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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

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

CHAPTER XV. STIRRING SCENES.

Geoffrey's absence during the day excited no remark at Laventor, as his ordinary avocations, whether agricultural or magisterial, often so fully engaged him that nothing was seen of him from breakfast to dinner.

Very reluctantly, and after waiting for the best part of an hour, they sat down without him, and had hardly done so when a note was brought in and delivered to Mrs. Houghton.

"Dear Mother:—Have been unexpectedly detained at Tremadoc all day. Must be at Penmore to-night. Don't expect me till you see me. All right."

"How unaccountable!" exclaimed Mrs. Houghton; "who brought the note, Davis?"

"A coast-guard man, I should say he was," replied Davis, the old butler; "I made bold to ask where master was, and he says as how by this time, he takes it, he will be at Penmore, having set off an hour ago with Captain Lindsey."

"Something more about the smugglers," said Mary. "Don't be anxious, mamma; you see, he goes under ample protection."

Needless to say, however, Mrs. Houghton felt it a strict part of her maternal duty to be exceedingly anxious, and to spend most of the evening in vain conjectures as to Geoffrey's business, and equally vain regrets that he should have started for Penmore without carpet bag or portmanteau.

Anxiety and curiosity, however, were both at fault, nor did the early post next morning bring anything to throw light upon the mystery.

But at about 10 o'clock an unusual visitor was announced in the person of Mr. Lindsey, the Vicar of Tremadoc, of whose powers as a teller of legends an example has been given in a former chapter, and whose brother was the "Captain Lindsey" mentioned above, the officer in command at the coast-guard station of Tremadoc.

Although on neighborly terms with Geoffrey and his family, yet his visits were sufficiently rare to make his appearance on this particular morning premonitory of something uncommon.

"I feared," he began, "lest you might have heard rumors of last night's affair at Penmore, and so have felt uneasy. I have just received a hurried dispatch from my brother, which says they have had complete success in their expedition, though it seems to have been a sharp business."

"But we know nothing," said Gertrude, "except that Geoffrey was unexpectedly called to Penmore last night, but why or wherefore he did not explain. Was it about the smugglers?"

"Ah," said Mr. Lindsey, "I believe the discovery of this desperate gang, smugglers or wreckers, or even worse, as they think, has been entirely due to Mr. Houghton's exertions. He has been indefatigable in hunting out these fellows; and it seems my brother, having received some fresh information yesterday, on which it was necessary to act without a moment's delay, sent a messenger in search of Mr. Houghton and pressed him to accompany them, thinking the presence of a magistrate might prove necessary if things became serious. But he is perfectly safe; you need have no fear about him," he continued, observing Mrs. Houghton looking aghast and bewildered.

"There is my brother's note" and he read as follows: "Dear J.:—All over, and a first-rate job. The rascals showed fight, and three of them were winged; one seems in a bad way; turns out to be H.'s protégé. Two of our men have got a scratch or so, but nothing to signify. Let them know at Laventor that H. is safe. My word! but he is a fellow."

"Who does he mean by H.'s protégé?" said Mary; "it is all Greek to us, for Geoffrey never speaks to us of these matters."

"I don't know much about it," replied Mr. Lindsey; "but, there is a certain Bill Fagan, for whom he has been on the lookout for some months past. Mr. Houghton came to me to make some inquiries about him, for he is said to be of these parts. I believe it has been his search after this man that has led to the seizure of the whole gang; and, I take it, it must be he of whom my brother speaks."

"Clara's father, no doubt," said Mary; "I know he had suspicions."

"Well, thank God, he is safe!" said Mrs. Houghton; "but how rash of him to go on such an expedition! I felt sure something was wrong when he did not come home for dinner."

Mr. Lindsey was going on to Penmore, and promised, should Geoffrey still be detained, to call in the evening and give them a fuller report, and he departed, leaving the little party agitated by mingled feelings of alarm for the past, thankfulness for the present, an excusable feeling of pride that old Geoffrey should have done so well, and impatience for his appearance that they might know more about it.

But he did not appear, only about midday came a mounted messenger in haste, who left a letter, and said he was bound for the castle, but that on his way back he would call for what Mr. Houghton wanted. The letter was to Mary, and ran as follows:

"Dear Mary:—Lindsey will have told you of the scrimmage here. They have taken the rascals off to prison, all but one poor fellow, who is badly wounded, and can't be moved. I can't leave, for he looks like dying, and there may be a disposition to take down. The man is, or ought to be, a Catholic. So I have sent for Father Sagrave. Send me some torgery by the bearer of this, and don't be in a flutter, all of you, but say a few 'Hail Marys' for a special intention of yours, ever, G. H."

The "torgery" was sent, and the two girls resolved on walking over to Tremadoc, and gathering what information they could from the coast-guard men or their wives. They found the little village in a state of some excitement, every tongue busy with the events of the previous evening. Accounts varied, but all agreed in representing that the plan of surprise had been wholly devised, and partly carried out by Mr. Houghton, and his coolness and promptitude were extolled by all.

"It is pleasant to hear old Geoffrey praised," said Gertrude, "though I should as soon have expected him to distinguish himself in a ball-room as on a battlefield."

"No, indeed," said Mary; "if it had been Mr. Wyvern—"

"Oh, of course, if it had been Mr. Wyvern, fighting single-handed against ten giants with two heads each, would have been quite apropos. By-the-by, we shall have news of him, at last, I fancy. The post came just as we were going out, and I saw a letter."

"A letter from Mr. Wyvern!" said Mary; "Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure, my dear," said Gertrude; "I saw the postmark; so we have only to restrain our curiosity till Geoffrey returns, and then, I suppose, we shall hear the great announcement."

Mary did not reply, but it appears probable that speculations as to the contents of the letter from Brittany occupied her quite as much during her walk home as her brother's gallant behavior in the fray at Penmore.

CHAPTER XVI. JULIAN'S DISCOVERY. Not until the second day after his departure did Geoffrey reappear at Laventor, and then only to announce that he could stay but half an hour, as he had pressing business at the castle. He was received with pardonable enthusiasm by his two sisters.

"Business or no business," said Gertrude, "you do not stir hence until you have reported yourself to mamma. You are becoming a regular Brutus, Geoffrey; setting the defence of your country against Bill Fagan & Co. above your natural affections."

"Poor Bill Fagan!" said Geoffrey, gravely; "the country has nothing more to fear from him. He died this morning."

"Was it Clara's father," said Mary, "the girl whom Aurelia nursed at Penmore?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey; "a wonderful business altogether. His name wasn't Bill Fagan, you know. They carried him to his own cottage when he was hit, and his daughter did what she could for him. He has confessed everything; but I'll tell you about that to-morrow."

Mrs. Houghton received her son as a mother might be expected to do who had endured eight-and-forty hours' suspense with more than the confused impression that he had been in danger, and had shown himself a hero.

Geoffrey laughed, and bade them not be in a flutter. "They have told you a lot of lies, I'll be bound," he said; "you shall hear it all this evening, from one end to the other, only don't keep me now, there's good people, for I'm bound to be at the castle."

He was in such evident impatience to be off that even Mary for a moment felt aggrieved. It seemed so hard that after such a serious adventure his first interest should be at the castle and not at home.

"But you will look at your letters first?" she said; "sit there, and I will bring them. There is one from—Brittany."

"Ah," said Geoffrey, tearing open the envelope, and rapidly glancing his eyes over the contents, "so he has written at last. I'd best see that before I go."

Mary watched his countenance as he read, and the next minute was startled by his sudden exclamation: "Angels of heaven, but he has found him!"

"Found him," she exclaimed in her turn, "found whom? Oh, Geoffrey, do speak!"

"Uriel," answered Geoffrey; "here, read—read aloud; I can't," and he handed the letter to Mary as he spoke.

She took it with trembling hands, but her voice failed her when she began to read, and she cast a pitiful look towards Gertrude.

"Give it to me," said her sister; "you are no better hand at reading writing than Geoffrey is. What a packet!" she added, glancing at the well-filled pages. "Now listen, all of you, to the third volume of the Wyvern romance:"

"Dear Geoffrey:—You have been wondering at my silence, and a dozen times a day during the last three weeks I've wished to write, only it seemed better to wait till I could speak for certain. I was afraid of any wind of the business getting to Merylin, and didn't feel sure if you were equal to keeping a secret. Well, it is all out now. Uriel is alive. Aurelia was right, and I was right too, in a way, for it was he whom we saw on the night of the shipwreck. From the moment Imogen recognized his likeness in the cartoon, I felt sure that the French fisherman was really the man, and had no peace till I could get upon his track. But no end of business that had accumulated, while I was busy with the cartoons, had to be got through before I could leave England. When I wrote to you three weeks ago, I saw no prospect of being able to do so, but, a day or so after, there came a letter from the St. Brieuc people which at once decided me. Would you believe it that Imogen had taken it into her head herself to set on foot a search for 'our deliverer,' she calls him? She had got together a lot of information about tall fisherman with yellow hair, who, if you were to believe her report, were waiting for examination in every port from Nantes to St. Malo; and she and her mother begged I would come and pay them my promised visit, while, at the same time, I could help in the search after 'grand homme bleu.'" So, to make a long story short, I went, and had a most hospitable reception. I shall not take up your time with descriptions of scenery and French chateaux, none of which could hold a candle to Laventor (to say nothing of Merylin). As to the coast, it is almost as fantastic as your own, and the wrecks about as numerous. They have lifeboats, too, and, of course, I could not keep myself from inspecting them. None compare with our own 'Snowdon patent,' but good enough in their way, and with fine crews to man them."

"Now on a certain day I had gone to a place called St. Florian, to look at a boat, which was reported to have done great things in the way of saving life; and asking some questions about the crew, I learned that amongst them was a 'big Englishman,' who was reported to have saved more lives than any other single man in the province. 'An Englishman?' what was his name? It seemed odd that any English sailor should have a fancy for living in a French fishing village. They could not tell me his English name: the name they knew him by was Archange, which had been commonly given him after he had made the pilgrimage to Mont St. Michel. Now, Geoffrey, when I heard the name something went through me that told me I had found the man. I bade them tell me all about him, learned that he had come about seven years previously, no one knew exactly why or whence. He gave himself out as an Englishman and a carpenter, and, in fact, he followed that trade, though he kept a fishing boat also, and feared neither wind nor weather. About a year after he had settled there he married a young peasant girl—a Jacqueline something or other—the village beauty. They had lived happily together for a year, but she died at the birth of her first child—le petit Uriel—a charming little angel, who was his father's darling. That was enough; and it was with my heart beating hard, Geoffrey, that I asked one of them to guide me to his cottage."

"It was a queer little place, somewhat up the cliff, overlooking the sea, with a rough sort of carpenter's yard on one side, whence, as we drew near, I heard the sound of blows as from an axe or hatchet. I dismissed my companion with a small gratuity, and drew near quietly that I might observe the workman, whoever he might be, at my ease. A man stood before me, of gigantic stature, wielding an axe, as if it had been a feather. I had but a moment to admire his noble figure and well-set head, when the sound of my footsteps caught his ear, and leaning on his axe he turned to see who was approaching. As he did so, his cap fell from his head, and at that moment the beams of the western sun fell on his countenance and illumined his golden hair. Impossible to forget that countenance! and without waiting for more I sprang into the yard,

exclaiming aloud: 'Uriel! Uriel!' 'Stait il?' said a child's sweet voice beside me, 'me voici donc, voici le petit Uriel!' I looked down, and beheld a little fairy figure, with sunny hair and violet eyes—a boy, who had been playing among the chips, as he watched his father at his work, and who, hearing his own name called, had answered to my cry. It did not take many minutes for me to tell my tale. I spoke of the wreck of the French steamer at Tremadoc, and the rescue of the passengers by the crew of the 'Speranza,' of my desire to find out the stranger who had that night joined their number, to whom, as I believed, I owed my life, and whom I could not doubt I now saw before me. But when I named Sir Michael and Merylin, and told him how the rescued passengers had been taken there and cared for, and how every one at the castle had heard of the brave man who had done this gallant deed, he could not stand it, but sat leaning forward and covering his face with his hands. I went up to him, and laid my hand on his shoulder, 'Uriel Pendragon,' I said; he started, and looked up; 'there is no room for concealment,' I continued; 'you are he, and you cannot deny it.'"

"No, he could not deny it; I sat down beside him, and he told me all. His terrible disgrace for a crime of which he solemnly declared he was innocent: those five dreadful years on the rock of Portland, abandoned, as he felt at first in his bitter anguish, both by God and man—all the floods of despair that surged over him in his felon's cell, as he thought of his blighted name, his dishonored family, and his father's broken heart. But God was merciful to him. There came to him in his misery, poor outcast of society, as henceforth he knew himself to be, this thought, that if all the world were to misjudge him and condemn him, there was a world of unseen and faithful friends who could not be deceived, and who would stand by him till death. 'You will smile, Mr. Wyvern,' he said, 'because you do not know the traditions of our family; but generation after generation we have been taught to consider our house as under the special guardianship of those Holy Angels, to whom our chapel is dedicated. You will think it a superstition, perhaps; all I can tell you is that in my bitter loneliness I turned to them for aid and comfort, and they did not fail me. It was the thought of them that brought me back to trust in God. I do believe that they offered my poor prayers in their golden censers; until I came to see with what mercy I had been stricken down in my pride, and torn out of my place in the false and fleeting world, the love of which would have been my destruction.' Then he went on to tell me of his release from Portland and his departure for America. It was only the second day after they sailed that the accident happened of which we heard. He fell over-board, and felt the waters close above his head, as he thought forever; but rising, to the surface again, he was able to grasp one of the life-buoys they had thrown over, and kept himself afloat till he was picked up by a vessel homeward bound. At his own request he was landed somewhere on the Cornish coast, and begged his way as far as Penmore. No one recognized in the poor ragged vagrant the unfortunate heir of Merylin, and he was able to make inquiries without attracting suspicion. The tale he heard seemed to shut out all hope of restoration in this world. Sir Michael, he was told, had solemnly cursed his son, and sworn never to see his face again. He heard his father spoken of as a moody maniac, whose strange fits of melancholy madness made men avoid the neighborhood of Merylin with a sort of terror. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they now believed me dead—and dead, indeed, I was to all that this world could give. My reappearance amongst them could only be a renewal of their bitter disgrace, the reopening of a deadly wound. I felt the kindest thing for me to do was to fade out of the memory of all men, and to let the report of my death remain forever uncontradicted. So I found my way hither, and have lived a not unhappy life. If the sin of my house and family humiliation it has now been expiated, and I may, perhaps, be the last of the Golden-Haired Pendragons who shall hear the doom of misfortune.' And you can bear this life, I said; 'and persevere in it?' 'Yes, Mr. Wyvern,' he said, smiling; 'God has been good to me, and given me something to live for.' I looked at the child, who was playing at our feet. 'Ah, yes,' said his father, lifting him to his knee, 'he, too, is a gift, my angel gift, as I like to call him: all that is left me of my poor Jacqueline. But it was not of him I was thinking when I said I had something to live for. What gives me courage to bear my life is the work which God, as I think, has given me to do. In lifeboat service, in which I have taken part ever since I came to this country, I have found my call. Most of those who devote themselves to this work would tell you the same. It is not a profession, but a vocation. They feel, one and all, that they have a call from God to save life, and that they must answer to that call. When it came to me in my lonely widowhood it roused my heart to a new courage, and made me content to live that I might spend my life in saving others. So now, when the storm gathers and the billows break, it sounds to me like a voice summoning me to the post of danger. It was so I felt that night at Penmore, where I had been driven in for shelter; stranger, as I was, I could not

have kept back from joining the crew of the Speranza."

"You see, Geoffrey, he is a noble soul, this poor lost Uriel; but, alas! he will not declare himself. In this resolution he is unalterably fixed, and nothing seems to shake him from his purpose. If, indeed, his name were cleared and his innocence proved, he would not refuse to come back to England; but to return only to darken his family with the shadow of his disgrace he will not do; and, indeed, one can hardly wish to persuade him. He has made me promise to keep his existence a secret from his family, unless in the seemingly impossible contingency of his innocence being proved, and this being the case, you must consider the contents of this letter a strict confidence for the present, and communicate it to no one living."

"O Geoffrey!" exclaimed Mary, "and here we are all reading it! You should have looked it over first; we ought not to know."

"All right," said Geoffrey, "it's a most amazing business. You see, it was to be a secret unless his innocence was proved, and the proof of that I hold this moment in my pocket."

"You?" replied Mary; "it is, as I said, an amazing business. Bill Fagan, as they called him, was not Bill Fagan at all; he was Joseph Martin, the trooper in Uriel's regiment who really committed the crime for which the poor fellow was condemned. He confessed the whole to me last night, when he was dying, and I took down the deposition from his lips, and had it properly attested. Uriel is innocent, and this paper will prove it to the whole world."

There was but one thing for Mary to do on hearing this explanation; she threw her arm round her brother's neck, and fairly hugged him. Then, being a woman, she laid her head on his shoulder and cried for joy. So many feelings were clamoring in her heart for the mastery, but, perhaps, for the moment the uppermost one was a sense of honest pride in her dear old Geoffrey. And Julian, too, he had his share in it all; they divided the palm between them.

"Well, now, then," said Geoffrey, "you see why I was in a hurry to go to the castle. I wanted to tell Aurelia; but, saints alive! now there'll be this letter of Julian's to tell her of as well. My word, Mary, it will be business; d'ye think you could come and help me out with it?"

"No," said Mary, shortly and decisively; "you must go alone. It's your own business, Geoffrey, and you must tell it to her with your own lips. Now, don't keep him another minute, Gertrude; let him go at once; only," and she gave her brother a parting embrace, "what a precious old Geoffrey you are, no one in this world will ever know."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

Rev. Henry Augustine Otkie, of Chattanooga, extracts from whose powerful discourses we have printed before, delivered a sermon on the cure of drunkenness which advocates the gradual elimination of the evil in place of stringent measures of reform. Father Otkie does not urge teetotalism, but makes temperance his text. We quote from his sermon:

Is there no salvation for the thirstily sauntering tribe of mortals usually called drunks? There is. And what is it? Temperance. Temperance, my friends, is a virtue, and a cardinal virtue at that.

Tipplers, dipsomaniacs, drunkards, or by whatever name you will call them, are the most generous and whole-souled of men when sober. Their stomachs, however, have been accustomed to liquor, and to deprive them of every species of intoxicating drink would be to place too great a restraint upon them. They must be gradually weaned away from the bottle as a child is weaned from the breast of its mother, and I therefore suggest the following means:—

First, Monthly confession and Communion. The humiliation attached to the former and the strength imparted by the latter will gradually loosen and break the shackles of vice.

Secondly, The drunkard should resolve never to drink an intoxicant unless handed to him by his wife or mother. Let the holy of holies of the household be the dispenser; she will never give him too much and the sacred hands of a faithful mother and dutiful wife will exorcise the alcoholic demon. Let the wife or mother give him a glass with his breakfast, with his dinner, with his supper, but no more.

Follow these rules and within three months you will have conquered the demon of drink. You will come to the church, and in the fullness of your heart, exclaim:—"What shall I render the Lord for all He hath done unto me. I have forsaken the cup of intoxication and taken up the cup of salvation. I invoke the name of the Lord."

Ayer's Pills are recommended by leading physicians and druggists, as the most prompt and efficient remedy for biliousness, nausea, costiveness, indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, jaundice and sick headache; also, to relieve colds, fevers, neuralgia and rheumatism.

He has tried it.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.

"Most merciful Jesus, souls! I pray Thee by thy Sacred Heart and by Thy Immaculate Mother, Thy blood the sinners of world who are now in their are to die this day," repeated Randal, and paused with a

She had leaned back in dropping her pen and gasped contentedly from her wistful, so peaceful w clouds of dazzling white and the swaying, plume-like g tree-tops on a level with her the thought of God and he involuntarily, and half in she began the prayer, scarcely what it was. But suddenly into her very being the realization of all its meaning this day!" Under this glad and glorious, where of leaves and the soothing waving branches made pleasure because of their beauty and musical which were passing—where? She praying for whom? She asking what? For someone whose eternity hung on the For the eternal of God's most momentous and saving God's mercies—the saving the very verge of destruction.

How had it ever been possible the words slip smoothly from untrampling lips! done so countless times honesty and earnestness formed the habit. Never surely never again!

"Heart of Jesus, have no dying!" she whispered, feeling the door flew open and of summer wind and flowers, Lily and Bess together, fresh from a tennis full of merry chatter. A seen and heard, all she poured forth in a torrent of

"Oh, I do wish you had Celie dear! The flowers ful and the prizes and the beautiful together."

"Every one asked for Mrs. Burling brought her Very pretty girls, but why I wonder if all Baltimore are that!"

"Oh, nonsense, Bess! I forgotton the Keyzers? lovely. But indeed, Celie it. You would have liked much."

"Just look at her! I she has heard a single word. Such rudeness, I myself to it any longer. I am appreciated."

Bess gathered up her parasol, but paused in the parting shot.

"What's the matter, Celie, thing happened? Any spiration?" she asked, l over her shoulder with sa

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But through all the interruptions and household duties table, the cheerful —for the Randal's always music and merriment a there was for Celie a strange new sense of r come to her that day, again the beautiful and of the little prayer lin lips, and when she lai her pillow she whisper again, with a thanksg new meaning to her.

Many times in the day she recalled the sudden and gave a thought to must have needed her. ion grew upon her, b beneficially, since it con her to more compassion more earnest devotion, and more patient servic her through the pity an the unknown.

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"A good stir-about."

"She will make you thing whether you will say a word in her that will go to the ve keeps things bubbling u for hours."

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"ONE PRAYER" BY SARAH TRAINER S.

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The summer was ove and cloudless sky beyon was losing its setting di Busy life was at full tid along with the gay y Celie, fortunate in he day long in her quiet over her desk, copyin dexing for other peop ally dotting down h thoughts. Thither ca at all hours, pouring

"ONE PRAYER" BY SARAH TRAINER S.

"Most merciful Jesus, souls! I pray Thee by thy Sacred Heart and by Thy Immaculate Mother, Thy blood the sinners of world who are now in their are to die this day," repeated Randal, and paused with a

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