

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BRAVE MAN.

"As one by one thy hopes depart... Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong."

From the moment that he heard of Mabel's visit to Vranachos, Hugh began to prepare for what he knew would follow...

A good deal of Hugh's business was already concluded; there was still much to be done, but not more than the energy of an almost despairing heart enabled him to accomplish...

It was not until he found himself on board the homeward-bound vessel that Hugh had leisure to reflect on the extent of the trial awaiting him in his own country...

Upon these points Hugh became daily less and less sanguine, and so great was the mental anxiety under which he labored that by the time he reached Southampton he was ill, and he felt that another week of such agony must have turned his brain.

It was far on into February, Mabel, in the last letter Hugh had received, spoke of a return to Elvanlee by Christmas time. At Elvanlee, accordingly, Hugh had expected to find her when she arrived, looking far more out of health, and more terribly shaken, than on his former return from Tasmania two years previously...

As she spoke of changes, she regarded Hugh attentively, and, as it seemed to him, with pity. He shrank instinctively from the revelations which might be coming, and hurried away to the Vicarage, where his friend Horace Stanley, the temporary incumbent, would, he knew, make him very welcome.

From his lips Hugh learned the whole truth at last. He had thought himself prepared to hear it, and yet, when the blow actually fell—when he heard that Mr. Stanley had received a few lines from Mabel, acquainting him with her conversion to the Catholic faith...

It was some time before he recovered, but when he did so, his first request was that Mabel's letters might be given to him.

"How did you answer this one?" he asked, holding out Mabel's first letter of inquiry—"what books did you send her?"

"I have a copy of my reply—there it is, Hugh. I sent her no books, for I knew of none that would have satisfied her peculiar train of thought."

"Horace!" exclaimed Hugh, almost fiercely, as he ran his eyes over the letter which had so angered Mabel, "is this all you said to her?—you, the brilliant scholar—you, who have studied so much, could you find no clearer answer for my poor Mabel? What have you done?"

A vivid flush overspread Mr. Stanley's face; he both looked and felt deeply wounded by Hugh's implied reproach.

"You are unjust, Hugh—how could I answer those inquiries by letter? The difficulties are immense. I do not believe one half of you appreciate them. I can assure you that our position in the Church of England is a ticklish question."

"Are you going to turn Romanist too, Horace?" asked Hugh bitterly. "But there," he added quickly, extending his hand, "forgive me. I was hasty—I scarcely know what I am saying. I am suffering horribly. God help me! I wonder how soon I can get back to Australia?"

"Come, cheer up, Hugh—don't talk of going back to Australia. You must rest for a few days, and then go to France. Things may not be so hopeless, and when she sees you Miss Forrester may change her mind."

"I shall not go to France at all. I shall stay here for a few days, after which I shall go home again," returned Hugh, as quietly as though he were talking of a ten miles' drive.

"Home!—my dear fellow, why, surely you are at home now," said Mr. Stanley, amazed.

"My home and my grave are both in Tasmania, I expect," answered Hugh wearily. "You can remain here, Horace. I shall never come back any more."

"Nonsense, Hugh! Come, go to bed, old fellow; you will see things in a brighter light to-morrow. Surely you will try the effect of your influence with Miss Forrester!"

Hugh shook his head; he neither could nor would discuss his darling Mabel with any man living, but he could not help thinking that, if Horace Stanley had ever loved a woman, she must have been a strange contrast to Mabel.

Next morning the subject was renewed. It was one of those soft, delicious days of early Spring, with which our capricious climate favors us occasionally. In through the glass doors of Hugh's study, which Mabel had entered on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, which had witnessed the first rising of the storm across their sky of happiness, came the sweet breath of violets—the violets Mabel had planted one short year ago. Hugh sat by the window, gazing sadly upon the home he was about to leave forever. Mr. Stanley was busy with some papers at the writing-table. At last Hugh spoke.

"Horace, I meant what I said last night; you must remain here. There is a P. and O. steamer leaving to-morrow night. I have telegraphed for a berth."

"Hugh, this is absolutely wrong. If you would but make the effort, you might bring Miss Forrester round again; and even should she persist in her new religion, why go and break both your hearts? Let her take her way, and do you keep to yours."

"Horace, no more of this; you do not know my Mabel, or you would understand me better. An interview would only be additional torture to us both. You think I could influence her—ah! you are mistaken. Do you suppose she has gone on so far in the dark; do you think she does not know the full extent of the misery her decision has entailed for both of us? Do you suppose she has acted through caprice? O God in heaven, how you calculate my Mabel! I, who know her honest, loving heart—I, who know that this step has cost her; and, knowing what I do, do you suppose I will be the instrument of her torment?—do you think I will ask her to choose between me and her faith? Mabel has joined the Church of Rome because her conscience forced her to do so, and God forbid that I should urge her through love of me to go against her conscience. No, our cross is heavy enough to bear; we owe it to one another not to increase its burden. As long as her decision was in the balance, I was sanguine as to what my influence might effect; but now the deed is done, it is all over. Mabel Forrester cannot be my wife. What, then, have I to do in England? It would be better I should not see her—it would only break our hearts."

Hugh spoke sternly, and when he had finished, bowed his head in his clasped hands, and there was a long, long silence, broken at length by Mr. Stanley, who suggested—

"If you were to give up your profession, and live as a country gentleman, it would not be so awkward as if you were a clergyman."

"For God's sake don't tempt me! I will not give up my profession, even for Mabel; and, as a clergyman, it would be against my conscience to marry a Roman Catholic. Horace, you know my decision; let us talk no more of this, for we have much business to get through this morning."

The morning accordingly was passed in his study. After luncheon, Hugh shut himself up to write to Mabel. He took two hours over his task, then carried the letter to the post. His sudden return had by this time become known in the parish, and everywhere along his road Hugh was greeted with warm words of welcome. To no one did Hugh make known his sad resolve. Not one among the many who flocked to the doors of their humble cottages, just to get a word, a smile, a shake of the hand, guessed that never again after that February day should they look upon the face of their beloved pastor.

It was almost more than Hugh's strength could bear to hear the frequent allusions which the good people made to Mabel. He betrayed, however, neither by word nor sign, the agony he was enduring, but broke away as soon as possible from the more inhabited portion of his parish. In his heart there was a yearning wish to revisit once again the spot where, on the night of their separation, he and Mabel had sat together for the last time.

On his way he passed by the lodge where Mrs. Logie had been installed as lodge-keeper. Two of the children playing before the door caught sight of him, and immediately ran into the cottage, screaming,

"Mither!—oh, mither, it's the minister!"

Hugh had shown a good deal of kindness to the poor widow when she first came to Elvanlee, after her daughter's premature death, and the long separation from her son. He knew that the good woman's feelings would be sorely hurt should he pass her by without recognition, so he turned out of his path and followed the children into the cottage.

Mrs. Logie, who had been washing in a back room, came out to meet him, wiping her hands with her apron, and dropping many courtesies as she exclaimed—

"Preserve 'a', 'is't the minister! Eh, but I'm that proud to see ye vince mair!"

"How are you, Mrs. Logie?" said Hugh.

"Middlin', 'sir, just middlin'. Well ye no bide a wee?" she continued, retreating farther inside her cottage, and dusting a chair for Hugh's use.

"I am afraid I can't stop to day, Mrs. Logie. Why, who is that?" asked Hugh, as a tall, fine-looking young man in a sailor's dress rose from a seat by the fire. "Have you got your son Steenie home again?"

"Ay, ay, it's just Steenie, 'pur laddie,'" said Mrs. Logie, with a deep sigh.

"When did you come home?" inquired Hugh, remarking the young fellow with interest; for Mabel, when Katie was much on her mind, had told Hugh a good deal about Steenie.

"It'll be a week come Saturday," returned Steenie, gloomily. "Faith, I wad ha' had mair sense gin I had bided awa'."

"Hoot, Steenie," remonstrated his mother, "what gars ye answer back the mither sae sharp? Ye see, 'sir," she continued, in a voice meant to be aside, "it's a' through ye bad-hairied, deceitful lassie—ye ken, 'sir, wha's meain'?"

"Mither, jist haud yer tongue now," interrupted Steenie; "ye dinna think I will allow ye to misca' Katie forment my verra face!"

"Awa' out, then, laddie," responded his parent, unceremoniously pointing to the door. "I maun speak my mind to the minister, an' gin ye beena satisfied, ye can jist gang oot—it's nae your hoose, ye ken."

The young fellow looked angry, but he said nothing, only seized his cap, and hurried out by the door.

Mrs. Logie proceeded to relate to Hugh at full length the cause of her son's unhappiness. Steenie had returned only a week since from his long voyage. From the time of his departure he had been his mother's darling; he had been his mother's charge at Leith, he repaired to the place where he had left his mother and Katie, only to find them gone from thence, and all trace of them lost.

With some difficulty he had contrived to get his mother's address, and from the same quarter he received a garbled version of Katie's story. Of Katie herself he had seen nothing, nor could he obtain any direct information respecting her; it was generally believed that she had left Edinburgh with Willie Cameron. Steenie had consequently returned to his mother in a despairing mood; he was determined not to remain at Elvanlee, talked wildly of his future life, and that which most alarmed Mrs. Logie was the fear that he would go back to Scotland in order to find Katie.

Hugh listened patiently enough to the poor woman's story, consoled her as well as he could, and left her with the advice not to oppose her son's going to sea again immediately, should he wish to do so.

He encountered Steenie shortly after; the poor lad was lying on his back smoking his pipe under one of the leafless trees close to the lodge gates. As soon as he heard footsteps, he rose, took his pipe out of his mouth, and stood by respectfully, with his cap in his hand.

"Poor fellow!" said Hugh kindly, going up to him and laying his hand on his shoulder—he had just then a fellow-feeling for Steenie's sorrow—"I am very sorry for you—indeed I am."

"Thank ye, 'sir," returned Steenie, gratefully. He wanted sympathy sadly, and there was something in Hugh's tone that told him his was real.

"What do you intend to do now?" asked Hugh—"shall you go to sea again?"

"Ay, ay, 'sir, the suner the better. I can't bide here. It's no do that—I will ha'e my ain gait."

"But your mother—can you leave her again so soon?"

"Hoot, 'sir, my mither will do jist fine wartin' me. I misdoed me sair, she will be gey glad to be rid o' me."

"It has been a sad coming home for you, indeed," said Hugh, with a heavy sigh. "I can feel for you more than you think, perhaps. How would you like to go to Tasmania?"

"I dinna exactly ken whaur that will be, 'sir, but I wad like fine to get ower the sea till furrin' parts."

"Steenie Logie," said Hugh, speaking under an impulse, for which he never could account, but which in after days he was thankful he had followed. "I am going back to Tasmania—will you come with me?"

Steenie looked up with a quick, surprised glance. In a moment he understood that the man speaking to him was suffering from a sorrow which might be akin to his own; the knowledge caused his heart to rush with a mighty bound towards Hugh's.

"I understand ye, 'sir," he answered quietly; "ye are ower kin' to mind me, an' ye yersel' in trouble. Aweel, 'sir, ye shauna repent it; I will gang wi' ye, 'sin' it's yer will to tak' me, an' God bless ye, for weel He may, an' gie ye the true faith awa' o' these days."

"Thank you," said Hugh, with a wintry smile. "I hope I have got that now. Ah! my boy, sorrow would be hard to bear wanting faith."

"Aweel, 'sir, I'm no sayin' but ye'll ha'e some portion o' it, but ye'll be gettin' mair afore ye dee. Ye're ower good to be a minister; ye sould be ane o' God's ain priests," said Steenie, with outspokenness more honest than polite.

Hugh was too sad to take offence; besides, he saw that the poor fellow meant no disrespect, for in a few words he told him of his arrangements for the journey, gave him rendezvous at the station, and left him, after having made him promise not to allow the secret of his departure to get abroad.

It was settled that Steenie was to leave a letter of farewell for his mother, which letter should not be delivered until the ship had sailed, after which Hugh cared not how soon the truth should be made known.

When Hugh reached the rocky platform, to which, after his interview with Steenie, he made his way, his long-winded composure forsook him. All that day he had driven back into the inmost recesses of his heart the torment of his grief, but now, alone, where a few months ago his darling Mabel had sat beside him, her head resting on his breast, her eyes looking into his, her loved voice speaking music to his ears, the overwhelming sense of his great loss came, like the waves of a boisterous sea, rushing upon him with such force as to unman him completely. In that wild desolate place, no one was likely to surprise him, so that Hugh abandoned himself for a short space to the violence of his sorrow. It was the first, the last; time he ever gave way thus.

Merciful it was for Mabel that the sight of such anguish was veiled from her knowledge. She never knew all it had cost the brave man to go thus and leave her without the one look, the one word the one passionate embrace, for which he so painfully yearned—yes, for even then, at the eleventh hour, the temptation came strongly to him to seek Mabel, to entreat her with all the earnestness of his soul to abandon for his sake that which her conscience dictated; or, in the event of her remaining firmly attached to her new faith, to make himself all concessions that should render their union possible. But the innate nobility of Hugh's character prevailed—coupled with the strong, unselfish love of his heart. To him religion was no less a reality than it was to Mabel—his duty to God not a whit less dear, his devotion to truth, where he believed it to exist, not less earnest than hers.

Had his calling been other than that of a clergyman, Hugh might have reconciled it with his conscience to act differently; but he regarded his profession in the light of a real mission, conferred upon him by his God, and as such, not even to save two breaking hearts would he abandon it. He as yet had had no communication with Mabel upon the subject, but he knew her thoroughly, and he knew that her decision, once taken, would be fixed for ever. He did not blame her, he did not reproach her, not even in his own mind, far less in the long, gentle, comforting—oh! so loving letter he had that evening despatched. His one aim had been to soften to his darling the misery that had come upon both. In that light only he spoke of it to her, entreating her how to bow resignedly to the holy will of God in this, their mutual grief, great sorrow. And then, alone before his God, Hugh put over him the first terrible hours of this grief, that must be now to him a life-long companion. It had no witnesses, no comforters. There was no one to sympathize with him, no one to help him to bear his heavy burden. Alone he must go forth to resume his weary labors—alone he must live, alone he must suffer, and perhaps alone he would have to die.

Hugh left Elvanlee that same night, and Steenie Logie accompanied him. As became widely known, he was accused of hard-headedness—a good many openly gave it as their opinion that "Mr. Fortescue could not have cared much about Miss Mabel," and there were, indeed, who carried their distrust so far as to dare to hint this at a later time to Mabel herself. They never did it a second time, and were not likely to forget the indignation with which Mabel on that occasion responded to their well-meant, but misguided efforts to console her for her loss.

In life's story it is ever so. The deepest sorrows are the hidden ones, the most aching wounds are the least considered. Weakness finds eager, ready sympathizers; the strong man only bears his pain and hides it. It is a divine gift—that of silent endurance; not the sullen, morose holding aloof from one's fellow-creatures—not the selfish, fierce rebelling in perpetual gloom, not bitterness concealed under the mantle of pride—but the patient, steadfast turning of the heart to God, the abandonment of self to the Divine Will, the mourning revealed only to the eyes of angel witnesses, the sorrow which forgets itself, because it is lost in God. Such is blessed indeed, such is strong, because it is not human, but divine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Legend of the Child in the Snow.

There was once a very holy and devout monk who had a tender love for the Child Jesus.

One winter's day he had to take a long journey on horseback; and as he passed by a dreary, desolate road, he saw there a child in the snow crying bitterly.

He stopped his horse, for a great compassion filled his heart, and, thinking perhaps the child had lost its mother, asked the cause of its tears.

But the child did not answer and burst out into such deep sobs that the monk was more than ever sorry for him, and with gentle words entreated him to tell

the cause of such deep distress. At length the little one spoke and said he could not help weeping, for he was perishing from cold and hunger, and there was no one—no one in the wide world—to take care of him. The monk, on hearing this, took up the boy into his arms, kissing and comforting him, trying to warm the cold limbs in his close embrace; then he turned to remount his horse, that he might carry his burden to the shelter of some hospice, but in that moment the lovely child had slipped from his arms and vanished. Then the good monk understood that the little one had been the Most Holy Child Jesus, and he was sad at so great a loss, although his heart turned with thanksgiving to his Divine Lord for the favor He had been pleased to grant him in return for constant love.

A STARVING MAN'S RIGHTS.

The position that a man who is starving, and who cannot obtain food by working or begging, has the right to take from his neighbor sufficient to relieve immediate necessities, is a position neither new nor novel. That the right of a starving man to his neighbor's bread was held by Cardinal Manning with these limitations, there was not no reasonable doubt. This was not his position merely; it is a maxim in all the works of the great Catholic writers on theology and morals. It is in extreme exceptional cases, such as sometimes occur, although but rarely in civilized communities, that these writers say "All things are common."

Catholic theologians lay it down as a fundamental principle that man owns nothing absolutely; that all things, even man himself, belong to God, and that lands and earthly possessions are God's bounties, for their use, of which men must give an account.

The sentiment expressed by Cardinal Manning is not peculiar to Catholic writers. It has been taught by philosophers for centuries, and it has been more or less recognized in ancient and modern systems of legislation. Moses made a clear distinction between theft and taking from a neighbor sufficient of the earth's products to supply immediate necessities, although all the land was held by individual owners.

The right of a starving man to take bread from his well-to-do neighbor, without the latter's consent even, when he cannot otherwise supply his absolute necessities, springs from the natural right to life, which certainly prevails over not only all positive laws of property, but over all positive laws for protecting life. A man assailed under circumstances that give these laws for the protection of life no opportunity to serve him, may strike down his assailant with impunity. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." This is as true when life is in danger from starvation as when it is threatened by the knife of the assassin. The right of a man to food in his possession beyond what he requires ceases in the presence of a famished person's necessity. The State, recognizing the truth of this proposition, takes money enough from the pockets of its self-supporting citizens to save from starvation such as must have aid or die—aged poor, orphans, idiots, lunatics, etc. The State further takes money from its citizens to clothe paupers and make them comfortable while they live. The right, then, of any individual to his property is not so absolute that no condition can nullify or impair it; and the condition of a starving brother is certainly sufficient to impair the right to so much of this property as may be necessary to prevent his death by starvation.—B. F. Underwood, in Twentieth Century.

A Famous Belfast Bakery.

Bernard Hughes (Limited) is the title of a company floated at Belfast recently, to take over the largest bakery business in Ulster. This successful concern has grown up entirely under Catholic management, and with the capital of the Catholics in Belfast. Its origin is worth recording. In the days of O'Connell's Repeal agitation there was a man named Bernard Hughes, a Catholic, employed in a large bakery in Belfast. He joined the Repeal Association, and was at once told by his employers that he must choose between his place and his politics. Unless he left the association he must leave his situation. He laid the facts before the committee. "Well," they said, "it is hard if the Catholics and Repealers of Belfast can't support one baker's shop. Leave your place and set up for yourself."

Hughes took their advice. The opening of the Repealer's shop was the occasion of a popular demonstration.

HALF-KHUM; FRESH CRACKED OPEN AND BLEND!

MISS LOTTIE CLARK, River Falls, Pierce County, Wisconsin, writes: "It gives me pleasure to express my faith in the virtue of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Having suffered for three years from salt-rheum, and after having been unsuccessfully treated by a good physician, I began the use of the 'Discovery.' The humor was in my hands. I was obliged to keep a covering over them for months at a time, changing the covering morning and night. The itching, burning and stinging sensation would be so intense that at times it seemed as if I would go crazy. When I bent the fingers of the flesh would crack open and bleed. It is impossible for me to describe the intense pain and suffering which I endured night and day. After taking six bottles of the 'Discovery' I was entirely cured. A county physician Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured. Sold by Dealers.

THE STREET WAS BLOCKED FOR HOURS before it opened with a crowd of sympathizers. The taking down of the shutters was hailed with cheers, and five minutes after the door was opened every loaf, cake and biscuit in the place had been bought and carried off. Out of that shop has grown the great establishment which the son of the founder has now turned over to a limited company, at what good judges consider a very moderate estimate of its value. All the enterprise and success in business in Belfast does not belong to Orangemen.

"ANGLICAN LIGHT."

A paper read the Catholic Truth 12th December, entitled "Romanism delivered by the A., on the 15th M. Mr. President Ottawa has been the present year Anglican clerics. It appears from the reverend we have had form designed and actually leading book tions in exposé we believe to efrontery in taken to task are imputed ments, thou put, are, and 'deceptive' troversy are 'ous'; and so style to which Now, I do not know. I have that on occas phrases have they recall i tion of a mob signifying much." They which it is com to employ when relation to the of controversy, 'the wells,' is was under th abandoned, at and which I st has ceased to Jacon de partier sidered parti speaking to h celt and eva hypocriy are thought good an English au "Popery," to b an axiom tha describe the a prejudice cr created at th rendered any argument quit

The lecture tremely des wanders over controversy. it the occasi weapons in w without stoppi they were all upon the marri fabulous chara story which th authority of an from a third we are not tol not told whom ral, Toronto, man himself a ment is made tion. Not on tually circulat edging the fac a form of coe est approach fable that I was in the U Church public article on th mitted that E "rascals" cap even of 'going many of consec fully Parker hi light of it' s from interest as Barlow and

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

The first is by the late Rev entitled "Chu by the Cathol critic takes ex therein contain imaginary ac several of the ment were Dam Matthew's gos year 40 A. D., 43, St. Luke's John's about t controversial 'altogether i tions,' and so to see the re language. T are not exact

It appears from the reverend we have had form designed and actually leading book tions in exposé we believe to efrontery in taken to task are imputed ments, thou put, are, and 'deceptive' troversy are 'ous'; and so style to which Now, I do not know. I have that on occas phrases have they recall i tion of a mob signifying much." They which it is com to employ when relation to the of controversy, 'the wells,' is was under th abandoned, at and which I st has ceased to Jacon de partier sidered parti speaking to h celt and eva hypocriy are thought good an English au "Popery," to b an axiom tha describe the a prejudice cr created at th rendered any argument quit

The lecture tremely des wanders over controversy. it the occasi weapons in w without stoppi they were all upon the marri fabulous chara story which th authority of an from a third we are not tol not told whom ral, Toronto, man himself a ment is made tion. Not on tually circulat edging the fac a form of coe est approach fable that I was in the U Church public article on th mitted that E "rascals" cap even of 'going many of consec fully Parker hi light of it' s from interest as Barlow and

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

The first is by the late Rev entitled "Chu by the Cathol critic takes ex therein contain imaginary ac several of the ment were Dam Matthew's gos year 40 A. D., 43, St. Luke's John's about t controversial 'altogether i tions,' and so to see the re language. T are not exact

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

The first is by the late Rev entitled "Chu by the Cathol critic takes ex therein contain imaginary ac several of the ment were Dam Matthew's gos year 40 A. D., 43, St. Luke's John's about t controversial 'altogether i tions,' and so to see the re language. T are not exact

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian authority. T practicable to French priest nee, who liv years ago, sup tion without or at least they are to Dollinger Pas other volumi to in the sam almost preclud general rule i In three inst parts from it, enable one to quotations. I amine these th

How is one c quotation wit without indica writer is, or circumstances or how can learned divi grave accusa Church and sence to the Pickwick pap one in my adu a writer of fic tical historian