But a Lassie Yet.

(Continued from best week

thortimed from bost week.)

This was conclusive, there was nothing more to be said. They parted, daining jubilant in her love and enthus-being more to be said. They parted, the property of the said that it has been allowed to be a found in a few days afterwards to be along the stander pull pupils were walking to the along the stander pull pupils were walking to the angle that the property of the said of the sai

graphy.

If I were you I would not think of third of third in—in that way," is piled sister agatha. It is the sadest thing In the world to place one's affection where it cannot be estimated, box are a more child, do are, and Harold may marry some other lady, may be not then, Malimo, what would you not then, Malimo, what would you

ev walked in thoughtful sl-e, and then Muimle asked very

slete, what would you do?"
sleter, what would you do?"
sently and reverently Sleter Agutha
saspet the cruefits hanging from her
grid and rabing the sarred emblem
of man's salvation tenderly kneed it.
Mannie watched ouriously. Their eyes
met and teacher and pupil understood
coch other.

man's salvation tendority kissed it. Mainle watched our journs. Their cyes met and teacher and pupil understood each other.

"Take up my cores, Malmac" said the Sister firmly, "and beneath its loving burden 'Ind peace and rest. But there, our if it thought it wise to give you this little advice. But you must not let my words make you sad and, perhaps, you know Harold better than I of the words make you sad and, perhaps, you know Harold better than I of the words make you sad and, perhaps, you know Harold better than I of the words make you sad and, perhaps, you know Harold better than I of the words make you sad and, perhaps, you know Harold better than I of the words make you sad and, perhaps, you know Harold better than I of the words words words with the state of which it was to be the words which it was not to marry Mus Fortescue in spite of everything, why—I couldn't say anything."

That high when Sister Agatha in hor round peaped into Mainne's sot she heard her name vulsapered. She went to Mainne's cot she heard her name vulsapered. She went to Mainne's cot she heard her name vulsapered. She went to Mainne's cot she heard her name vulsapered. She went to Mainne's cot she heard her name vulsapered. She went to Mainne's cot she heard her was the same all the you said, and—I have my word and was away in distant lands on missions connot. See the years passed by, and Harold was away in distant lands on missions connot. Sand with his paper. Letters occasionally come from him to Mar. Desmond, and more rarely to Mainne; but through them all there was the same calm tone of stoady and affectionate felicheship but that was all. And as Mainne grew in years, in knowledge and experience doubt took the place of cyrithet year and cannot not be place of spitels typut and contidence, still Harold was away. Had he indeed forgotter ? The childshoffer of hersolf had blossomed into a wish, had blossomed into a wish, had lone on the "Chain" the place of the place of the solf had blossomed into a wish, had had lowed.

Then her l

Harold was silent and came not. But Mainle worked on and feared; hoped and loved.

Then her last day at the convent came, and Harold and her mother were there to honor the "Closing Exercises." Mainle came on the Tage a porfect fream of loveliness, or the convention of the control of the con

porson and in manners, refinement peculiar to convent education was upon her.

After the entertainment they proceeded to the reception room, where Mainine awaited them. After embracing her mother, she turned to Harold, and, for a monent, their eyes met as if they would look into each other's souls; then hers foll, and the warm blood light'd up her face like the first faint lush of the rosy dawn. "Does she remember?" questioned Harold of himself. 'Has he forgotten?' thought

teg they the heart tool her it was feater as

Manne chood with the way in fluct of overtiment lingering in has face.

"Home at last?" she excludingly, by high her hat solds and leading at fitter ogly, perhaps, of regret for the gain, peateful life she had left. She had bon so happy frying to make her sold pleasing to the man before her. "Had she succeeded," she wondered. Rayold stood mut gazed at her, and the system of the stood her see her so have not atterage light shin log it his eyes. He advanced, took her normaling hand and tendent drow her to litt. Then she knew he loved her as alm would be loved.

Introd cassed lib lips on the beautiful head that nested against his forest. Then he held her from hand looked up in her radaant face.

"Manne," he said, "you are very lovely."

The, jow, tender words—the first love words be here.

and bosked up in her radant face. "Manne," he said, "you are very lovely." The jow, tender words—the first love words he had ever spoken to ber were sweet—the sweetest she had ever heard.

The smilet into his eyes, as she asked with all her oblition directness.—"Do you really love me. Harold?—not in the old way—as a chili,—but as a woman?". "I tore you, Manne, very, very dearly, he answored.

"Have you forgotton Mes Fortessae, Haveld? she continued with tender, yet arms t purpose.

Harold loss of serious for a moment at the mespecter question, and then said.—

At the unexpected question, and then safet.

Yes, Mainho, I have forgotten her—
in the way you mean 'She looked lists a little sad; then she klesed him of her own sweet accord—
an I the last vestige of the shad own of fear seemed littled from her ind for overmore the same of the shad own of fear seemed littled from her ind for overmore.

But there was declear the that same city wretched almost to breaking. Whilst Maining the little party assembled in honore of her home-coming. Helen forecast almost the presented in honore at her home-coming. Helen forecast and almost in her room, fightened east almost in her room, fightened east almost in her room, fightened east almost in her room, fightened and tortuned her soul. She, too, had been present at the "Closing Exercises" at the Convent, and had watched and thought, reasoned and waffered. She had noticed and at the unexpected sight of him sitting by the side of Mrs. Desmond, her lot a and jealousy with all the pent-up force of years burst forth affinme. She had noticed the mute clasp of they hands, as they sat and listened to Mainne, and the sight had stung her to madness. He loved this woman; she had known it, and he had lied to her. She turned her attention to the stage to stiffe the bitterness of her foelings.

"And though the years have drifted as assunder.

Timo cannot break the golden chain of John the stage to stiffe the bitterness of her foelings."

Sang the frash, young voice with the passion and "attender of a consummate artist. The tender words of Mary Mark Lomenaus sweet a song written and coothed her into sono kind of present for the time.

"Still we can love although the shadows gather, Still we can love although the shadows gather.

The pleuding strain aught her and sweet her along on its tide of mingled sorrow and hope.

"The words came love had had her had her wor

since in moment, their eyes met as if they would look into each other's souls; then her's fell, and the warm passion against the nameless souls; then her's fell, and the warm passion against the nameless she remember? questload Harold of himself. 'Has he forgotten', though the strength of a woman's passion against the nameless she remember? questload Harold of himself. 'Has he forgotten', though the strength of the world lumb's herself before him ad acknowledge herself before him and sort with some only some the evidences that machine of the heart, also would have been been the rade, colled up the incosend the machine of the heart, also would have been the passion and the strength herself and her face, colled up the incosend the heart acknowledge herself her face, colled up the incosend within the face of the face of the machine of the heart, also would have been the heart and colled her face.

The acknowledge her head on the forgotten, then, and her heart and her step get he spring, and the with some of the heart and her with her face her her heart and her with her face her heart and her heart and her with her face her heart and her

Her heart told her it was closed with the worm notes to the bingering in her face, it leads to find her to find her to the bingering in her face, it leads? The exclaimed, by at solid and looking at the solid her with the for good," she added, with a b, pethapp, of regret for the first of th

com and Helon's subsequent industion were the more to a fack of affection for time to gain easy or a worst of faths in his and the subsequent of subse

rachant in her young tenuty and secure in her love, was happy. The cun't was put to her lips was filled with motar and she drank it to the bottom.

That night, Helen Fortescue had never clocked hours beautiful. An intense light showe in her eyes, and suppressed pussion added color and warrant to her fovelpaess. She had resolved to learn her fate. The life of doubt and uselose loughing was misery it off. She had pleaded successfully with some of ner musteal friends to break the monoton of the dameing, and to not a set and nevelty to the doings of the evening, and sen sing; and Maimle had to no one of the first to comply with her request. He cat, therefore, watched her opportunity; and, during one of the earlier to comply with her request. He cat, therefore, watched her opportunity; and, during one of the earlier to a sent the part of the control of the dameing and to rear the parlows, she appeared in or near the parlows, she appeared in the parlows of the control of the

You have been in the power house of some great plant of machiner. Did it occur to you that your body was a more wonderful machine?

In the term of a natural life the heart beats three thousand million times and with a pressure of thirteen pounds to the stroke, lifts in that time, half a million tons



RESDAY, MARCH 29, comon trainers of the processing of the most tink field the room of the processing of the most tink field the room and the processing of the most tink field the room and the processing of the processing of the room of the processing of the proces

to be a mon of few words. Helm knew all his way, and he had sald raturally a sale of the sale ratural sale way and he had sale raturally a sale way and he had sale raturally a sale way and he had sale raturally sale way and he had sale raturally sale way and he had sale ratural more operhenced young lady, might not handly have to n called a dang-root fluration. Bortie was a young fel ad of Harold's and not many months of her than his fair companion, with whom he had fallen desper, to ly and hope's sly in love. His attentions, however, were so very open and ingenuous, his admiration so extravagant, and Malmie so happy in the fix by and hope her last hartmer, and they were now standing together just out the had been her last hartmer, and they were now standing together just out will be sale with the sale way the sa

take a turn through the conservaforder.

So Maitale took his arm, and in all
her girlish fresimess and womanly
happiness, entered amids the plants
and flewers. They had gone that
a few true in sience when the tones of
a muns does. They doked towards
the spot whome the tones of a
muns does. They doked towards
through a does. They doked towards
through a does of forms beheld that
which turn that mines heart to stone.
They saw a dies Fortesene recilining in
the arms of larnolf Saririegh.

One of larnolf Saririegh.

Whise beenond, "whispered Bertle. "Let
us try the other conservatory. Intusys thought someway that HarvolfFairleigh and Heien Fortescue would
come together in the end." Maitine, for
a moment, stood like a statue. Bertie's words aroused her.

"No, we are not wanted here,"
"No, we are not wanted here,"
"And, etching his arm. "Let us go
anyay."

The poor girl was dazed at this sud

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J. K. MADDONALD, Managing Director, Head Office - a - Toronto.

attend a place o' worship? 'No, mum,'
1 scz. 'I can't say as I do.' 'Do you
read your Bible" 'No, I sæz. I can't
say as I do.' 'Have ou heard of Heav
son' 'Well, mum, I've head it mentionod, but I can't say us I knows much
about it. 'Wot's it lin? 'Wou's it
she sez. 'Oh, it's a beaudiful placeail sh ning gold and diamonds', Dor', is
'Ut, 'mim'?' I sez. 'Then I wonger as you
rulling land ain't and a pop for it afore
now.'"

WILL THE WORLD EVER BE PRO-TESTANT?

come together in the end." Mainto, for a moment, stored live. "No, we are not wanted here," sho with the control of the stuff which love heroles and clustering his arm. "Let us go away."

The poor git wer dazed at this suffer and the revisition, a fatal, as the thought of the stuff which love heroles are not wont to be made of; and the file of self-repression which she had hed led at the convent, now, in the miner of triat, stood here, it is that the convent, now, in the miner of triat, stood here, it is that the correct was a fatal, as the had a better chance of regarding her self-correct. How she got through the remainder of the erening, site and the stuff which love the self-correct was a stubbor face to plain all. She danced much to savely the care was a stubbor face for her lover was a stubbor face for Maining through the remaining should be made to the lover was a stubbor face for her lover was a stubbor



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Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippinos, where effort is now chiefly directed, and it becomes apparent that oven these could not be converted except at a cost of \$11,582,000,000. At the rate of 27,877 converts a year it would require 748 years in which to accomplish this labor. It is somewhat startling to reflect that at the rate of 390 converts a year it would reduce our Episcopalian friends fifty two thousand five hundred and eighty-four years! Meauwhile, it is gratifying to learn that Hoffman's Catholto Directory for 1900 presents statistics showing that during the instrument of the production of the finited States made a gain of 222, 265 souls. The Foreign Missions the port is more encouraging still—Mid-laind Review.

Why will you allow a cough to iscorate your throat or lungs and run the risk of tilling a consumptive's grave, when, by the invely res of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing, and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, broughtis, etc., etc.

Recently a man died in Brussels and left nearly like sentire fortune to a young woman who did not know him. It seems that the deceased had been cecentrie, and set out, like blogones, in search of an honest man. Every day he took his seed in an omalism on the conductor and aiways showed himself very oblighing household himself very oblighing himself to the conductor whom they were thus robbing, appeared by himself of the conductor whom they were thus robbing, appeared he had been a household hou