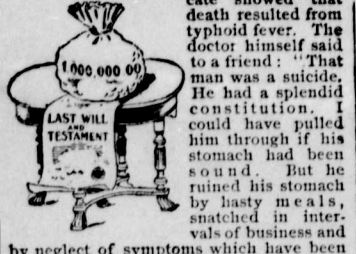


A rich man died the other day. He died in the very midsummer of life, and he left his family \$1,000,000.



LAST WILL TESTAMENT

by neglect of symptoms which his stomach was falling in its duties.

The symptoms of a disordered condition of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition are, among others, variable appetite, sour risings, heartburn, undue fullness after eating, dull headache, dingy complexion, discolored eye, fluctuations in physical strength, nervousness, sleeplessness, despondency.

Don't let the dealer sell you a substitute, if you want a cure. Insist on having "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets surpass all other complex powders. They make the skin healthy and the complexion clear.

SCHOOLS

During the coming School Term of 1908-9 we respectfully solicit the favor of your orders for the supplying of Catholic Educational and other Text books, notes, stationery, and also, school stationery and school requisites.

- SADLER'S DOMINION SERIES
Sadler's Dominion Reading Charts, 26 Reading Charts and one Chart of colors, mounted on 14 boards, size 24 to 28 inches.
Sadler's Dominion Speller, complete.
Sadler's Dominion First Reader, Part I.
Sadler's Dominion Second Reader, Part II.
Sadler's Dominion Third Reader.
Sadler's Dominion Fourth Reader.
Sadler's Dominion Canadian History.
Sadler's Dominion Grandes Lignes de l'Histoire du Canada.
Sadler's Dominion English History.
Sadler's Dominion History of England, with colored maps.
Sadler's Dominion and Modern History, with illustrations and 23 colored maps.
Sadler's Dominion of Catholicism.
Sadler's Dominion of Sacred History.
Sadler's Dominion of Sacred History, New Testament, Part I.
Sadler's Dominion of Sacred History, large edition.
Sadler's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated.
Sadler's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard Exercises.
Sadler's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire par E. Robet.
Sadler's Edition of Nougens' French and English, English and French Dictionary with pronunciation.
Sadler's (P. D. & S.) Copy Books, A. and B with tracing.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.
CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.
128 Church St., 1689 Notre Dame St.
TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUE.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION

Can be done at our Warehouses DUNDAS STREET.
SMITH BROTHERS
Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers.
LONDON, ONTARIO.
Hotel, 1000-1002, Pelee's Water Heaters, Telephone 588.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.

THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind ever in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. Coffey. The price is exceedingly low, only 15c. Free by mail to any address. The book contains 360 pages. Address THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record office, London, Ont.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

\$20,000,000
In Force
Board of Directors:
ROBERT MELVIN, President.
C. M. Taylor, Vice-President.
Alfred Hamilton, Q.C., and Vice-President.
G. O. G.M.M., Treasurer.
J. M. Brindley, Q.C., Secy.
H. E. F. O'Connell, Secy.
W. H. Birrell, Secretary.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Eczema, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Coughs, Kingworm, and Skin Affections generally.
Large Pots, 1/11 each, at Chemists, etc., with instructions.
Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester

FATHER DAMEN, S. J.

One of the Most Instructive and Useful Pamphlets Extant
The Lectures of Father Damen. They comprise five of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, S. J. The Catholic Church, the Only True Church of God. "Confessions of the Faithful." "Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15c. in stamps. Orders may be sent to:
THOMAS COFFEY
Catholic Record Office, - London, Ont.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

SANDWICH, ONT.
ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY.
Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.
For prices and information address
ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO
SANDWICH, ONT.

LAURENTIA; A Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century.

By LADY GEORGINA 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 which the earthquake and his subsequent retirement had interrupted.

The causes of the persecution were nearly lost sight of. The unhappy man who by his rash and ill-considered words placed in jeopardy the whole "church of the edicts against them."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

"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 principal Christians that we were to die next morning, spent the whole time in hearing confessions. 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 here express such an ardent desire of martyrdom that they could almost have sold who were Christians by the bright look which their faces wore.

But in the house where Laurentia was sitting (as on the day when this little story began) 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 Fuximi. The timid Empress had stifled her inclination towards the Christian religion, and cancelled the appointments 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 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 character could be said to hate anything) the very name of that creed which taught men to suffer and die. She sent for the most eloquent of the bonzais to discourse to her in flowing periods, and disprove the distasteful truths of the foreign religion; and then, soothed and satisfied, she gazed over the stream of life, shuddering at each ripple on its surface, and never 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. When the threatened persecution was announced, she felt a strange thrill in her 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 signs escaped from her as she thought of that little home they were to have dwelt in by the blue waters of the Korean 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 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 heart 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 Rodriguez 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 seldom 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 catechumen, 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."

day which were the victims, which the Emperor had ordered to be put to death. Tears fell from the eyes of Father Organtia, 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 Emperor were come to make sure 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."

He looked at him with some alarm; she fancied he might be speaking of insanity. 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 you; but I have not faith enough—I cannot trust myself."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

"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 principal Christians that we were to die next morning, spent the whole time in hearing confessions. 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 here express such an ardent desire of martyrdom that they could almost have sold who were Christians by the bright look which their faces wore.

But in the house where Laurentia was sitting (as on the day when this little story began) 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 Fuximi. The timid Empress had stifled her inclination towards the Christian religion, and cancelled the appointments 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 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 character could be said to hate anything) the very name of that creed which taught men to suffer and die. She sent for the most eloquent of the bonzais to discourse to her in flowing periods, and disprove the distasteful truths of the foreign religion; and then, soothed and satisfied, she gazed over the stream of life, shuddering at each ripple on its surface, and never 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. When the threatened persecution was announced, she felt a strange thrill in her 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 signs escaped from her as she thought of that little home they were to have dwelt in by the blue waters of the Korean 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 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 heart 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 Rodriguez 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 seldom 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 catechumen, 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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

"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 principal Christians that we were to die next morning, spent the whole time in hearing confessions. 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 here express such an ardent desire of martyrdom that they could almost have sold who were Christians by the bright look which their faces wore.

But in the house where Laurentia was sitting (as on the day when this little story began) 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 Fuximi. The timid Empress had stifled her inclination towards the Christian religion, and cancelled the appointments 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 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 character could be said to hate anything) the very name of that creed which taught men to suffer and die. She sent for the most eloquent of the bonzais to discourse to her in flowing periods, and disprove the distasteful truths of the foreign religion; and then, soothed and satisfied, she gazed over the stream of life, shuddering at each ripple on its surface, and never 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. When the threatened persecution was announced, she felt a strange thrill in her 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 signs escaped from her as she thought of that little home they were to have dwelt in by the blue waters of the Korean 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 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 heart 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 Rodriguez 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 seldom 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 catechumen, 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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

"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 principal Christians that we were to die next morning, spent the whole time in hearing confessions. 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 here express such an ardent desire of martyrdom that they could almost have sold who were Christians by the bright look which their faces wore.

But in the house where Laurentia was sitting (as on the day when this little story began) 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 Fuximi. The timid Empress had stifled her inclination towards the Christian religion, and cancelled the appointments 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 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 character could be said to hate anything) the very name of that creed which taught men to suffer and die. She sent for the most eloquent of the bonzais to discourse to her in flowing periods, and disprove the distasteful truths of the foreign religion; and then, soothed and satisfied, she gazed over the stream of life, shuddering at each ripple on its surface, and never 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. When the threatened persecution was announced, she felt a strange thrill in her 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 signs escaped from her as she thought of that little home they were to have dwelt in by the blue waters of the Korean 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 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 heart 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 Rodriguez 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 seldom 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 catechumen, 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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

"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 principal Christians that we were to die next morning, spent the whole time in hearing confessions. 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 here express such an ardent desire of martyrdom that they could almost have sold who were Christians by the bright look which their faces wore.

But in the house where Laurentia was sitting (as on the day when this little story began) 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 Fuximi. The timid Empress had stifled her inclination towards the Christian religion, and cancelled the appointments 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 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 character could be said to hate anything) the very name of that creed which taught men to suffer and die. She sent for the most eloquent of the bonzais to discourse to her in flowing periods, and disprove the distasteful truths of the foreign religion; and then, soothed and satisfied, she gazed over the stream of life, shuddering at each ripple on its surface, and never 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. When the threatened persecution was announced, she felt a strange thrill in her 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 signs escaped from her as she thought of that little home they were to have dwelt in by the blue waters of the Korean 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 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 heart 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 Rodriguez 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 seldom 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 catechumen, 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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"

"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 principal Christians that we were to die next morning, spent the whole time in hearing confessions. 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 here express such an ardent desire of martyrdom that they could almost have sold who were Christians by the bright look which their faces wore.

But in the house where Laurentia was sitting (as on the day when this little story began) 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 Fuximi. The timid Empress had stifled her inclination towards the Christian religion, and cancelled the appointments 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 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 character could be said to hate anything) the very name of that creed which taught men to suffer and die. She sent for the most eloquent of the bonzais to discourse to her in flowing periods, and disprove the distasteful truths of the foreign religion; and then, soothed and satisfied, she gazed over the stream of life, shuddering at each ripple on its surface, and never 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. When the threatened persecution was announced, she felt a strange thrill in her 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 signs escaped from her as she thought of that little home they were to have dwelt in by the blue waters of the Korean 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 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 heart 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 Rodriguez 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 seldom 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 catechumen, 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."

"But cannot you trust God, Matthias?" 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—"