."

She knows all now. She springs up from among the silken pillows, and her face glares on them, and spring and face remind them suddenly of a tigress whom they wounded but yesterday among the mountains, and tore from her young cubs in their day.

They loose the chain. She starts to her feet. What! She is down on her knees again, trembling and shivering, beside that senseless thing. Waken the child!

Yes, waken him. He cries with sharp, real hunger when he wakens. He sees her, and he holds his hands to her. By and by they add coarser cruelty to this double eyed refinement of cruelty. They begin to torture with sharp instrument the famished, thirsty little creature before her eyes. And the mother?

And the mother?

She does not rise again from her knees where the has fallen. It is strength to kneel there. Over and over again she is saying in her foreign tongue words whose meaning her turturers do not know. Even the king, familiar with the language, cannot understand their import. Is the woman going mad? His anger is blazing now, his obstinate will is set; the shall be conquered. But the very words which she is babbling over and over, like a fool as he thinks, have in them the strength which shall set his strength at naught. his strength at naught.

his strength at naught.

"There stood by the cross of Jesus, His Mother,"
she says, "There stood by the cross of Jesus, His
Mother, His very own Mother, the Mother that
bore Him. Do you hear that my Lord, my King
of kings?"

Whether it be night or day she knows not.
Sleep she will never know till the endless day has
broken, and the Queen of Mosters extended.

broken, and the Queen of Martyre gathers her sister-martyr unto perfect, peaceful rest upon her besom. She counts the leaded footed minutes by baby sobs

She counts the leaded footed minutes by baby sobs that grow more shrill, more faint, more pitiful to hear. She sees the baby hands, once stretched in anguish to her, fall clenched upon the cradle; she fees the baby face grow old and haggard, and livid the once rosy, juyous face of her only child.

"Jesus!" she pleads, but there is neither bitterness nor complaint in the ratient pleading, "Thou hast a woman for thy Mother. Have mercy on a woman who pleads with Thee for her only son."

The eastern monarch bows down before her marvellous fortitude, compelled to do it homage; he deigns to expostulate with her; he begins to fear the end. She will conquer at last, not he.

"Deny your faith," he entreats her. "Say only one word. I ask no more."

She does not book at him nor answer him. It is

She does not look at him nor answer him. It is no longer this eastern monarch she hears and sees. For a brief, awful moment into which the agony of

sges seems concentrated, she sees and hears and feels through all her being the suffering of her baby, her own flesh and blood, the child to whom in

whom now, in pat g: com those counted as the mer free to give life again at little word. The room grows dark as the tiny, livid face. She upon her knees in that darkness, only lighted by

She clutche at her her hand, th u stretches he-from alde to side. And hear her speak those fore lous words, but now disti calling upon one unseen by her, and sure to heed "There stood by the co Mother. Mother, I cry t And as she spoke the departed, but she did no

Aime! My Aime!' Like one returned from she answered to the pli-her hands, that had been as on the cross, looked things of time and senses was weepl g over her as the dead. "Aime, my Aime, w And grave and calm

answer to her:
"I have been in the
King of kings."
The queen started " Ing, my darling. They
mad with torture You
me, my eweet one. You
Bu grave and calm th
"I have been in the
King of kings."
"It was not the land

lady. It was the rock bleak and desclate. A There has g my Lord, His own Mother stood her aching heart she b hold! another cross we son hur g upon it; and s and wept, and the will "I saw the whole w out before us, a great pmen who sinned, and e rowed; and behold! he in torture, and my son ture; yet the will of Go
"And she prayed no woes should be ended, no prayer that the woe With her whole she offered Him to the So I likewise offered my "Then, at once, I say dreamed of, lady, only reeplendent, than any dr

throne of my King wa King—I saw, I beard with His Sacred Heart with Him without need teries—the mystery of guilty, the mystery of Sacred Heart of God. "When I saw it all I your king for my torme to live all over again, I

endure such pain."
"I have seen my Kin and I have seen Him in has pierced my heart through with His shar love. "I have offered mysel Hem for a soul's and a

It is a free will offering love to love."
"He works His will a son does reign with prin Queen of the kingdom fect rest beside her, des and near to her radia Lord has made use of u who have stood beside goir g home to God."

The queen's piteous of the words the Christian inspired. Aime! look at me will lead me home to G Silence in the pala weeping of a queen le heathen by the inscrutal

Silence, save that the swered her. God had a pain that led to Him. Silence, yet are sound Silence, yet are sounding:

"Oh, poor little ones, pest, without all comfor

"All thy children at the Lord; and great shitly children."

"For My thoughts; nor your we the Lord."

"For as the heavens the earth, so are M; wyour ways, and My tho

your ways, and My tho thoughts."
"Aileluia; for the L Almighty bath reigned.

Nearly all infants are not diarrhee and such teething, and as this pe is the most critical, mot without a bottle of D. Dysentery Cordial. The specific for such compla-spoken of by those who proprietors claim it wi cholers or summer comp A Lucky E "For six years I suffer and enlarged tonsils. I

doctored four years and three doctors; they said undergo an operation, instead. One bottle of Squelch, Raglan, Ont. Give Holloway's Corremoved ten corns from without any pain. Wh it will do ag A Hint to Hous Mrs. Robert William Parry Sound, Ont., says house without Hagya hand. I have used it croup, sore throat, and

highly recommend it to A Nevere "I never felt better have since taking Burd I had a severe bilious a eat for several days, work. One bottle cur Richards, Sr., Tara, On troubles use B. B. B.