

Healthy Baby When Born

In Three Months Humor Spread Over His Forehead

Into His Eyes and All Over His Hands

Such Itching, Burning Torture—Now It Ended.

When a child is cured of the itching torture and burning inflammation of eczema or salt rheum, it is no wonder that words fail to express the joy of the grateful parents, and that they gladly tell in as strong terms as possible the plain story of suffering relieved and health restored. Many testimonials relate the wonderful success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such cases, even after all other prescriptions and medicines fail. Here is one: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs:—Our boy Harvey will remember the good Hood's Sarsaparilla did him as long as he lives. He was a healthy baby when he was born, but before he was three months old a breaking out appeared on both sides of his face. Physicians did him little good and said but for his strong constitution he could not have lived through his dreadful suffering. The humor spread over his forehead, into his eyes, and came out on his hands. It was indeed pitiful to witness the poor child's sufferings. It was very painful for him to open or shut his eyes, and we had to tie his little hands to prevent him from scratching the itching, burning skin. My mother urged us to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. We did so, and a short time after he began to take this medicine we saw a change for the better. We continued until we had given him five bottles, and then the eczema had entirely disappeared, and he has ever since been perfectly cured of this dreadful disease. His sufferings extended over two and a half years. People for miles around knew his dreadful condition and know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him. He is now a bright, boy, perfectly healthy and has the finest skin of any of my five children." Mrs. L. KLAUSFELDER, Collegeville, Pa. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Price, 50c per bottle. Be sure to get Hood's.

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In from three to five days all craving for stimulants is removed, and at the end of twenty one days treatment the patient is restored to the condition he was in before he acquired the habit.

This is a purely vegetable medicine taken by the mouth, and can be taken without the knowledge of any other person. No injections. No minerals. No bad after effects, and no loss of time from business duties. Correspondence strictly confidential. Copies of testimonials from patients cured in many parts of Canada, by permission sent on application. Care guaranteed in every instance where the remedy is taken as directed. Fee for treatment, 25c in advance, which may be remitted to the proprietor of the CATHOLIC RECORD in London, Ont., or sent direct to Dr. A. McTaggart, 545 Queen's Avenue, London, Ontario.

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Many cases in this city have been cured since August last, and only such families can truly appreciate the great happiness they now enjoy.

This, Coffey, Publisher CATHOLIC RECORD.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID, Author of "Armine," "Philip's Resurrection," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I WILL GO."

"I shall be sorry for the Vicomtesse if she ever discovers that she entertained an heiress unawares, without using the occasion to De Verac's advantage," said Craven to Miss Lorimer one day, shortly after she had announced her intention of returning to Paris.

"She will never discover it if her enlightenment on the subject rests with me," said Cecil, smiling, in reply to his remark. "But I think she would prefer this alliance which she has succeeded in bringing about even to an American fortune."

"Abstractly she might have thought she would," answered Craven—who indeed was well aware that this had been the case—"but brought face to face with the glittering possibilities of what your fortune would have been to her nephew, I don't doubt that her preference would have been for the substantial good."

"Cecil laughed. "Then it is well," she said, "that my good genius inspired me with the idea of maintaining silence on this important point; as I should have been sorry to excite hopes and then disappoint them."

"Yet," began Craven—"and then pushed." "Yes, you would say, I thought at one time of permitting such hopes to be realized," she observed, "a wave of color sweeping over her face. "Yes, I was tempted to take into my hands the rebuilding of the fallen fortunes of a great house, and the lifting up from enforced inactivity to a broad and high pathway of usefulness what seemed to me the wasted capabilities of a fine nature. As to the Comte de Verac himself, he came into my dream only as an accessory, I assure you. There was never in my mind the faintest shadow of any sentiment other than cordial liking and admiration connected with the man personally."

"I remember," said Craven, "your resenting my suggestion of romance in the matter."

"And I have to thank you for correcting a mistake I was making as to my character," she went on frankly. "Something you said made me understand that I was crediting him with higher abilities and altogether a finer nature than he really possesses. Since then I have learned to estimate the difference between mere personal aspiration, even if it is in itself admirable, and that loftier principles which forgets self entirely in the endeavor to benefit others."

A light came into her eyes as she spoke, and Craven, who perfectly comprehended the contrast that was in her mind, said with a smile: "I am afraid that you expect too much, in the way of lofty principle and self-sacrifice, not to be more often disappointed than satisfied with human nature in general."

"I am afraid I am often very absurd in my expectations," she answered, with a humility that astonished him, so foreign was it to anything he had observed in her before.

"No," he said; "there are characters capable of that complete devotion to impersonal ends; and, as your own character happens to be one of these, you are inclined to go on the common but fallacious rule of judging others by yourself. This will not do. De Verac, for instance, could not stand such a test, but would fall short of the high standard of excellence you took for granted in him. That is all I meant."

"I am too hasty in my judgments very frequently—I am aware of that," she admitted; "and perhaps too decided in my manner of expressing them. But when a thing is perfectly clear to one's own eyes it is not easy to understand how others fail to see it in the same light."

"Looking at a thing from different points of view makes a great difference in its appearance to the gazer," he remarked.

"Yes," she said. "Still there are some things—"

She stopped and was silent for a moment; then, regarding him with her usual directness of glance, went on: "We have always been very frank in speaking to each other, Mr. Craven, and I want to tell you that you have my best wishes for your success—"

DYSPEPSIA CURED BY DR. CHASE.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS W.W. HODGES SUFFERED—DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS EFFECTED AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE.

Messrs. EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DEAR SIRS.—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS, and the wonderful cure of dyspepsia of 18 years' standing effected by them in three boxes. I am as well as I ever was, and am a man of 64 years of age. I have recommended DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS to a great number of people and they all say they are worth their weight in gold. If you desire any further statement or certificate of my case, I will be pleased to furnish one.

Yours truly, W. W. HODGES, Holland Landing, Ont.

I say in what or with whom?"

"You are very kind," he answered, smiling. "I have never doubted that your penetration would discover what I have not endeavored to conceal. But my success is not assured, I regret to say."

"I think that it will be," she said. "Grace has told me nothing, but the penetration of which you speak enables me to perceive, or to believe that I perceive, what she does not perhaps herself suspect. And I am glad. I can say no more."

There was not, indeed, opportunity for saying more, since at this moment Miss Marriott and Mrs. Severn, who had been driving, entered the room. But the next morning, finding herself alone with the former, Cecil ventured to speak on the same subject to her.

"I like Mr. Craven so very much, dear Grace," she said, "that I must run the risk of saying that I hope you will marry him."

Grace looked very thoughtful. "I am afraid it would be a great risk on both sides," she said. "The possibility of marrying never entered into my dreams of the future, and he never before thought of it—he says."

"You mean that a man always says that," Cecil observed, with a slight laugh. "But in this case I think you may believe the assertion. I know his friends never considered him a marrying man."

"At this moment a servant entered the room and presented a note to Miss Lorimer with the message: "From Miss Tyrcannel."

Cecil's color rose as she received it, and her heart beat quickly; for she thought it was the letter from Tyrcannel which Kathleen had told her to expect either on this day or the next. But on opening the envelope she found only a telegram. With fingers that trembled more from excitement than any presentiment of evil, she unfolded the paper. And this was what she read:

"Gerald shot. Wound dangerous. Come at once. John O'Connor." Under the message, in Kathleen's writing, were the words, "I am going by the morning train. Good by."

Grace Marriott, who had been busy-glancing toward her friend, suddenly felt the dead silence, which followed the slight rustle of the paper in Cecil's hand, to be oppressive, and looked up. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter, Cecil?"

The latter lifted her eyes with an expression in them that haunted Grace Marriott's memory for many a day afterward, and extended the telegram. Her face was perfectly bloodless; but she rose, and by a great effort of self-command turned quietly to the servant, who was waiting, and bade him order the carriage at once. "Let there be no delay. I shall be ready for it in a few minutes," she said, as he was leaving the room. Then, addressing Grace, who, shocked beyond the power of expression, sat silently regarding the telegram, she continued: "Mrs. Tyrcannel is quite unable to travel. I am sure. I shall go with Kathleen. Will you see that Maria joins me at the station—or, if she does not get there in time, follows on the next train, Grace?"

"I will see that she is in time," replied Grace. "But let me assist you now Cecil."

"There is not much to do," said Cecil, as she led the way to her chamber. "Give my love to Mrs. Severn, and tell her I am sorry not to have seen her before I left. I hope we shall meet again."

She said no more until—long preparations necessary for her unexpected journey completed—she was about to enter the carriage, when, putting her arms around Grace and kissing her, she whispered in her ear, "Do not be unkind to Mr. Craven, or—there was a little quiver of voice here—" you may bitterly repent it."

Except that the two faces were in color more like alabaster images than living countenances, Kathleen and Cecil met almost as usual.

"How is your mother?" were Cecil's first words.

"Much too ill to travel," was the reply; "but she is determined to go, though the doctor says she ought not to think of it."

"Let me see her, please," Miss Tyrcannel hesitated.

"I want to tell her that I am going. If I am with you she may consent to wait until she is better able to take the journey."

"You!—you will go?" cried Kathleen, a quickening light suddenly coming to the dark eyes that the moment before had looked almost dull with despair. "O Cecil, God bless you!"

Cecil grasped her hand with almost painful force. "Hush!" she said. "We must not break down, either of us."

CHAPTER XIX. "SPEAK TO HIM"

The long hours of that weary day passed very slowly to Cecil. She was so unaccustomed to anything but the green and pleasant paths of life that the weight of apprehension and anxiety now oppressing her, together with that strange sense of unreality inseparable from sudden and unexpected change of any kind, affected her very painfully. Everything which had occurred since the moment when she opened the telegram that brought such disastrous news was to her memory vague and dreamlike. Grace Marriott's shocked and sympathetic looks, Kathleen's pale countenance, the haggard, despairing face of Mrs. Tyrcannel, and the difficult scene with her (she having at first been resolute to set off at once for Ireland),

the drive to the station and the stagnant hours that followed—all stood as a sort of background to the one torturing thought that Tyrcannel was perhaps dying—perhaps dead! Before leaving home she had suggested to Kathleen telegraphing to the priest from whom the message had come, to despatch intelligence of Tyrcannel's condition to different points on their route; but Kathleen shook her head decidedly at the proposal.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "If this is to be the end of all his efforts—and it is what I have ever feared and expected—I want a little time to try to resign myself to God's will. I cannot part from hope yet. Suspense is terrible, but not so terrible as the certainty of despair."

And so in a suspense that was all but intolerable to Miss Lorimer the journey was made, and not until they reached Ireland was any further information received.

It was just as they were preparing to leave the boat that Cecil saw Kathleen start forward and seize the arm of a gentleman who had come on board and was looking about him, evidently in search of some one, exclaiming as she did so:

"Harry!" "Kathleen!" was the response of the young man, his hand closing over hers with a strong clasp, while he went on in the same breath: "Gerald is badly hurt, but the doctors think he will put through."

"Thank God!—thank God!" ejaculated Kathleen, in a broken voice. "But—O Harry, you are not—"

"Deceiving you? Certainly not," he replied. "How could you imagine I would do such a cruel thing?"

"You do not look—hopeful," "I do not look very cheerful, I suppose," he admitted; "because there is still great cause for anxiety, and I have no wish to conceal this from you. Though the worst danger is over, the result is still doubtful, and must remain so for some days to come—until the crisis of the fever is passed. But I am hopeful, I assure you; and, what is of much more importance, so are the surgeons. I trust you are not ill?"

"You look wretchedly." "Oh, no! I am well."

"Your presence will be the best thing possible for Gerald. He said last night that he was afraid you were not able to travel, but that he knew you would attempt to come."

"He is conscious, then?" said Kathleen, falteringly.

"Oh, perfectly so! But he is not allowed to talk much. How is Mrs. Tyrcannel? I see she is not with you."

"No; she was too ill to leave her chamber when I came away. But she will be here soon. We received your telegram, and he has been very much troubled about you, fearing that the journey would be too much for your strength. How is she, Miss Lorimer?" turning to Cecil. "Has she borne the fatigue pretty well?"

"I don't think she has felt it at all," answered Cecil, "her anxiety has been so absorbing."

"She looks like a ghost," said Mrs. Dalton, candidly. "You must both be worn out after such a hurried journey. Come and take some tea at once, and then you must go to bed and get a good night's sleep."

"Let me see Gerald first!" cried Kathleen. "Dear Mrs. Dalton, I must see him—now!"

"Come and take your tea, my dear," said Mrs. Dalton, with good-humored peremptoriness. "Afterward we will talk about your seeing Gerald; though I think it would be better not to venture it to-night. I will not do to run the risk of rousing and exciting him."

"Oh, I would not disturb him!" said Kathleen. "Just to see him is all I ask. If you think there would be the slightest risk," she added, with touching submission, "I will wait. But I cannot sleep; I must be near him!"

The lady shook her head gravely. "You really must sleep, my dear, and eat, or you cannot keep up your strength, which you will need. I suppose you heard from Harry and Father John all about this dreadful affair, and that the danger now is not so much from the wound—which is doing very well—as from exhaustion?"

"Yes."

"If he is kept perfectly quiet, and his strength can be sustained until after the crisis of the fever, all will go well, the doctors say. But the least exertion or excitement would prove"—fatal was the word on her lips, but meeting the expression of Kathleen's eyes she changed it to—"dangerous. So you see you must be on your guard."

"You need not fear any imprudence on my part. I will not rouse or excite him," Kathleen said.

But when, presently, she stood beside his bed it seemed to her that it would be well if he were roused from a slumber that looked so death-like as that in which he lay. The impulse to call his name, to entreat him to speak to her, was almost irresistible. In the subdued light, that was carefully shaded away from the couch, she could distinguish only the dim outlines of a thin, wan face, and a form so motionless that her heart stood still in sudden fear when her eye fell on it. And it was not until she bent her ear close to his lips that she could hear the faint sound of his breathing.

The expression of his countenance, as she noticed at once, was not reassuring. He was looking very grave until his eye fell on Kathleen, as she hurried toward him, when, smiling cheerfully, he took both her hands, and answered the question her quivering lips were vainly endeavoring to ask.

"There has been no change since Harry Dalton left," he said. "You met him in Dublin?"

"Yes," answered Kathleen. Then, in a voice which did not sound like her own, so strained and sharp was it, she said: "Tell me, Father, is there hope?"

"There is hope," he replied. "While there is life there is hope. And God is very merciful and all-powerful. But we must be resigned to His holy will, my child, whatever comes."

"I try," said the girl, in a low tone. "But, O Father—"

She clasped her hands, an expression of anguish convulsing her features; but, controlling herself almost immediately, turned and introduced the Father and Miss Lorimer, with the same explanation of the presence of the latter which she had given to Mr. Dalton.

After leaving the railway there were still some miles to go, and it was night when at last they approached the home so dear to Kathleen, and which held for Cecil so deep an interest. By the light of a full moon in a cloudless sky, the latter caught her first view of the old and imposing castle that owned Tyrcannel as its lord. Kathleen pointed it out while they were still some distance away; for it stood on a bold eminence, one side of which sloped gradually down into the fertile valley through which they were passing. Dimly outlined against the sky, the massive, irregular pile, with its great square tower rising majestically above many picturesque gables, looked like a stronghold of the Middle Ages—as indeed it originally was—rather than a modern habitation; and Cecil's emotions were strange when she found herself within its walls. She felt as if some spell had been laid on her, transforming her hitherto commonplace life into one of weird romance. Even her anxiety about Tyrcannel seemed half-dream-like for a time, so unreal did everything around her appear.

An elderly lady, whom she had no difficulty in recognizing by her likeness to her son as Mrs. Dalton, met them as they entered the great hall with quite a cheerful air, and, after embracing Kathleen warmly and receiving her friend with the greatest courtesy and cordiality, said to the former:

"Don't be making yourself so miserable, my poor child! I feel quite easy about our dear boy now that you are here. We received your telegram, and he has been very much troubled about you, fearing that the journey would be too much for your strength. How is she, Miss Lorimer?" turning to Cecil. "Has she borne the fatigue pretty well?"

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The days which followed were very miserable. Tyrcannel recognized her and smiled faintly, uttering a few words of welcome and of inquiry about his mother, when he saw her first; but after that he scarcely spoke at all. It was evident that with each recurring par-

oxym of fever his strength declined; and not less evident to Kathleen that the physicians—of whom there were three in attendance—grew more and more apprehensive as the period of the crisis approached.

To Cecil the situation and her surroundings would have been intolerably embarrassing if she had not been too much concerned about Tyrcannel to give much thought to herself. Even so, the strain required to refrain from exhibiting more than just the moderate degree of interest in her friend's brother which the circumstances of the case seemed to demand, taxed her powers of self-control to the utmost.

There were numerous guests in the castle in addition to Mrs. Dalton, Father John, and the medical men; friends of the wounded man, coming and going at all hours; police, detectives; tenants, both men and women, eager for tidings, and burning with indignation at the cowardly outrage which had been perpetrated. The whole atmosphere was pervaded by an air of excitement and suspense; and Cecil found it very painful to be obliged to listen to, and sometimes join in, the discussions and speculations on the subject of the outrage, which went on continually.

So far the affair remained wrapped in profound mystery. Tyrcannel had been fired upon twice from ambush, while passing on horseback a clump of brush about half a mile from the castle—the second shot inflicting a very dangerous wound in the neck—and the assassin or assassins had escaped. That was all which was known with any certainty; and every effort to trace the perpetrators of the crime had up to this time proved unsuccessful; though the police, zealously supported by many voluntary assistants, were actively engaged in pursuit of them.

No doubt, however, existed in the mind of any body but that the deed had been committed by emissaries of those scourges of the land, secret societies.

It was on the evening of the seventh day after their arrival at the castle that Kathleen went to Cecil's room just as the latter was about to retire for the night.

"Cecil," she said, abruptly, "do not undress to-night. The crisis will occur soon. I have never dared to risk exciting him by telling him that you were here. But now the fever is rising, and when it leaves him he must be excited, the doctors say. There is danger that he will sink unless he can be roused. I want you to come and speak to him."

"Let me go now," said Cecil, in a breathless whisper.

"No, not now," answered Kathleen. "I will come for you if there is need—I will ask them yet."

She was turning to leave the room, but Cecil caught her hand. "Kathleen," she said, "there is still hope?"

"Scarcely hope, only a possibility. The surgeons say that he may rally if his attention can be roused and his interest excited suddenly. Something like a shock communicated to his mind, Dr. Osmond said. Pray—O Cecil, pray that it may be God's will to grant us his life!"

Cecil did not need this exhortation; her whole soul had been going up in passionate supplication for his life ever since she had heard that it was imperilled; and, casting herself on her knees now, she prayed as she had never prayed in her life before, grieved on, as it were, not by her love alone, but by that emotion which is as strong as love and as bitter as death—remorse.

Hours of torturing expectation passed as she waited for the summons that did not come. Perhaps it might not come at all, she thought. Tyrcannel might die without knowing how she had repented her hardness to him. "And if he dies," she said to herself, "what is there for me but a life-long remorse? If I had not been so hard, so cold, he would not have left Rome when he did. All would have been different—"

"Cecil!"

She started, and, looking up, saw Kathleen standing in the open door. The next moment the two were hurrying through the long corridors toward Tyrcannel's chamber. Several persons were leaving the apartment as they entered, but the three surgeons were standing around the bed, one of them holding a wine-glass. With a delicacy which Cecil remembered and appreciated afterward, though she did not notice it at the time, two of them at once withdrew, followed by the third as soon as he had given the glass in his hand to Kathleen, saying:

"Get him to take this, if you can, and at the first sign of rallying let me know."

As Cecil approached the bed she grew suddenly faint and a blackness like midnight came before her sight. For an instant she was unconscious; but the darkness passed then, and she found herself gazing down on a marble pale face that, in the broad, almost glaring light which was streaming over it, looked to her like death.

"Gerald!" cried Kathleen, in a trembling voice; "Gerald, here is Cecil—Cecil Lorimer!"

He unclosed his eyes, and they rested with a dull stare on the speaker; but the lids sank again, almost immediately.

"Take his hand—speak to him—try to rouse him!" Kathleen exclaimed, in an agony of mingled hope and fear. "He is not asleep, but we cannot hold his attention. He is going off into coma, they say. Oh, speak to him—it is the last hope!"

"Gerald!" said Cecil, clasping his hand in both her own.

Again the light again fell.

"Mr. Tyrcannel," the utterance only name she was like a spark looked up his glance, the spark of his own her face.

"You!" he said, fingers making "I—Cecil,"

He looked at stant, then at sister, who was "Kathleen."

"I see—her—ing?"

"No, darling, dreaming; she girl, in a choke oh, thank God, will live!"

"If it is—G—"

"I knew it! her husband, w letter announc Tyrcannel, went to Europe stay there!"

"I thought r likely she wo "And I don't be regretted."

"I do!" said which had a su "From wha the way"—he a laugh—"di is about to be "What!"

Mr. Bernard just said. "Mr. Crave said Mrs. Bern tone.

"I have onl pend upon f observed Mr. gravity." "Bu that, from w must be just rather exigent a husband. A of use for her tion of an Iris it, the whole admirably."

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Discourse by

Preaching Charles's, Oz "The soul the die" (Ezekiel is in every sin the detail is d in each separ is, in its subst in every cas and the contr the miracle worked upon features of o they were n only signs of were that—ar wonderful ty which would of God after this is the c Lazarus. We him, that he The first thin history of sin weak and lan ous duties of that it gives faithful to the always givin lar in its rel becomes tires everything t and its relig in a half-hea itself into t about them— guid. When sacrifice un assumed tha pleasing to the soul ce ingly to th to perform, of sin, the the soul pas back upon fallen into so that at that languid in its went halting he never c come to, it w ble that he s has turned o of the soul's pass from o rapidly, or in one. It was asleep.

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