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one of them calls for prompt aid for the suffering stomach.

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condition of perfect health.

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#### LAURENTIA: A Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century

By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XL.

MISGIVINGS. Days went by, days of alarm and prayer, of fervor and suspense. The Emperor was at Fuximi pressing on some fresh preparations for the ceremonies peror was at ruximi pressing on some fresh preparations for the ceremonies which the earthquake and his subse-quent retirement had interrupted. The enemies of the Christians were besetting

which the earthquake and his subsequent retirement had interrupted. The enemies of the Christians were besetting him on all sides, and urging the execution of the edicts against them. Fexegava, on the one hand, was bent on their destruction, and Gibonoscio, on the other, striving by every means in his power to avert the threatened slaughter. Meantime, the Christians all over the country—the priests and the people, the royal converts in palaces which had become to them prisons, the poor in their humble abodes, little children in the midst of their sport—were preparing their souls for death, and encouraging each other against the day of martyrdom.

The causes of the persecution were nearly lost sight of. The unhappy man who by his rash and ill-advised words placed in jeopardy the whole Church of Japan had sailed away from its shores, unconscious perhaps, of the harm he had done; leaving behind him a memorable instance, well fitted "to point a moral and adorn a tale," of the mischief wrought by that little member which St. James calls "the unquiet evil." In the meantime, the holy missionaries devoted themselves to their spiritual children with unwearied assiduity. Restraining the most impetuous of their neophytes from rushing needlessly into danger, encouraging the timid, and instructing all to meet with meekness as well as courage their approaching fate. Father Organtin writes to his superior at Goa—"Great news, reverend Father; great news to all our hearts' content. We have advice that the Emperor has given positive orders to put to death all the religious at Meaco hearts' content. We have advice that the Emperor has given positive orders to put to death all the religious at Meaco and Ozaca. Brother Paul is so transported with it that he can hardly contain him-self. 'Now, brethren,' he goes about say-ing, 'our vows are accomplished, and we shall die for the love of Him who first died for us.' The news filled us all with died for us. The news filled us all with extreme joy, and we instantly began to prepare for martyrdom. What adds to our comfort, and strengthens us in these resolutions, is the admirable example of Christians of sorts, who are ready to sacrifice all and lay down their lives for the faith of Jesus Christ. Justo Ucondono particularly distinguishes himself on this occasion, and so do the two sons of Guenifoin, the Governor of Meaco. They never leave us in all these troubles. It would be tedious to number up all the other Christians who aspire to martyrdom. God grant that we may die so as to deserve eternal life in heaven!" And from the Franciscan Convent of the Porziun-God grant that we may the so as a ductor serve eternal life in heaven!" And from the Franciscan Convent of the Porzinn-cula, the Japanese Santa Maria degli Angeli, the heroic and saintly Father Peter Baptiste, addresses his brethren in

a similar strain:

"We have been two days close besieged by a troop of soldiers. All the Christians are condemned to die. The first day that our house was invested the Christians confessed, and spent the whole night in prayer. Father Francis and I, upon information from some of the prin cipal Christians that we were to die next morning, spent the whole time in hearing confessiors. I communicated all our brethren and fifty Christians in form of Viaticum; after that, ever one provided himself with a cross to carry in his hand at the time of execution. The Christians at the time of execution. The Christians here express such an ardent desire of martyrdom that they rob me of my heart. The neighbors assist us more liberally than ever with their charitable alms. How things will end is yet uncertain; some think that we shall be tent back to Errope, and others that we shall die. Assist us with your holy prayers, that we Assist us with your holy prayers, that we may deserve this mercy from His Pivine

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.

THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN about the streets they could almost have told who were Christians by the bright told who were Christians by the bright look which their faces wore. In the collook which their faces were. In the col-lege and in the convent there was a joy-ful exultation, which found vent in hymns of praise and fervent thanksgiv-ings at the foot of the altar.

But in the house where Laurentia was sitting (as on the day when this little story began) there was an anxious, sorrowful heart. Oh, it is easy to bear a straightforward trial, however sharp; however heavy; but as "hope deferred makes the heart sick," suspense, and fear, and misgiving wear it out. Laurentia had never returned to the

royal household since the disasters of Fuxim. The timid Empress had stifled her inclination towards the Christian religion, and cancelled the appointments she had made before the Christians had she had made before the Christians had incurred the Kambo-Sama's displeasure. Truth had flashed before her eyes like the lightning, which we gaze at as something beautiful, but which we dare not fix our eyes upon lest it should blind us by too much brightness. The mind was feeble, the will powerless; she had groped in the darkness, and sighed for light; but when the north shock and the larger flashed. when the earth shook, and the sky flashed with lurid fires, she had shrunk back affrighted, and given up the search, and now she almost hated, (if so weak a charnow she almost hated, (if so weak a char-acter could be said to hate anything) the the very name of that creed which taught men to suffer and die. She sent for the most elequent of the bonz's to discourse to her in flowing periods, and disprove the distasteful truths of the foreign religion; and ther, soothed and satisfied, she glided over the stream of life, shuddering at each ripple on its surface, and never looking into the depths beneath.

looking into the depths beneath,

This had been a sorrow to the Christian
maiden, but there was, for a while, in her
soul such a well-spring of happiness that
it seemed to flow forth and cover with its
bright waves every sad spot in her
thoughts or in her life. Isafai's love was
the spell which threw light on every present hour, every future prospect. He was
so good, so noble, so generous, so tenderly
true to her, his bride, his affianced wife.
She rested upon his love not as an obstacle,
but as a support on her way to heaven. but as a support on her way to heaven. When the threatened persecution was an-nounced, she felt a strange thrill in her heart. We can but die together, she heart. We can but die together, she thought; and even martyrdom seemed to her more glorious and more precious if shared with him. A few sighs escaped from her as she thought of that little home they were to have dweit in by the blue waters of the Corean sea, of the plans

they had formed, of the hopes they had indulged, of the bright visions of the few last months swallowed up in a grander and a deeper vision, which enfolded them both in its glorious rays, but in which she feared to lose sight of him whom she felt so far in advance of her in the road to heaven. But after she had seen him and spoken with him, the spirit which animated him became hers. She had then no fears, no misgivings for him or for herself, but still her heatt was not at ease; she trembled at every fresh report of the approaching persecution; she listened with dread to the sound of every footstep. To no one, not even to Isafai, did she confide her fears, only to Father Rodrigues her confessor. But her grief was one which even he had not much power to allay. She took every pretext of going to the Franciscan Convent; but she seld dom could see her brother. He avoided her. Once she met him on his way to a neighboring village, where he was going

to the Franciscan Convent; but she seidom could see her brother. He avoided her. Once she met him on his way to a neighboring village, where he was going to instruct a catechuman, and they exchanged a few words, standing under a palm-tree by the wayside.

He spoke of her approaching marriage, and told her that he was going to make over to her all his property. He was soon to become a religious, and hoped never to leave the holy order of St. Francis. "Sister," he said to her earnestly, "whatever happens, never cease to pray for me."

"Whether you live, or whether you die, dearest brother," she said, "I can never cease to do so."

"Ay, but there may be a state worse than death, and not to be called life; pray for me even then."

She looked at him with some alarm; she fancied he might be speaking of insanity.

sanity.

He read her thoughts, and said, "No, sister, there is nothing wild in my words or in my mind; it is not that I am afraid of; but I have not faith enough—I cannot trust myself."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthian

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?"
"I try," he said, clasping his hands nervously; "but those children at the convent, they torture me; they are always, ignorantly, poor infants, putting before me in a tangible form what I dare not allow myself to think of, unless sometimes on my knees before the altar or the crucifix, and then I feel such a wretched hypocrite. I am now about to instruct others in truths which I believe in indeed, but—"

O brother, which you would die for! "Laurentia, if ever—if ever you should hear your brother has apostatized, do not curse him, but pray for him." And so they parted that day in silence and in grief.

grief.
Gibonoscio had pleaded long and earnestly the cause of the Christians with the Kumbo-Sama, and many of the heathen princes, at the request of Austin the High Admiral, of Simon Condera, Justo Ucon-Admiral, of Simon Condera, Justo Ucondono, and other Christian nobles, came forward to support his efforts in behalf of the Christians in general, and in particular of the Jesuit Fathers. One day when they were in company with him at Fuximi, whilst he was visiting the new buildings which he was erecting on the spot where his former palaces had been laid low, they ventured to represent to him that these Fathers, during the forty years they had spent in Japan, had never been known to intrigue against the state or to meddle with any business that might give disturbance to the public. "Sire," said one of these courtiers, "although I am no Christian I have often heard these men preach. They teach men to obey men preach. They teach men to obey their superiors, to be reconciled to their enemies, to comfort the afflicted, to relieve the poor, to visit the sick, and assist them to the utmost of their power. In a word, they appear to extend good to all and

hurt to none."
As the Emperor listened patiently, and with some tokens of approbation to this speech, Guenifoin took courage, and said, "Sire, these Fathers have always showed respect and deference to Your Majesty's orders in all the Ximo, as well as at Meaco; and Father Organtin, even though he has the imperial permission for residing there, lives in great retirement, like a banished person, has changed his habit, and never appears in public."

his habit, and never appears in public."
The Emperor stood for a moment in deep thought, and then said: "There are four reasons which would induce me, at least for the present, to spare the lives of the Jesuit Fathers,—First, if I were to slay all their priests at once, it might in-furiate the Christians of the Ximo, and stir them up to revolt; then, I do not wish to quorrel with the Portuguese trad-ers; then also, the new Christian Bishop has brought me some fine presents from the Viceroy of the Indies; and then, those

the Viceroy of the Indies; and then, those Fathers themselves have been wise and prudent in their conduct."

A breathless silence followed that speech. The Emperor turned away and said no more at that time, and Gnenifoin went in search of Gibonoscio, to whose hands the execution of the edict had been committed.

Gibonoscio, in consequence, hurried that evening to the palace. "Sire," he said, kneeling at the Kumbo-Sama's feet. "Your Maiesty commanded me vester-

"Your Majesty commanded me yester-day to put to death the Christian Fathers. Are those that came in the Portuguese vessels included in the number?"
"No," replied the Emperor; "I con-

"No," replied the Emperor; "I con-demned none but those that arrived in the Philippian galleon. They are traitors, who reduced Mexico to the obedience of who reduced Mexico to the obedience of Spain, and are come here to play the same tricks, but they shall not impose on Taico Sama. If their law was good I should give leave to my interpreter, Father Rodriguez, and his brethren, to teach it: for they have always a regard to my commands, but those newcomers have openly defied me. Let them be put to death, and all who were in the house the day that the edict was proclaimed, and never heard of again. But go to my interpreter, and tell him from me to keep a good heart, and see that no injury is

good heart, and see that no injury is offered to the Bishop at Nangazaqui." Late that evening there was a strange mixture of joy and sorrow, of lamenting and rejoicing, in Meaco. The Christians heard that the guards were taken off the Jesuits' College, and they crowded round their Fathers and masters in the faith and wept tears of joy at their release. But the noble band in the Franciscan Convent, the Fathers of that order, their lay brothers, their catechists, the two young boys under their care, the three Jesuit brothers, and the little child who had been with them on the day when the

day which were the victims, which the reprieved. Tears fell from the eyes of Father Organia, and many of his companions and spiritual children wept aloud. "My son," said the superior, "God has crowned the zeal of those holy men, the Franciscan Fathers, and reserves us for harder conflicts. But the child Augustine, cannot he be saved?" Augustine was sought for in the College, but was nowhere to be found. He had overheard the news, and had fled to the Franciscan Convent; there he hid himself behind a pillar in the church, and when he heard that the officers of the appearance of all the condemned persons, he came forward, and cried with a loud voice, "I am Augustine; my name is on the list."

Father Baptiste pleaded for the child and heaventhet the Banza Faxegaya to

the list."

Father Baptiste pleaded for the child and besought the Bonze Faxegava to spare his life, and send him back to the College of the Jesuits. The heathen priest would not consent to that last proposal, but offered to take the boy with him to the Temple of Amida, and educate him in the Japanese religion.

Augustine bearing these words, cried out, "Father (Peter, I will not live without you. Do not send me to the temple where they worship devils. Take me to heaven with you, Father. God will not be pleased with you if you leave me with His enemies."

Anthony and Lewis, who were a little

His enemies."
Anthony and Lewis, who were a little older than Augustine, came forward also, and both clung to the superior's knees, and besought him to let them die for Christ

Christ.

The aged Christian looked steadily at the children, and then raised his eyes in silent prayer to heaven. He dared not bid them depart; he dared not consign them to the idolatrous impostor. He laid his shrivelled hand on their young heads, and said "So be it then, my children. We will not part company in this world; and if it please Him to have mercy on me, not in the next world either."

The bonze turned pale with rage, for he had no power to remove the children whose names were in the fatal but

had no power to remove the had no power to remove the children whose names were in the fatal but blessed list of martyrs. He threatened them with dreadful torments, but their courage was invincible, and their firmness not to be shaken.

Meanwhile, all the prisoners have assembled in the hall, and the muster-roll was called; one of them was missing; his represence was accounted for:

non-appearance was accounted for he had been sent on a distant errand by the orders of the Father Commissary, but

the orders of the Father Commissary, but was shortly to return.

"You will answer, then, for his appearance to-morrow," cried Faxegava; "not with your own lives, which are already forfeited, but by those of every priest and Christian in Meaco, for mark my words, if every one of the criminals in this list is not brought up for execution on the appointed day, the Emperor's elemency will be withdrawn, and vengeance overtake the whole rebellious set of foreign intruders, who overrun Japan with their pestilent doctrines. If this Matthias is not forthcoming by to-morrow at noon I shall denounce all your secret admirers, your cunning abettors; the traitor Gueni-

your cunning abettors; the traitor Gueni-foin and the cowardly Gibonoscio. If your detested names are breathed again in the Kumbo-Sama's ears, woe betide the whole race of European vipers, who have been too long spared by an over-merciful

"Matthias must be sent for," said the "Matthias must be sent for," said the Father Commissary when Faxegava had departed; "yet I would fain have avoided this necessity. If our own lives were at stake, nothing would have induced me to recall him; but the number of the prisoners must be made up, and if he does not appear to-morrow we shall risk the lives of many without saving him. Would to God that I had two lives to lay down intend of one."

stead of one."

The words did not fall unheeded on the The words did not fall unneeded on the ears of a young man who was standing at that moment by the side of Father Baptiste. An earnest whisper reached the superior's ear—"Do not send for him today, Father; if needs be I will fetch him myself early to-morrow."

The priest turned round and looked with surprise at the speaker. "It is well,

with surprise at the speaker. "It is well, my son," he said; "I leave the matter in your hands."

But will you then sign this paper, Father, and trust me with it?"
Father Baptiste saw these w

w these words hastily written on a sheet of paper, "I command you, in virtue of holy obedience, not to return to Meaco without an order from the superior." Father Baptiste started, and once more looked inquiringly at Isafai (for it was with him that he was speaking). "My son," he said, "I must know what is your meaning?" "Oh, Father, you can trust me. Mat-thias will appear to morrow, and the num-

ber of the prisoners will be complete; not one will be missing. Trust me, Father; but for God's sake sign this paper." "I dare not," exclaimed Father Baptiste with some agitation, "I cannot sanc-

tion—''
The young catechist looked almost sternly at the venerable priest. "Do you mistrust me, Father?''
"You have no right to dispose of a

"You have no right to dispose of a life—"
"Father, put on your stole; and come into the confessional; THERE you will not tell me that I have no right to do for a weak brother what Christ has done for us

When Isafai rose from his knees and left the church he held in his hands the paper signed by Father Baptiste.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO MATTHIASES, Matthew, the blind pedlar, was standing at the door of Agatha's house on the following morning watching for the first sounds of life within its walls, and longing for the moment when he could speak with Laurentia, who had been residing with Andrew Ongasamara's family from the time that her brother had entered the Laurentian Convent. She had been in Franciscan Convent. She had been in a fearful state of anxiety since the last troubles had began. At the time when all the women of that household had been all the women of that household had been engaged in preparing their dresses for the day of martyrdom, she alone had appeared sad and depressed; a nervous restlessness was visible in all her movements, and Isafai's encouraging words seemed to bring neither courage nor peace to her heart. Her friends concluded that the hopes of earthly happiness, which had occupied her mind since his return and his conversion, had attached her so much to this mortal life that her spirit was had been with them on the day when the fatal list was drawn up, were irrevocably doomed to death. The Emperor's will had been declared. The subject was never to be again broached in his presence. The death-warrant of the twenty-four victims included in that list had gone forth, and that number must die!

It would have been hard to tell that the news came that it was only twenty-

five persons whose names had been taken down at the time when guards had been set to the convent of the Porziuncula who were condemned to death, she turned pale, and was seized with a violent trembling. This had happened the day after her meeting with her brother on his way to the village, where the Father Commissary had sent him to catechize in preparation for the arrival of a priest. She had sought the next day in every direction for old Matthew, and had remained awake all night watching for his footsteps and longing for his arrival. At last she rose, looked out of the window, and saw the old sightless man patiently leaning against the garden walls, with his beads in his hands, the first rays of the sun shining on his pale face and his grey hair; she hastened to fetch him into the house.

"My dear maiden," he kindly said, "I have obeyed your summons, and if there is anything that old Matthew can do to help or console you, he is, you know, at a your service. And so your prother Mat-

help or console you, he is, you know, at your service. And so your brother Mat-thias is one of that glorious number who are about to suffer for Christ's sake. There are many, many fervent souls in this city that envy his fate. Take cour-age then, and rejoice that one so dear to you is destined to win the palm of martyrdom."
"Has he been sent for?" Laurentia

"Late last night I put that question to the Father Commissary, and he said that your betrothed, that Isafai, had under-taken to fetch him from Taima."

"Oh, no! Oh, my God, do not tell me so!" exclaimed Laurentia, wringing her hands. "Oh, Matthew, seek him; seek Isafai, bring him to me. He must not go on this errand; he is not gone yet? Oh,

on this errand; he is not gone yet? Oh, say he is not!"

"I know he carried away with him last night an order from the Father Commissary, and went in the direction of Taima."

"Then all is lost."

"Laurentia, is it possible that you have ceased to think and to feel that there is no joy and no honor like that of dying have ceased to think and to feel that there is no joy and no honor like that of dying for the faith? Would you not be ready yourself to lay down your life for Christ? Were they, then, vain boastings, those words I heard you utter not a year ago when I rebuked you for rashly rushing into danger, and you said, 'The worst that washe was to read to the control of the

into danger, and you said, 'The worst that can happen to me is to die?''
"There are far worse miseries, Matth-ew, than to die; I feel that still. Is Isafai indeed gone? Are you sure that he went? Why did he not come to me first? Oh, you all are cruel, very cruel. God help me, I almost abhor now that Japanese courage which you once re-proached me for idolizing. Was it neces-sary to send for him?"

"The number of prisoners must be com-

The number of prisoners must be com-plete. The executions answer to the list which the Kumbo Sama has signed. Matthias could not have escaped his doom, my poor child; and his absence would have put in peril all the Christians of this rales."

"The number must be complete!"
murmured Laurentia. "But you say
there are so many longing to die in this Would you rob your brother of his

crown?"
"Oh, talk not to me of crowns; talk not of palms; you drive me wild, Matthew; you torture me "
"Laurentia! Laurentia! Have you lost your faith?'

"Lost my faith! Oh, Matthew, if I had lost my faith! should not suffer as I now do; it is because I believe that my

now do; it is because I believe that my heart is breaking."

"My poor child, speak; what do you mean? what do you fear?"

"Did Isay I feared? Why do you take up my words so strangely? Where is Andrew? Who will help me? who will counsel me? I must go to the church and pray. There only can this suspense be endured. Agatha, come to me."

When her adopted mother appeared, Laurentia flung herself into her arms and sobbed on her breast; but she, did not meet with the sympathy which her ach-

sobbed on her breast; but she did not meet with the sympathy which her aching heart needed. Agatha was kind, but she felt disappointed in Laurentia. Her heroism of character led her to wonder at what seemed a want of faith in her friend. She would have expected her to greet with congratulations a brother about to die for his religion, to have followed him to the cross with blessings, and encouraged him by words and by looks to suffer bravely. by words and by looks to suffer bravely, and to die with exultation.

and to die with exultation.

Matthew was silently praying for the weeping maiden, but grieving also at her uncontrolled agitation, at her wild and incoherent expressions. A horseman stopped at the gate, and they held their breath in suspense. It lasted but a moment—that terrible suspense. Isafai sprung to the ground and hurried to Laurentia's side. She hid her face in her hands, and cried, "Have you brought him with you?" him with you?

He removed her hands from her face. He removed her hands from her face. He compelled her toraise her eyes to his. He gazed upon her with a look of tender affection, "Laurentia, I must speak with you alone," he said; "you are my betrothed. I have things to say to you which others must not hear—come to that garden seat where we used to sit when we were children." affection,

were children."

Agatha looked anxiously at them both.

There was something peculiar in the manner of those affianced lovers—something almost joyous in his countenance, but a solemnity in it also. From the moment he had arrived Laurentia seemed to have grown calls. grown calm.

They sat down side by side, and when they were alone, she said, "Where is At Taima, dearest."

"At Taima, dearest.
"Is he coming?"
"No; I have carried to him an order from Father Baptiste, not to return to Meaco without permission."
"Thank God! thank God!" she ejacu-

"Yes: thank God, my Laurentia; thank God that it is so."

thank God thatit is so."

"You do not know," she exclaimed, passionately clasping her hands, "what a blessing it is. Oh, Isafai, how did it come to pass? Old Matthew told me that all on that list must die."

"All named in that list must die."

"All named in that list must die."

"What do you mean? I thought you said—Do not mock my anguish. Is he come? Is he coming? How is he? Is his step firm? Is his eye bright? Does he look like one who is about to die with—Oh, Isafai, speak!" and she threw herself on her knees at his feet. "He does not, tell me he does not, look like an apostate!"

"He is one of those," he answered, gently raising her, "to whom God shows great mercy; whose spirit is willing, but whose flesh is weak."

"Then, if he is weak he will perish!" she wildly exclaimed,

" He is safe. Have I not told you that "But the list, the list—his name is on

the list."

"Have you forgotten that his name is

Oh, what a cry that was that burst from those white lips, and with what a glazed eye and livid check the maiden stood as one transfixel, gazing on that noble face and form as if it had turned inte some fearful vision scaring her soul

into some fearful vision scaring her soul with terror.

"Laureutia," he began.

"Do not speak to me," she criel; "do not say those words again. Oh, Matthias! Matthias! fatal name! it must not be—it shall not be!"

"Laureutia, my belove!, I have loved you truly and long, in the darkness of unbelief, in the full light of truth, in absence and in sorrow, in hope and in joy; but

and in sorrow, in hope and in joy; but never has my heart throbbed with such intense happiness, such exalting joy in our happiest hours as it does this day. Do not look at me sadly or wildly my ba our happiest hours as it does this day. Do not look at me sadly or wildly, my belovel. It is no time for tears; it is a brighter day than a bridal one; a deeper bliss than earth can give. I have lovel you my own Laurentia, far. far more than myrelf, but far less than Jens. It was, indeed, a day of misery when I took leave of you five years ago, without faith in God, without hope for the future; but tr-day I go to Him through the only sure road, the only secure way."

"And you leave a woman's broken heart tehind."

heart tehind."

"God will heal it; God will raise it; God will cherish it I have praye i for you, I have praye i for myself. Laurentia, this is the answer."

"You have been heard," she criel; but did you ask this for me; that I should see you die (and die for me, for my brother.) and live on in this world which you so joyfully leave?—Oh, Isatia!"

"Do you grudge me my happiness?"
"Do you dare to talk of happiness to

Are you not a Christian? Come, Laurentia, let me not bear away with me to the heaven which I trust so soon to reach, the remembrances of your repreaches, of your grief. Lift up your heart.—Dry your eyes. Tears must not stain the bright robe of martyrdom—it is crimson drops, not a woman's tears that must be-dewit. Call to mind what has never passed your lips; the agony of that day your brother fell."

"But when you have died for him who

"Do not fear. There is an hour when a man's prayer is all-powerful with God. He grants the request of those who die for Him; and when the spear has pierced my Him; and when the spear has pierced my heart, grace; and strength will be given to Matthias. Even now our blessed Lord hears me; even now the ardent desire of my soul is accomplished. I see it; I feel it. Strength has come to you, my Laurentia; the color has returned to your cheek, the light to your aver. You will reigica the light to your eye. You will rejoice, even now, for me and with me, that I can die this day for my brother and for my faith. Does it not all come back to you: the thoughts of that glory we have so often spoken of; of those immortal hopes we have shared; of that Sacred Heart we

adore?"

"Isafai," she murmured, and then in a firmer voice went on, "I will not offer to God a grudging sacrifice. I have been weak and blind, and earthly passion had caused for a moment the realities of faith to disappear from my sight; but Now I can soar with you, my beloved, above this world's hopes and fears. I feel the spirit which was once mine kindling anew in my heart. Yes, I can kneel and bless you, and thank you, Isafai, that you are going to die for my brother. I know you will not die in vain. A martyr's blood has often purchased back for Christ an apostate, won back a soul from the threshold of hell. Will it not win courage and strength for a willing heart? No, I no longer am afraid of my own feelings. For one instant—yes at your feet I will confess it—for one instant I felt as if I should hate my brother if you died for him, but this fear has passed away never to return. I have thought of her who stood at the foot of the Cross where Jesus was dying for us, and who felt in her heart an immense, boundless love for those He was buying at so dear a price; and that thought has stilled for ever the wild impulses of a selfish agony." "Isafai," she murmured, and then in a thought has stilled for ever the wild

pulses of a selfish agony."
"Will you come with me to the convent, my beloved? Will you accompany me as far as may be on that path I long to tread?"

Laurentia turned as pale as death, but lifting up her eyes to heaven, she steadily gazed a moment on the sky, as it to gather gazed a moment on the sky, as if togather strength from its blue depths, and then exclaimed, "Yes, to the convent first and then to the cross. This is a strange bridal day. We were to have been married this month. Now nothing can part us for eternity.—You have linked my soul to yours by a tie that can never be riven. Lead the way, Isafai, and do not fear that I shall faint on the road."

With blessings and with tears the family of Andrew gathered around the betrothed and accompanied them to the convent. They looked with admiration and envy on the young hero; and with more sympathy than pity on his bride. They were boldly consistent these Japanese Christians, and congratulated their martyrs on the approach of death. They did not understand how it could be sad to suffer a few hours, and triumph for

to suffer a few hours, and triumph for ever; to part for a while, and be united in eternity. They had faith.

Meantime Grace Ucondono had heard that grace research in the Francisco control of the force of the condono had heard that grace research.

Meantime Grace Coondono has heat that every person in the Franciscan convent was condemned to death, and that the veay children there were refusing to receive liberty and life at the price of their religion. She thought at first that litt'e Augustine was not included in the number, but when told that the child had havried there on the first, news of the hurrie: there on the first news of the condemnation of the Spanish Fathers, and that his name wes in the list drawn up at their house, she be ame most auxand that his name wes in the list drawn up at their house, she be ame most auxious to see him, and to let his motter know o' his dange. She could only get there a short time before the hour appointed for the departure of the prisoners from Meaco. The convent presented an extraordinary appearance. It was almost impossible to approach it through the crowds that were now fast gathering from all directions. The heattens as well as the Christians were flocking from all parts to witness this singular spectacle. It seemed a religious ceremony far more than a preparation for execution. There was sorrow in many faces, but more so in those of the heathens than the Christians. These were filled with a holy exultation which seemed to raise them above themselves.—Grace and her father Justom ale their way at last to the inside of the court in which stood the convent,

JULY 2 and begged to

"Ah, lady!"
caught sight of
wish me joy,
was on the li
day is come. I was on the inday is come. I fai has playe Poor Matthias tains eate hisi fai, whose nan taken his place rights. Don't hard on poor "Isafai!" extation, "Laurent a "they came to "they came to they are pra Fatheo Baptis

have teen pabout martyred God is to let a martyr: it a martyr: it back my eyes "Then, my bracing him, be willing, ev come away v life?"
"No, lady," bright smile, Jesus Christ though you very beautifu "If you wen not wish to Court?" TO

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