

Barriers Burned Away.

BY THE REV. EDWARD F. BOWEN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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"Your love, not your reason, has evidently been pleading for her."

"Well, mother, I suppose you are right."

"So I suppose the Divine love pleads for the weak and sinful," said Mrs. Fleet.

"That is a very pleasant thought, mother, but sometimes it seems that my love would make black white."

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"Christine Ludolph is anything but weak and frivolous," said he, and his mother is strong, and I think most decided in her present bent. But, as you say, if the Divine Alchemist will, His hand can change even the dross of gold, and burn away the dross, and leave the gold to shine."

"Hope, Christine. There is light coming from the East. I feel that you are an angel of mercy, yet you cannot hear the rustle of their wings. The dark clouds of death and despair can never shut down upon a life linked to heaven by such true prayers."

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