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ENDURANCE

BY ELIZABETH AKERS.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break! How much the flesh may suffer and not die— I question much if any pain or ache Of soul or body brings our end more nigh. Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn All evils may be borne. We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife, Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life; Yet to our sense the bitter pang reveals That still, although the trembling flesh be torn, This also can be borne. We see a sorrow rising in our way And try to flee from the approaching ill: We seek some small escape; we weep and pray; But when the blow falls then our hearts are still. Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn, But that it can be borne. We wind our lives about another life; We hold it closer, dearer than our own, Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife, Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone; But ah! we do not die with those we mourn; This also can be borne. Behold! we live through all things— famine, thirst, Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery, All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst On soul and body—but we can not die, Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn— Lo! all things can be borne. —S. H. Review.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

"Thus ended my former life, abruptly, sadly, and thus began the life you know—the wasted years, that you have seen gliding into eternity, the darkness that is only the just punishment for them. And now, a few words to make clear to you, dear Sister, our manner of life here, and I have done. As you must know already, Madame Moore bought this place for its beauty. The scenery enchanted her. She had solitude when she desired it, and at any moment could look upon, or mingle with the world. She regarded what passed here merely as a pageant. She looked upon the pilgrimages as upon a play in the theatre. They interested her for their exterior effects. She did not care for spiritual things or subjects. To her mind the pilgrimages were simply picnics, and she judged the serious countenances in the throng, those faces that attracted her eyes by their gravity of expression, as the least happy and most likely the worst specimens of the human race. She often declared her belief that she had been born without a soul, certainly without the faculty of understanding religion. The philosophy of Voltaire, the philosophy of this world, that is, she understood and put into practice. But the philosophy of Christianity was a dead letter to her. The world, she maintained, had been created for Caesar, and heaven for God. If supernatural beings or Saints visited it sometimes, they were just the chosen few, and imitations of them made hypocrites, hypocrites and maniacs, if not demons. As the heavens would not come down to her, and she could not mount on imaginary wings, she was content to take the good she could out of all that came in her way, and to use the natural will she possessed in avoiding unpleasant sensations. As I could not refute arguments of this kind, though I felt their hollow-ness, I had to be silent, acquiescing, if I could, in all cases show the utmost deference for her age, and her extreme kindness to me.

"It is true my sudden deception made it easy for me to believe evil of all the world. While Mrs. Moore lived I fancied myself her slave, bought and paid for, since she had taken me so trustfully in a desperate hour. My allegiance to her never faltered, although in the beginning I believed I never could, of my own free will or choice read, or still less admire, the works she delighted in, and yet after her death I became their willing captive. Her admiration for certain authors, her worship of others, shocked and disgusted me; yet when freedom of thought was mine, I had not moral courage suffi-

cient to break through the routine of past years. Strange contradictions! awful obduracy! to what a depth I had fallen! I saw her die. I let her die, without making an effort to arouse her soul. It is true she had strictly forbidden me to allow priest or minister to approach her, should I know or believe her death imminent, therefore I conceived it to be my duty to be loyal to her wishes, even then.

"Had I done so, I am convinced, even now, that the attempt would only have thrown her into a violent rage, even at the moment of dissolution. But I made no effort, on the contrary, I acquiesced in all her suggestions and did not take up arms for her soul, as I would have done for the least of her worldly possessions or interests had they been in danger. I was, therefore, a party to her unchristian death."

"She loved you. She told me so more than once. She assured me that you were as the kindest of daughters to her, and expressed deep concern that she could not make such provision for your future, before her death, as she wished. She had only a life interest in her income, unless she were to outlive someone, in which case she could control a large fortune."

"You surprise me. She never alluded to such matters with me. Had she done so, I would have set her mind at rest on the subject. I am happier, poor as I am, save in being powerless to remunerate devotion as I would wish. But I have gone aside from my subject. However, it ends here, since you know what my life has been at Betharram. It is a painful record, but you, Sister Christmas, who know how ill deserving I am of the least of God's mercies, will obtain, by your good prayers a gift for me, that will more than counterbalance loss of sight. You know I mean the gift of faith."

"Sister Christmas was gazing intently upon the face now so soft and pensive of the blind woman. Words she longed to say trembled on her lips. But she hesitated, asking herself whether it would not be safer to defer them till some future time. Still, the look of resignation, and the submissive tone of Margaret's last words encouraged her to make the attempt.

"Faith will come, dear, if you only ask for it. Have you asked for it?"

"I need it. I am worthy. I have gone thus far."

tended, watched over, not only by the family of Dacre, but by their neighbors for miles around. How tenderly her burns were dressed, how carefully her broken ankle was set, and when she could be carried into the drawing-room among the guests, many of whom had come from afar to see her and thank her for saving their little ones, how they gathered around her and paid her just homage. And when she could limp on her crutches, how eagerly everyone rushed forward to meet her. Why, they would gladly have borne her on their shoulders, if it had not been for her courage, her beauty, and, above all, for her modesty and timidity that had captivated all hearts. She was just like a sensitive plant, shrinking away from everyone who approached her.

"One heart she took captive from the first day she made an unsuspected enemy for herself. The captive was the heir of Dacre, the enemy his stepmother. As you said just now, this lady loved him and his sister, but she loved her own son far better, and for his sake was ambitious, and eager to force the heir of Dacre into holy orders. He was so truly pious and so docile at first, that, had he been left to follow his own natural inclinations, it is possible that he would have given his life to God in religion. But the constant pressure, the unwelcome insistence, above all, the haste made by his step-mother in urging the matter, made him cautious. Under so much entirely and solicitude on her part, he began to doubt his own feeling, to have scruples. His judgment was blinded, perhaps, in mercy to her."

"He met you. Then he knew he had done well in renouncing his fabled vocation. He lost his heart to the young convent girl. She was hard to win a look or smile from (I quote his own words), but he had so much in his favour, was so manly indeed, in word, so handsome and above all so true." The nun paused. Margaret sighed heavily, but did not speak—"that he touched her heart in spite of herself, in spite of her reserve. Then came the treachery. When his stepmother learned from his own lips, that he had asked you to become his wife, and that he was resolved to have his own way, she had recourse to an act of subtlety worse than direct falsehood. She made you believe he had had an earthly love, that some other woman had stirred his heart and received his vows. You, Margaret, have just made clear the way in which two lives were wrecked."

"How know you this," cried Margaret, "and how comes it that you speak with this voice?" She reached out her hands, her face lifted to heaven with a look of intense anguish, waiting eagerly for the explanation.

"Try to be calm, Margaret! For my sake, try to be calm!"

"Who are you?" cried Margaret. "Surely it cannot be I, and yet, that voice." Katharine folded her arms around the trembling form, she let her tears fall unrestrained upon the pale face, she kissed the sightless eyes over and over again. "Surely you will let me call you sister now? I am indeed Katharine Dacre."

"After a long silence Margaret asked: "How is it that I did not see you that evening?"

"The train was late. I was exhausted. They only suffered me to look down upon the guests from the balcony that overlooks the ballroom. My brother Antony led me there, and bade me point out to him the fairest lady in the hall. Then I saw you, Margaret, for the first time. I singled out at once, and Antony put his arms around me, and whispered 'She will one day be your sister.' A few hours later you were betrothed. Antony had a stormy interview with our stepmother as soon as he returned. When he was free to seek you in the ballroom, you had retired for the night. The next morning, you can well believe, was like the day of doom to him, and to me also; for we have ever been as one, in mind and heart."

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MISCELLANEOUS. THE HARD TO PLEASE. There ain't no plessin' people on this bloomin' earth below; In the mornin' days of summer they're hollerin' for snow! An' when the snow comes siffin' through the winders of the sky, They're hollerin' for summer an' weather hot an' dry!

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THE WRONG WAY. "Do you not wish now," inquired the prison visitor, "that you had followed the straight and narrow path?" "Dat's the one I did follow," replied Jimmy Doree. "If I'd only dodged inter dat crooked alley dey'd never 'a' ketches me."

Richard's Headache Cure contains no opiate. School Examiner—What is the meaning of false doctrine? Schoolboy—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to people who are sick.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. The angler sallies forth again, And by the brooklets shores Doth idly lie and fish, and then Goes home and lies some more.

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THE WORST OF WEEKS. The year had gloomily begun For Willie Weeks, a poor man's Sun. He was beset with bills and dun And he had very little Mon.

A Sustaining Diet. These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE. Lot 5, P. E. I.

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Papa.—So, Bobby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you? Bobby.—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for all ailments arising from impure blood.

Mrs. J. STEVENSON, Edgemoor Landing, N. B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. I have not been troubled with it since."

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