LINKED LIVES.

By Ludy Gertrude Douglas

CHAPTER XXIV. AN EVASIVE ANSWER.

"Yes, the world's dark nights are dreary.
In their pleasure, pain, or strife,
And the soul is torn and bleeding,
With the poisoned thorns of life;
All its brightest roses wither,
Nothing lasts or stays with me,
Thou art my eternal portion,
I have chosen only Thee!"

-The Countess of Hahn Hahn Mabel passed the intermediate days between the writing of her letter to Mr. Stanley and the reception of its answer, in a state of bewilderment. Night and day she was harassed by doubts respecting that authority in the Anglican Church upon which she could

no longer, as formerly, rely.

During that time there was only one spot where Mabel's troubled spirit found repose—the little convent chapelwhither she would often go unobserved to seek the presence of the adorable Sacrament, and lay down at His feet, who never turned away from the son rowful, the intolerable burlen of her aching heart.

There, in the hushed and peaceful sanctuary, where no souad disturbed the solemn stillness by waich she was surrounded, Mabel would remain alone before her God, oblivious for awhile of every anxiety, her soul satisfied with the nameless restfulness which invariably accompanies the grace of submission to the holy will of God.

Again and again during those lonely hours, the sweet voice speaking through the veiled and adorable made itself distinctly heard in her heart. Of controversy with its endless perplexities, of Church or of Church authority, of disputed claims or validity of orders, the blessed voice spoke not at all. It banished all vexa tion of spirit, soothing, comforting pleading with her only the one thing needful; telling, indeed, of sacrifice, but of sacrifice made holy by the suffer-ings of God. It wooed her sweetly into thorn-strewn path of the Cross, ye it bade her anon look upwards towards minating ray of glory, marking it as the royal road by which He who asked her love had walked before her. It was not that at such times Mabel was conscious of district trouble looming in the future. Strange to say, about the possible ending of her misgivings respecting the Church of England, she never thought. It was as if Divine power, drawing her on, wished to do so unknown to herself, until she should have gone too far to retrace her steps; and as nothing makes sacrifice easy except a strong realization of its worth, as nothing short of super natural assistance can enable a deeply loving, intensely sensitive nature to apply the knife to its own heart, so, no doubt, He who knew what was coming knew best also that which for Mabe would be the fitting preparation, the one which would enable her, when she uld see her Cross, to meet it bravely, and without shrinking.
Under the shadow of the altar

Mabel, then, could still be happy away from it her mind was confused Nevertheless she still clung fondly to the hope that Mr. Stanley's reply might a satisfactory solution of he difficulties

Bitterly disappointed was she, there fore, when after waiting five days, the sixth morning's post brought the following evasive answer to her four closely-written sheets of anxious in

"Elvanlee Vicarage, 12th of October.
"My Dear Miss Forrester,—The questions you ask would involve a serious amount of controversial argument. Matters of this kind require mature consideration, and the controversial argument. Matters of this kind require mature consideration, and the exercise of unbiassed judgement. I should say, from the tone of your letter, that you are at present exposed to dangerous influences, which have taken a strong hold upon your imagination. My advice to you, therefore, under the circumstances, is that you should return to England as soon as possible. It is always difficult to give an opinion by letter, but, as far as I can see, you wish me, dear Miss Forrester, to pronounce upon the respective claims of what are, I hope, two equally sincere portions of the Anglican Communion—I mean the High and Low Church. I think you are under an erroneous impression respecting the claims of either. My idea is that we do well, if we always have the intention to believe whatever is the real teaching of the Church, and we must not trouble ourselves too much about the varied shades of opinion we may find among her children.

"Have this intention, my dear Miss Forrester, and let me urge you to lose no time in returning to your own country, where you will be removed from the pernicious examples by which you are at present surrounded. I need not say that I shall be very happy to

will be removed from the pernicious examples by which you are at present surrounded. I need not say that I shall be very happy to be of any assistance to you—that is to say, if you will come and talk it over. Writing to you in the midst of the priestly influences, to which you are no doubt subjected, would be, I fear, a hopeless and a useless task.

"I remain, dear Miss Forrester,
"Yours faithfully,"
"W. STANLEY."

"Is this all?" said Mabel slowly, as she refolded the letter and returned it to its envelope; and then casting it passionately on the ground, stamped her foot upon it, and turned angrily away. "What shall I do now?" she continued. "Hugh, why did you put that man there? He is not fit to be a clergyman. How dare he answer me like that! Priestly influences indeed! Why, I have never opened my lips to a priest since I came nor has one taken the smallest notice of me. Silly English prejudice!" she continued scornfully. "I do believe the man thinks that priests are in every hole and corner, lying in wait for all the poor foreigners to entrap them into the Roman Church! What an idiot he must be! What Idiots they all are in England!" she pursued, with a gloomy smile. "How very with a gloomy smile. different things are in reality what we are brought up to fancy them!

Anne's who have good, honest faces. I should like to know if they would answer me with such a pack of non-sence as this man has done."

Mabel thought for a few moments then sitting down by her writing-table she laid her arms on it, and leaned her head wearily upon them, talking to herself, half aloud.

"Why was I fool enough to ask him any questions at all? I might have known the teaching of the Anglican Church, such as Mr. Vaughan's long ago. That was satisfying. Ah, yes, but there's the difficulty—was it the teaching of the Church of Eng-land?—or—oh, agony!—was it not rather the teaching of the Church of Rome? What was it Veva said oncenow I think of it - of our Church, 'weighed in the balance, and found wanting.' Weighed—what with?—with the Church of Rome? Oh, not the Church of Rome. And yet now, just for one moment, let me suppose it possible." Mabel sat upright, with a terrified expression in her eyes as she slowly uttered the next words, "Suppose, after all, that the Church of Rome should be One, Visible, Infallible Church — what must become of me? Where am I? Where is Hugh? O

God! my reason must be going! Hugh, Hugh, why did you leave me?" Then Mabel rose, picked up the castaway letter, read it carefully once more, after which she tore it into small pieces, and flung them into the empty

grate of her stove.
"Not one word—not an attempt to explain any one single thing I asked him! Could he not at least have answered me whether or not the Real Presence be a doctrine possible to hold in the English Church?

In the English Church?"
In the midst of her reflections Mabel
was interrupted by the entrance of
Julie, the bonne—"la femme de confinance de Madame," as she was wont to style herself-not altogether without reason, for Jessie had made much of her since she came to Vrananches.

Julie's errand on this occasion was to bring Mabel a card of admission to the Carmelite Convent in the neighborhood, where on the following morning, there was to be a "taking of the black veil," a ceremony Mabel much desired to witness.
"Mademoiselle will go, is it not?"

said Julie, encouragingly. "It is Monsieur le Cure who will preach." "Yes, I will go, Julie," answered

Mabel, and when Julie was gone she added wearily to herself, "I will see now what these priests have to say for

Mabel spent the evening of that day at Chateau St. Laurent. She was not in good spirits, and Marie, whose quick, loving eye read every change in her face, proposed a boating ex-pedition on the river. With her usual tact, Marie had selected on this occa-sion only Tante Celestine, Geneviève, Annette de St. Ange - and of her cousins, sister to the girl to be pro-fessed on the morrow, and her own brother, Alphonse, with herself and and Mabel, to form the party. Very pleasant Mabel found it—very soothing o her restlessness-to sit back among he cushions of the boat, gliding over the smooth waters; amusing, too, and distracting awhile from her own gloomy thoughts, to watch the alterna-tions of Tante Celestine's countenance -at one moment beaming with ecstatic admiration, as she contemplated the scenery of wood and silver gleaming water, and herself gave utterance to exaggerated expressions of enthusias tic delight, which were re-echoed in mimicking tones by her nephew, Alphonse; at another moment assuming a look of agonised terror, and loudly

vociferating that death by drowning was inevitable. This variation in Tante Celestine countenance took place so often as the boat, mischievously swayed by Alphonse's elbows, gently rocked itself to and fro, each successive lurch wring-ing from Tante Celestine ejaculations of despair, such as-

"Mon Dieu! que j'ai peur! Voyons donc, Alphonse; soi donc raison able, mon ami! Ah! ciel, nous allons crever! Alphonse, entends-tu, je te le defends! Ah! que ta m'agaces—

This final "crow of despair"-for Alphonse translated the French cri du desespoir - had been elicited from Tante Celestine's fast-ebbing patience, and her actually last remnant of cour-age. She was evidently seriously alarmed. No wonder either, for Alphonse, who, for some moiously waving aloft, over Tante Celestine's devoted head, one of the oars with which he was rowing, stand-ing, meanwhile, astride, with his feet upon opposite sides of the boat, sud-denly collapsed into the middle of it, dropping his oar into the river whereupon Annette de St. Ange reaching over to catch it as it glided by, all but overbalanced herself, and the boat also.

The oar having been recovered with some difficulty, Marie, with a grave face, and quiet authority of manner, she could assume at times, de sired Alphonse to desist from any further dangerous experiments; upon which Monsieur Alphonse declared himself fatigued, and mopped his face, and a very bushy head, with an elegant cambric pocket-handkerchief.

"Let us have some music, Alphonse," suggested his sister. to us on your flute, and lay the oars

down. Monsieur Alphense was, of course, charmed to oblige, but his lungs were really, owing to his late arduous efforts, scarcely in a state to allow him the acquaintance with one of the priests. honor of warbling on his flute, so he There are several of them at St. begged, with great empressement,

that he should not be selected to open the concert.
"What will you that we should sing,

ma Tante?" asked Marie.
"Let it be Claire's Ave Maria," said Tante Celestine. "That is "(turning to Annette), "if it does not pain you, my dear child."
"Oh! no," responded Annette, warmly. "Why should it pain me? I love to be reminded of my dear sister." "That is" (turning

" Ciel !" ejaculated Tante Celestine

with some emotion, "that beloved Claire! It is indeed a sacrifice that the Good God asks of us!' "Sing, Annette," interposed Marie,

who saw the tears gathering in her friend's eyes; "and let it be, then, the Ave Maria for our beloved Claire. The solo part of the hymn was sung evieve, Alphonse. and even Tante Celestine joining in the chorus, three

times repeated, of the words, pro nobis."

Mabel, the only silent one, whose lips would not yet utter the angel's greeting to the Mother of Jesus, re mained quietly listening; and, while she listened, her heart grew more peaceful, drinking in, unawares, the sweet influence of the picture before her. The broad sheet of river, bathed in soft, silver radiance, the little boat motionless upon its surface, the sky so clear above, with the large eyes of countless stars reflecting themselves in the bosom of the placid waters below the woods closing in all round with a mysterious veil of darkness, and in the boat the faces of her companions, lit up with an almost unearthly bright ness, serene, happy, contented, as they sang, with their whole hearts, their evening prayer to "Mary, Star of the sang, with their

"Is it your sister who is to take the black veil to-merrow?" inquired Mabel of Annette, when, the hymn being ended, Alphonse was preparing his flute to play.
"Yes, it is Claire—my sister Claire.

Did you hear of it?"
"I believe I am going to see the ceremony," said Mabel, explaining Julie's invitation.

lie's invitation.
"Come, then, with us," proposed Marie. "We will go together. I call for you?"
"Oh! do," said Mabel, eagerly

"Then I can tell Julie I do not want "You must make Claire's acquaintance, Mabel," whispered Genevieve.
"She is one in a thousand!"

Here Alphonse broke in-"Ah! what a pity that charming Claire should have bid adieu to the world. I hope Annette that you do

not follow her example." "Who knows?" responded Annette,

laughing lightly.
"Ah but listen," "interposed Tante Celestine, reprovingly. "The Good God does not ask of us all to leave our families for the cloister. Thou, Annette, must remain with thy mother. Religious vocations are not for every body."
"Tiens!" said Alphonse, pausing,

with his flute half way to his lips. "I know to what it will come—Marie will e a Sister of Charity; Claire makes himself Carmelite: Mademoiselle, her sister, will be Trappistine; Mees Forrestere, if she were not Protestante. would be religious of the Adoration Well, in that case I make myself Jesuit. That is understood."

Everyone laughed, and Tante
Celestine observed with amiable sar-

"Thou wouldst make a pretty Jesuit, Alphonse.'

"And why not?" said Alphonse, quickly. Wait a bit ma Tante--"

vieve, "you don't like them, I hope, Veva?" "Like them, dear? Why not? Of course I do. They are a grand body of men.

"I thought even good Romanists disliked Jesuits," said Mabel. sure, too, I have read somewhere that they were so mischievous wherever they went, that even the Pope suppressed them.'

There was a general exclamation at this remark of Mabel's, and Tante Celestine, with indignation, pro-nounced to be "a frightful calumny."

"That is to say," continued Marie, correcting her aunt's words, have heard quite a false story, Mebelle. The Society of Jesus was indeed once banished by one of the Popes, but not for the mischief they had done. They have always been from the very first the most devoted children of the Church. Their founder, the great St. Ignatius Loyola, prayed that in order to resemble the good Jesus, whose name they bear his sons might always suffer persecution. At one time, in a season of great darkness, the Pope was persuaded to put them down; but he very sorry, I have heard, for having done so, and they were recalled immediately by his successor, and once more took their place in the ranks of by his the great army; but it is not true, ma Tante," added Marie, "is it, that many good Catholics dislike the Jesuits?"

"Oh! no. I should hope no ndeed. At least not in our Brittany, indeed. assured Tante Celestine, energetically.
"The Jesuits are to the Church what the forlorn hope is to a besieging army. Ah! if you want to find true holiness and real courage, nowhere will you find it more than among the Jesuits; but there are some who are

jealous of them. C'est facheux!" "Strange!" remarked Mabel, earnestly, "I seem to have come to France to hear everything con-

motto - something about the 'end sanctifying the means."
"Tens! que c'est drole!" exclaimed
Alphonse, seriously. "I have been
educated in a Jesuit college, but I
never heard but the one motto."

"Ad majorem Dei gloriam,' which means, 'For the greater glory of God,'" interrupts Mabel, briskly.
"We are not quite such dunces in England, Monsieur Alphonse, as you

take us for." "Ah! pardon — a thousand times pardon, Mademoiselle, but where then did your English pastors get the motto of which you speak? For I know well the Jesuits, and it is entirely contrary

to their spirit."

"Do they tell you, then, so many lies in England? Poor England! Ah, c'est incroyable!" exclaimed Tante Celestine, in accents of profound pity to which Genevieve answered,

Yes, I am afraid it is true, we poo English are cradled in the midst of alsehoods. The only way that a wholesome dread of Popery can be in-fused into us, is to tell us stories like this one about the Jesuits' motto, which is utterly false, and without founda

tion of any kind."

"I will give you the lives of St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier to read," put in Marie, "and you shall yourselt judge what a Jesuit is."

Mabel answered nothing, but long afterwards she was wont to look back to that moonlight night when, listen-ing to the story of the immortal Francis Xavier, eloquently set forth by Tante Celestine, another of the false Protestant prejudices in the belief of which she had been nurtured, gradually disappeared from her mind.

Walking home that night with Gen-

evieve, Mabel said, "Oh! Veva, what a sad life it is. after all !

"And you used to think it so bright, my Mabel!"
"But things have changed so, Veva I feel as if all the flowers of my life were withered—or, at least, fast wither-

ing. What's the use if it all goes so soon?" What's the use of being happy "Darling, you are in low spirits to-night," said Genevieve, as cheerfully as she could; for it pained her to see

Mabel's melancholy face.
"I am always in low spirits now,

Veva. But tell me — you, too, looked depressed to-night, is anything the "Nothing, darling, that should make me look depressed. I ought to

be, on the contrary, very thankful. But it is about my father." "What about him, Veva? He has been looking so much stronger lately. I really think he is getting quite well." "That is just what he said himself

this evening at dinner; and then he told me something, Mabel, that will grieve you, I am afraid, very much."

Mabel glanced quickly up at her
friend's countenance; it was party averted, but in the bright moonlight Mabel could see that her lips were trembling.
"Oh, what is it, Veva?" she asked

fearfully. "My dear father has made up his mind to be a priest, Mabel, and it is to the Jesuits that he is going," said Gen-

Mabel started as though she had been stung.
"How cruel-how very cruel, Veva

It cannot be true! He cannot surely go and leave you all alone!"
"Hush, darling! My father could
not be crue!! I will tell you now that
my future has long ago been settled.
I am going to be a nun."

"Yes, I knew it. I guessed this was coming next," said Mabel bitterly, repressing, with a strong effort, the sob arising in her throat. "One by profiting by the short moment which me that I love. Oh, Veva, Veva, has it come to this? What, what is this strange thing you call 'vocation,' and which makes you all so heartless?

"Heartless! - oh, anything but that!" said Genevieve, in a pained, stifled voice. "But, darling, just go back one moment and remember father's life at Elvanlee. Do you remember his Lenten lectures two years Do you remember the breathed through every word he spoke to us standing there! Oh, can't you to us standing there! ee him in the chancel, talking to us about self-sacrifice, renunciation, mortification, and, above all, love for the Holy Will of God? Can't you see now how all that was leading up to the present? My father could not lead an idle life; by that, I mean, he is evidently called to the priesthood. He has, all his life through, lived only to sacrifice himself, and he could not be happy remaining inactive in the

"But you, Veva-you! What has

this to do with you?"
"Ah, Mabel, don't you know that I always intended to be a Sister of Mercy in one of the Anglican Sisterhoods? God has different ways of calling His children to His undivided I never remember a time of my life when I had another intention than that of dedicating myself to God.'

"So you used to say. Yes, Veva, I emember. But now I often wonder if it can be right. It is not natural, you know; and if you would only really love some one once, you would see how happy it could make you.

France to hear everything contradicted which I was told in England.

But surely the Jesuits have a dreadful rarely, if ever, accompanies a true

vocation to a religious life. This is in some natures, a sort of necessity, which our good God provides for by giving to them the helps of earthy ties, without which they would probably not even save their souls. But I tell you truthfully, darling, I have never felt the want of human love. When I go into the convent it will only be that I am realizing the yearning wish that has never been sup-planted by any early craving; and am not young now-nearly five-and-

twenty. "And when will this be? Where are you going? When?" asked Mabel, sadly, afer a long, long pause. "My father will enter the Novitiate of the Society next Christmas if his health keeps good. His great desire is to go to the foreign missions, but that will not be, at any rate, until his two years of novitiate are expired, so that he will have time to see me safely

settled first.' "But where are you going?" repeated Mabel.

"1? Oh! I — thank God for me, darling Mabel," said Genevieve, with great emotion. "At Christmas I shall enter here—the Convent of the Per-Mabel stood silently leaning against

one of the trees in the garden, under the windows of Chateau St. Anne, Genevieve anxiously watching her, waiting for new objections; but, after some moments of deep reflection, Mabel turned to say good night, her face all wet with glistening tears, as she murmured into Genevieve's ear—

"Happy, happy Veva! I can almost envy you now. Yes, I think I understand you—happy you must be, you who have chosen, and believe you have found, a changeless, ceaseless love, a love that will never fail you, never oring any bitterness along with it. must be what they believe at the Perpetual Adoration. Good night, darling Veva." Everlasting! - is it not so? That

TO BE CONTINUED

LEARNING TO DIE.

Affecting Scene at the Execution of Marshal Ney, the French Soldier.

"As to the confessor," said Marshal Ney, "leave me alone. I have no need of black coats." At this last phrase, one of the two grenadiers in charge, rising, said to him: "You are wrong, Marshal," and showing him his arm ornamented with several chevrons, added: "I am not as illustrious as you, but I am also a veteran. Well, never have I borne myself so boldly under fire as when I had pre viously recommended my soul to God.

These few words, pronounced in tones of emotion and solemnity by this collossus, appeared to make a deep impression on the Marshal. He approached the grenadier and said to him with gentleness, tapping him on the shoulder : "You are perhaps right, my good fellew. That is good advice which you have given me." Then turning to Col. Montigny: "What priest can I cause to be summoned? "Abbe de Pierre, cure de Saint-Sulpice." "Beg him to come. I will receive him after my wife." The counsel of the old soldier had been istened to.

Ney refused, naturally, to place himself on his knees and to allow his eyes to be bandaged. He only asked Commandant Saint-Bias to show him where he was to stand. He faced the platoon, which held their muskets at "the recover," and then, in an atti-tude which I shall never forget, so noble was it, calm and dignified, with-"Talking of Jesuits," interrupted Mabel, addressing herself to Genevieve, "you don't like them, I hope, he pronounced these words, which heard very distinctly: "Frenchmen protest against my sentence, my onor-" At these last words, as he wa placing his hands on his heart, the detonation was heard. He fell as if struck by lightning. A roll of drums and the cries of "vive de Roi!" by the troops formed in square brought to close this lugubrious ceremony.

This fine death made a great im pression on me. Turning to Augustus de la Rochejaquelin, colonel of the grenadiers, who was by my side, and who deplored, like myself, the death of the brave des braves, I said to him: "There, my dear friend, is a grand lesson in learning to die."-General Rochechouart.

Cardinal Mezzolant, the most remarkable linguist the world has ever known, is said to have been able to use every word of any considerable importance in over one hun-dred different languages, and to have been able to carry on a conversation in forty-five or fifty others.

President Carnot's first cousin, Gabrielle Dupont, received recently the novice's veil rom the Bishop of Limoges.



—the great, griping, old-fashioned pill. Not only when you take it, but un-pleasant, from first to last, and it only gives you a little temporary good.

love some one once, you would see how happy it could make you. I could never be happy again without Hugh to love; and I can't help fearing all this about 'vocation' is a delusion."

"No, it is no delusion, Mabel. Not that I think you, for instance, would ever be called to such a state of life; for, with all your goodness (you were always more fervent than I was), I have always noticed in you that peculiar craving after human affection

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_a Grippe

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The Cradle-Song of

ADELAIDE PROC Hush! I cannot bear to a Stretch thy tiny hands is Dear. I have no bread to g Nothing, child, to ease ti When God sent thee first Proud and thankful too Now, my darling, I, thy n Almost long to see thee c Sleep, my darling, the God is good, but life

I have watched thy beaut And thy strength sink di Soon, I know, will Want Take thy little life away Famine makes thy father Hope has left both him We could suffer all, my be Had we but a crust for t Sleep, my darling, ti Sleep, my darling, the God is good, but life

Better thou shouldst peris
Starve so soon, my dar!
Than in helpless sit and a
Vainly live, as I have d
Better that thy angel spir
With my joy, my peace
Than thy heart grow cold
Reckless, hopeless, like
Sleep, my darling, tl
God is good, but life I am wasted dear, with h
And my brain is all opp
I have scarcely strength
Wan and feeble, to my
Patience, baby, God will i
Death will come to thee
He will take us to His he
Where no want or pain
Sleep, my darling, t'
God is good, bu: l'fe

Such the plaint that, late
Did we listen, we might
Close beside us,—but the
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bri
Cau bid one such sorror
God has glory when His
Bring His poor ones pop
Listen, nearer will
Sounds the flutteric

DIED A BRIDE OF Story of Sister Marie Child of the Liv

While other girls as b as lovely in mind and family almost as good York World of Sunda white arms on the ve box and heard the s strains of Romeo wooi in the world Anna in religion Sister Marie folded across her nun's her side, all through th those who prayed th grant her eternal rest light and refreshment. What sounds she mi

off murmurs of the sor hosts and the harpings none may tell: but th vent chapel, with the sanctuary lamp shin coffin, only heard the v from the watchers' lips deep have I cried unt HAD WEALTH AN She might have cho

woman of society, for s she had beauty, she h ments, she had travelle the world, yet she ha from her and become a and now she lies in th at Mount St. Vincent wooden cross at her gr her name on it, and of a prayer that she ma and that light perpe

upon her. There is hardly an New York State than certainly not a mor Her father was Ludl her grandfather was ston, of the manor of great grandfather wa nolst Livingston, of t Supreme Court, and b grandfather was Willi

Governor of New Jers These were staunce away back in the day speech as it is now. Catholic and a nun. family who hold to t fathers say: If ever there was

to the religious life, it EDUCATED IN TH Her mother died w young. She was edu vent perched upon M overlooking the broad stone castle which Ed for himself and gave the residence of the convent. She grewomanhood with the women who had give

of this world, the man

ing of children, the d

of travel, the power of

her it seemed that the She was graduated in 1889, a favorite am of her class. Life What should she do? entered the novitiat entrance to a religi narrow. The gate o is all very well for outside to think she Sister. But will she narrow bedchamber, its plain chair, cot, prayer bench? Will up at 4 o'clock in the she relish the daily n she submit without word of her superior just as important a v

chastity? The novice has two from the inside. A resolve survived thos pair and petulance w religiouse, and last the final vows and There are those to "taking the black ve and sadness only, a saddening sight to so off the garments of themself in black, b seen the newly-prof deep affection by th