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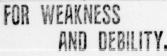
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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

table, and which she said to Prudence were necessary to sustain her strength in the trying ordeal. The ordeal was ren-vacuum in Deborah's life did she not have THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY; dered more exasperating by the utter in-difference of her brother. He had not once sent to know even how she was, and when evening arrived upon the same neglect, her rage was boundless.

Rejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER XII.

in the empty air before her. She peared to herself to be like Judas

Mr. Wilbur, evidently tired of sitting

Air, whour, evidently tried of shiring alone at the table, had gone without tast-ing of the meal, to one of the windows and stood looking idly out upon the dimly lighted street. He did not hear the light foot-fall behind him, until his name was called, and then he turned, to behold Ag-one the arcression of hear face unlike it

es, the expression of her face unlike it ad ever looked to him before.

Florence is very sick," he said, " and

on are alarmed, my affectionate Agnes." "No; Florence is better; but I have ome to take back the promise that in a

noment of forgetfulness of my duty, I ave you. I cannot become your wife, Ir. Wilbur. The Catholic Church for-ids mixed marriages, and I must obey

She tried to withdraw her hands, but he

She thed to windraw her hands, but he semed to hold them with a grasp of iron. "Agnes!" he ejaculated, and in pity ecause of the very agony in his voice, he looked at him. His face had become s white as her own, and she fancied here were strange, heavy lines about his conthe

'Have I not promised," he continued

arried by one of your clergymen ?' "I know it," she answered, "but all

hat does not suffice; and were I not the veak creature I am, I should have told

ou then what I have just said to you, and what I must repeat : I cannot marry

ou. Please let me go." Her hands were aching from his pres

are. Not knowing that his grasp pained

her, and conscious only that he could not give up, he did not relax his hold.

voice tremulous from pain. Not love him. It needed but a glance at the pale, suffering face which she lifted in reproach, to tell him how false was his accusation. And her simple answer:

"I do love you, but I love my God bet-ter," made him think of the sermon of the morning, and the life of the Catholic

saint he had once read and so thorough

y disbelieved ; his disbelief in it was not so thorough now. There was even for an instant a thrill of admiration for that re-

gion which could impart such firmness

o one so young and so sorely tempted. Never had she looked so beautiful to im ; never had he loved her so passion-

He could not give her ap.

neither could he give up the Faith of his

Do not be in such haste to recall your

s unkind of you to press me longer.'

"I must recall it, Mr. Wilbur ; and it

Her determination seemed to increase

is if having taken the first step in right loing, unexpected strength were given

her, or perchance it was owing to the pas

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Agnes, beloved ! take time to think.

ately.

fathers.

gair

You do not love me," he said, his

oarsely, " to be reasonable in every mat-er pertaining to your religion—to be

Florence, it must be her illner Agnes look so unlike herself.

throa

"Just go down to the dining-room, "rudence;" lifting herself on her elbow, nd looking like a witch with her little Agnes descended slowly to the dining . Despite all her recent happiness was beginning to feel wretched. t a week from the Convent, and at mapping black eyes, puckered face, and hin, wiry, black hair falling about her heeks, "they're about through with heir supper by this time, and see how mmunion this morning." Those were reproaches that Florence had flung at and the words seemed to be written

Sydney is taking my illness." Miss Liscome, glad of any excuse that would take her into Sydney's presence, instantly observed meeting the generation after he had partaken went out and be-trayed the Master. "And that is what I am doing," she said, as she reached the last step of the stair, and a great gulp came into her would take her into Sydney's presence, nstantly obeyed, meeting the scene that nade her rush back breathlessly, and as

breathlessly give an account of it. "Your brother was making love to Miss Hammond, Deborah, and she was receivng it. They looked as if they had been sissing each other ever so long the way he held her. Oh ! it was the most shocking light I ever beheld."

Deborah was out of bed, and robing herself in such haste, that she was put-ing her dress on in backward fashion ntil Miss Liscome came to her aid. "Making love to that jade, Prudence

In alarm he caught her hands and drew er to the centre of the room where the ight might enable him to observe her and in my house-" Miss Lise dered if the house were really Miss Wil-bur's indisputable property — "kissing each other ! I wonder God's lightning re fully; then his thought was for ess that made lidn't strike them.

And her dress being on, she did not even wait to put back her wildly floating mair, but went with a speed that quite beed her recent illness down to the dining oom, her friend prudently remaining be-nind, until her curiosity led her to the valuster over which she peeped in hope of seeing or hearing something. But Deborah was a few seconds too late. That harrowing scene between the lovers had terminated directly after Miss

iscome's noiseless departure : for Agne rom her own agonizing struggle and t vidence of her companion's pain, seem og to grow faint, Wilbur had becom armed, and leading her to the door h e a last pressure to the ice-cold hand still held, imprinted a sudden hurrie

it burning kiss upon her forehead, and astened to his study, while she crep ack to Florence. Thus, Miss Wilbur found no one in th ning-room, but to test the truth of Miss

iscome's story, she flew to the stu ursting upon her brother just as he l hrown himself into a chair in an attitude of deep dejection. "What is this I hear about you, Sydney Wilbur ?" she began, her angry tones nowise softened by his expression of suf-

fering, "disgracefully making love to Miss Hammond in the dining-room." Astonishment, indignation and disgust made Sydney rouse himself.

' Pray who is your informant?" Too angry to be warned by even the tern change in his countenance, she an-wered in the same shrill, harsh tone :

"That good soul, Prudence Liscome. She was so shocked by your attitude with Miss Hammond, that I shouldn't wonder if her soul's salvation suffered. As I said her, I was surprised God's lightning lidn't strike you. You, Sydney Wilbur prought up so strictly in the Presbyteriar aith, to act so even in jest with a Roman st, for of course you couldn't have any serious objects owing to the will."

His indignation was mastering him and its mastery was becoming so eviden in his flashing eves that his sister in spit of herself was somewhat frightened. H fear made her retreat towards the door. He "Did that good soul, Prudence Lis ome (could Prudence have heard the

witheringly sarcastic manner in which her name was pronounced she would have regretted her communication to Deborah) also inform you that I had pro-posed to Miss Hammond and had been rejected, precisely because Miss Hamrejected, precisely be mond is a Romanist?

ionate fervor of the prayers still ascend-ng for her from the loving heart of gentle, Miss Wilbur was speechless from amazement—amazement in the first plac that her brother could have been ma erous Florence. Unkind ! Oh, Agnes ! that ever I had net you, when the meeting meant such a arting as this must be. Do not be in uch haste to leave me. I shall let you enough to so ignore the terms of a certain will as to offer his hand to Miss Haminch haste to leave me. I shall let you o after a little, but suffer my presence mond, amazement in the second place that Miss Hammond should have refused so eligible an offer, as Sydney Wilbur. But, before she could utter a word either ow, for I shall not inflict it upon you any nore. I shall go away, somewhere toto express her astonishment, at his in-sane action, or her delight at the rejection

Prudence to gossip to. So she proceeded to mollify her : " Dry your eyes, Prudence, and don't "Dry your eyes, Prudence, and don't make a fool of yourself any longer, crying like a spanked child. If I spoke a little severely to you, you must acknowledge that you deserved it, rushing up here with unch a ridiculous story as you did. Dry

such a ridiculous story as you did. your eyes and be thankful Sydney is not going to marry that Romish jade. You may be able to win him yet." She knew in her heart, that for the future. Miss Liscome would be even be

nume, sits income would be even be-meath Sydney's contempt. "But you called me an old creature," answered Miss Liscome tearfully, "as if I were an old woman of forty, when I haven't reached my thirty-fifth birth-day vert."

"Now, Prudence Liscome you kno you're lying. You look as old as I do, and I was forty, six months ago. I don't mind you touching up your cheeks a little bit, to make yourself look youthful, but when t comes to lying about age between women of our years I think it is despic

"My sister, who is ten years older than I am, says I am only thirty four," again tearfully protested Misc Liscome, her sore-ness on the point of her age excluding "Then your sister tells lies also," vigor

a day, she fifty, and with that great young man of a son of hers-why Prudence Liscome, he's twenty-five at least. Bu never mind your age and stop blubber ng —" Prudence was gently sniffling and help me to contrive something t put Sydney into good humor. Prudence was not entirely mollified but she thought it better policy to appear so, and Deborah quite credited the appear

ance.

XIII. Florence was still on her knees whe

Agnes ascended to her, but she jumped p hastily as the door opened, and turned way her tear-stained face. "Florence! I have told your uncle tha could not become his wife, and we hav parted. I am not to see him any more The voice seemed utterly unlike Mis Hammond's voice. Never Florence thought had tones expressed such agony Cheir appalling accents struck ev the joy which she felt, that Agr was not going to be false to the princip of their faith, and when she looked at t

white, suffering face turned so earnestly upon her own, her eyes filled again. " My poor, brave Agnes!" She forced Miss Hammond into a chair and knelt beside her, at one moment raining on the latter's face, tears and kisses together, and at another trying to mpart to the limp and icy hands some o

he heat of her own. "You are my own heroic Agnes!" she said between her caresses—"I knew you were too fervent, too noble to make a marriage which the Church could not

But her praise caused no throb of van ity this time. Miss Hammond's reaction from the fervor which had led her finally to make the sacrifice, and the bitter thought that she had really parted from

Sydney Wilbur, were making her too wretched to yield in the slightest degree to any other feeling. Florence's attempted comfort changed at length to vehement censures of herself "It is my fault, Agnes, that you have so uch misery. Why did I bring you ere? I might have known that you here : beauty, and grace, and sweetness would surely captivate Sydney, but I did no think," — sobbing so that she could no

ontinue You foolish child ; to reproach yourself for what you did in such kindness. It is I who am to blame. I should have been stronger. And I shall be strong." She straightened herself in her chair,

and held Florence's head up so that she could look into the girl's face while she spoke: Don't you remember, Florrie," trying

to speak very cheerfully, but failing most miserably to do so, "all that the dear Madames used to say about the crosses hat might, and must come to each of us.

anable to resign all hope of him, even take one himself, and when she pro Deborah could not quite determine, and knowing now how absurdly impossible it would be for Miss Liscome to inspire in

Mr.

ily one. Deborah felt that her br ould never forgive her for inflictir

was evident that she was not to

Wilbur she wuold send

on him at such a time, such hatefo

nounced his name, moving a step toward him at the same time, he exclaimed sudydney anything but a conter ard, she smiled secretly whe "Oh! Florence! why did you bring her Why indeed ? It needed but that rethe daily elaborate array of Prudence. But, for ends of her own she pandered to the attachment of her friend, even exby injoined if it needed but that fe-proach spoken impetuously because of the very sharpness of his disappointment to open anew the flood-gates of Florence's own grief. She threw herself into a chair solution:

ressing regret that she could er to attend the departure, her to attend the ceparture, owing to the fact that Sydney, Florence, Miss Ham-mond and herself would occupy all avail. able room in the family carriage; and her reason was true, but it was not the only one. Deborah felt that her brother "Ob, that I never had brought her; but I did not dream of this, and I felt also so sure that nothing of the kind could hap-pen because she was a Catholic. I did

ot think you could get to care for her so "You forgot, my poor little niece, that ove regards no differences." And then touched by her sorrow, he

aid gently, but with so much sadness it as as pathetic as had been his first im-

on him at such a time, such hatefal com-pany, and that he would be certain to take another mode of conveyance. To Miss Liscome, however, who ex-pected the invitation, the disappointment was dreadful; all the more so because its announcement was not made to her until the very day before Wilbur was to sail. It was with difficulty she concealed her feelings, and she only consoled herself by secretly determining that she would at-tend the departure, even though she did not go in the family carriage of the Wil-burs. At the same time she also secretly determined upon another action. Since it was evident that she was not to meet etuous burst : Miss Hammond has become more to me than any other human being, and the sconer I place miles of distance between us the better for us both. Would it make much difference if I took you to your mother instead of this friend for whom you are waiting? I can engage passage for us to-morrow in the first out-bound steamer.

The suddenness of the proposition made

Mr. whoir she wood send him some token of her remembrance, at which he would be touched by her thoughtfulness, and at least be made somewhat aware of r stop crying. "Agnes," she said, " to leave her now when she is suffering, and looking forward when she is suffering, and looking forward to my companionship to enlighten her trial. How can I do it, Uncle Sydney?" "Miss Hammond will find consolation in that religion for which she has sacri-ficed me," he replied a little bitterly, though under the bitterness existed still the admiration which had been engen-dered by Miss Hammond's very sacrifice. "And you owe something to me, Flor-ence, for having brought upon me all this wretchedness." her regard for him. It was awful to hink of his going away without knowing f the fond place he held in her heart. On the pretense of having an errand to perform for Prescilla—Prescilla was her half inva id married sister—she hastened home and looked among her possessions In an old-fashioned, faded box with inless breastpin, and one tarnished ear-ing there was lying a watch-charm in he shape of a gold heart, and having her

The truth was that he still secretly own name, Frudence, in tiny its face. With that little orna oped to move Miss Hammond's deter-ination, fancying that when she found he was to lose so speedily both her lover nd her friend, she would, she must yield. is face. With that little ornalment was connected the nearest approach to matri-mony that Miss Liscome had ever been able to make; she herself had presented that charm to her lover in return for his that charm to her lover in return for his Ianlike, he thought all women were nore or less weak, and though Agnes had ift to her; but, when he was about t ffer his hand, she chilled his ardor b hown such unusual resolution for her ex, he by no means regarded it as too trong to be eventually broken. More-over he had never yet an obstacle to his vishes, that his indomitable will had not

er for some time so stubbornly resist he incle's persuasions that he, attributin

anathema upon the same. Indeed, he did smother a violent aspersion upon it, when he found that the utmost to which Flor ence would at length consent, was to speak

Well speak to her now, and bring me

her answer immediately." He was almost gruff in his command and Florence as she rose to obey him, both her head and her heart aching, ex-citement and grief having brought back he former pain, was only restrained by he fear of committing a sin, from the

very sharpness would be better for her as it would sever her completely from every reminder of Sydney Wilbur.

" The excitement of assisting your pre parations for departure, Florrie, will be an extent the domestic might be willing to

he meant to keep out of her sight, unti

he very last moment

When, the next morning, Miss Debor-ah Wilbur was acquainted by her brother

JUNE 11 1898

she saw

ng up.

down to write an

Sacred Heart Review. passion POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTRO-VERSY. VI.

throug far fro

ive. 1 turies

JUNE 11, 1998,

As we know, there is found in Trisfor the tram Shandy a string of imprecations, given as the Roman Catholic form of only by and b excommunication. They begin with the hair of the head and proceed suc-Pope, i ous cot of pub cessively down through all the memout int bers of the body, invoking a curse upabuse on each, as also upon every function is suffi and activity of body and soul. The whole disgusting thing is so utterly alien to the use of the Roman See, that did n Lawre almost all Roman Catholic clergymen, count even those of eminent scholarship, suptaken pose nothing else but that it was in-vented by Lawrence Sterne out of his menti into I broker own head. However, some of the learned professors of the Brighton Catholic Seminary give me their judgtempt. It is of har ment that it is an amplification of an officia actual formula used in some barbarous country and barbarous time, by some courte barbarous priest. Sterne has retouched it, and out of his own humorous used 1 intole we no indecency has perhaps given it some

additional obscenities. Some sixty years ago the bishop of embit Philadeiphia excommunicated a priest ation. named Hogan. Forthwith some zealsuper ous Protestant, hearing the word "excommunication," pricked up his ears, got out his Tristram Shandy, and natio ment and t ublished Lawrence Sterne's string of trous. curses as the form of the sentence used. her, l If it caught the Bishop's eye, he doubtless published a denial, but how much would that do, above all, in Philprofe shoul adelphia, the city that was soon to distinguish itself by murdering Cathosame Catho lics and burning their homes and churches? I remember reading the byter curses, perhaps fifty-eight years ago, with the undoubting faith of childhood, Confe barg

as the authentic way in which Rome Anti puts people out of the Church. ters, affirr In some other barbarous country and neith barbarous time another formula was true. more or less in use, less obscene than the confe former, but even more ferocious. Out trine of the two somebody has compounded for Mr. Lansing's use a form, which he may not assures us is that used by Pius IX Mr. against Victor Emmanuel when the ly d love latter entered the States of the Church. Would it do any good to him or his to Dapa refute this? Good ? Let us remember what Holy Writ says about those whom unde we may bray in a mortar with a pestle

grav among wheat, and fruitlessly. In prec reality Pius IX. never excommuni cated Victor Emmanuel at all. At the van time of the invasion I read the sentence in th in full, and, as pointed out in Johnson's

Cyclopedia, it is not properly a papal sentence, even of minor excommunication. It mentions no names ; it gives com VII no directions as from the Pope's fresh will; it pronounces no forfeiture of not cha membership in the Church. It is simply a notification of the standing ical law of the Church (from which the Pope finds no call to depart), that those deed who despoil the Church of her posses sions incur thereby privation of the Ikr has sacraments, except in extremis, lapsing sinc again under privation should they recover. Call it excommunication or hun min what you will, it is in fact almost pre cisely equivalent to what we in Protestantism call a sentence of suspen sion, having this in its favor, however, that whereas with us the Church must act afresh before even a dving person can be restored, here every confessor can, at his discretion, absolve any con dangerously sick penitent whatever who, if he dies, goes hence free of all ecclesiastical censure.

This sentence, and no other (if it can be called a sentence). was pro-Gh nounced against Victor Emmanuel, me not by name, but inclusively. He, ma too, died absolved, al affectionate message from the Pope, who loved him, and whom he loved. Destiny set the two men in public hos tility, but neither of them was capable of a malignant act or word against the other. Vittorio died with all the sacra ments of the Church, "housel'd, ap-pointed and anealed."

her prodent inquiries about his habits and her prodent statements as to what she should expect and demand in a hus-band. So much virtue frightened him and he prudently withdrew, returning Miss Liscome her golden heart. She put it away in its present resting-place, and bund means to conquer. His gentle, little niece, however, was tot without her will, and that will, rompted by her affection for Agnes, made nly looked at it when she felt low-sn ed and inclined to be sentimental her lost love. She now felt that it would be a most her firmness also to the Catholic religion felt very much tempted to give vent to a

appropriate gift for Mr. Wilbur, and hav-ing wrapped it carefully in several folds of tissue paper, she sat ccompanying note. The wording of the tote required so much thought and labo that she had used almost her entire su ply of fashionably-tinted and perfumed paper before she accomplished anything

to her satisfaction. At length, she had to be contented with : be contended with : My Dear Mr. Wilbur : "The accompanying little token is from a heart that holds you in most affectionate esteem, and that during your various wander-ings abroad will continue to regard you as one of is nearest and dearest friends. "Ever yours." "Prudence Liscome." "Prudence Liscome."

Wish that she had never been born. Miss Hammond, to Florence's intense surprise, approved immediately to the proposition. Perchance, she felt that though her trial would be rendered sharper by separation from Florence, that very sharpness would be hetter for her not wholly commit her, must convey un-mistakably to him the evidence of her re-

And she positively coaxed her com-panion to consent, adding with simulated

parations for departure, riberte, win be an excellent panacea for me, and if you promise, faithfully promise, to sail inside of a week, I shall brave Aunt Deb for that time, and remain to see you off." Wilbur smiled grimly, but with secret satisfaction when his niece returned to

would probaby yield before the week was but, though with commendable delicacy,

XIV.

Agnes about it.

That language, she thought, while it did

gard. ran across to the Wilburs, seeking admis-sion to the basement door, in order to

have a better opportunity of speaking in Anne had never been favorably im-pressed by Miss Liscome, having from the first been disgusted by the latter's abheerfulness: surd pretensions to youthfulness. She was always, however, civil, so that Prudence had no means of knowing to what

alone ?'' " There's nobody down here, ma'am,'

serve her. "You dear, good creature." she began. opened her eyes a little at the unusual salutation. Then, having got fairly withalutation.

Then, hastily donning her bonnet, she

doors, Miss Liscome whispered: "Is anybody down here? are we quite

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morrow, so that you may remain here with Florence without fear of seeing me e had suffered, her brother took her by he shoulders put her outside of the thres-old of the study, closed and locked the

Yet

gain." At that instant while he still tightly ield her hands and looked down with assionate tenderness and sorrow into ace, and while both stood where the ight from the chandelier above them, rought them into fall and distinct view, he door softly opened and Miss Liscome oiselessly entered. Her entrance was so Never had Deborah Wilbur been so beleasily encoded. The entrance was so biseless that it was neither heard, nor received, and after one amazed, horri-ed, and violently wrathful look at the tuation, she went as noiselessly out, and

Never had Deborah Wilbur been so vexed with herself; now that instead of there being imminent danger that Miss Hammond would entrap Sydney, she had even actually refused him, Aunt Deb wished she had kept her tongue still and had been more civil to her guesis, experi-encing even a little qualm for having caused the Rosary to disappear. She felt that by this last blast she had afbered Sydney to desperation, and she did not know what might be the consequence. And in her chagrin as she returned to her room, she blamed Miss Liscome for it all. rly ran all the way back to Deborah' com. From the moment that Miss Wilbur, in what she termed "holy anger" had be-aken herself to bed, she had religiously emained there, complaining of her poor read and heart in a way that taxed even oom, she blamed Miss Liscome for it all Indeed, she could hardly wait to be properly within the apartment where she had left that lady, to open upon her the liss Liscome's accomodating sympath ials of her wrath.

es. Anne also was taxed to prepare the various dainty dishes by which Deborah consoled herself for absence from the " Prudence Liscome, you're a wicked ischief-maker!" Had a chasm disclosed itself at the feet

f Miss Liscome she could not have been alone at Miss Wilbur's utterly unexpected accusation, but at Miss Wilbur's utterly unexpected one and manner.

"I repeat it! you are a mischief maker! coming up here and telling me those horrid things about my brother, when actually what you saw was Miss Hammond refusing Sydney's hand. Think of that, you old creature, you; that's more than you'd be noble enough to

do if he asked you to marry him. And I don't know how you can reconcile your conscience to what you have done—made mischief between brother and sister. My

Too many doctors are too ready to use the knife. Many a one is sacrificed on the altar of a surgeon's ambition to oper-ate who could be saved by the use of Dr. Chase's K-L. Pills The case of MRS. W. B. ALKEN, of Zophyr, Ont., is one in point. Her husband says that she had been doctoring with several doctors for undawnettion of the Bladder for over a mischief between brother and sister. My brother is so angry with me for what I said to him, that I don't know what des-perate thing he may do.'' She talked so fast and furiously that Miss Liscome could not be heard had she attempted to reply. But her feelings could be well seen in her face, her rouge at one moment paling before the natural crimson called up by her anger, and the next, standing out like doubs in the greenish pallor of the rest of her counten-ance. Nothing in the series of reproaches had cut her so much as being called old : that sting made her bosom heave with Inflammation of the Bladder for over a year. "The last bottle I got from the doctor "The last bottle I got from the doctor he said if that did her no good she would be compelled to have an operation per-formed. I luckily picked up a sample of Dr. Chase's K.-L. Pills in Mr. Dafoe's store, and my wife took one pill that night and one in the morning, and she has never felt the least sign of pain since. I will always keep Dr. Chase's Pills in my bease for all our family complaints." that sting made her bosom heave with emotion, and at length, her jealousy, grief and rage culminated in a burst of spiteful

tears. By that time Miss Wilbur's own feel-

a wa wara to ba tri and purified ? Well, this is my cross and what would you if it did not cut a little. But I shall try to bear it with some of that

Sourage you so generously accredit to me, and you, by your prayers and your cheer-fulness, must help me to bear it." She straightened herself still more, and

ven smiled a little. Florence stopped her sobbing and dried

er eyes. Miss Hammond resumed :

"Your uncle spoke of going away some-where. It would be most unseemly that he should leave his own house on my uccount. May we not, Florence, carry out his proposition of going to Mrs. Denner's, both of us? It may not be as agreeable for you, being a boarding-house, as here, out at least there we shall be together "Certainly, we may," responded Flor-ence, " and as for Mrs. Denner's being a

tell bioarding-house, a boarding-house would be a palace with you, Agnes," "Well, then, go to your uncle now, and tell him our arrangement — also, that I secluded fashion she was sure, but his sittly. Anne, who brought them to him, was very much bewildered. That he must be sick to eat in that solitary and secluded fashion she was sure, but his be a palace with you, Agnes." "Well, then, go to your uncle now, and tell him our arrangement — also, that I shall write to Mr. Mallaby this evening, as that we may go to morrow, or the next day. If Mr. Mallaby be not at home we can go to Mrs. Denner in any event. She will accommodate us someway.'

ance was required, and altogether, since the young ladies, who came but little over a week ago, and who were now going away before the end of another week, had Florence obeyed, knocking so timidly at the study door that its despondent and absorbed occupant did not hear her. When she repeated it, he, thinking it was his sister who had returned, did not au-

his sister who had returned, did not an-swer; but when she called softly: "Uncle Sydney!" He dragged himself wearily to the door and opened it. If Agnes had looked changed and suffering, the change and suffering depicted in Wilbur's face were appalling. Deep, unusual lines seemed to have come out in different parts of his

have come out in different parts of his countenance, and his mouth had a pain-fully set look. Florence started when she saw him, and wondered with another throb of keen self-reproach where all the dreadful business of which she had been the innocent cause, was to end. "Come in," he said, striving to speak

reassuringly when he saw how she looked. She gave him Agnes' message. He listened without looking at her, seeming rather to watch the motions of a

little moth fluttering about his study hanp; nor did he answer when she had finished. "Uncle Sydney," she called, surprised

ings having had their vent, were supposed to subside a little, and even to be less severe with weeping Miss Liscome, having forgotten to offer her a chair, or to about him to the extent of making her

ones in loud contrast to with his arrangement for Florence, she did not know to which feeling to yield come's cautious accents.

"Well, then, Anne, you good soul, I want you to do me a little favor. Just slip this little parcel to Mr. Wilbur withdid not know to which feeling to yield most—astonishment at the sudden and unexpected departure, delight that she should be so speedily relieved of her un-desirable, guests, regret that Sydney was going abread, or relief that his disappoint-ment and her recent blast had engen-dered no worse consequence than a flight to Europe. He would give her no satis-faction on the length of his stay abroad, but that she could bear so long as he had escaped the awful fate of marrying Miss Hammond and in actual graftinde, she was positively civil to her guest; even more kindly civil than she was to Flor-ence, at which the latter laughed a little, divining whence her extraordinary kind-mess sprang. Her civility became more out letting anybody else know anything about it. You can do it when you take him one of his meals. It's just a little remembrance I want to give him as he's

remembrance 1 want to give him as he s going away, and I don't care to have any-one in the house know anything about it but just you and him. " Very well, ma'am," and Anne took the parcel, and returned to the kitchen, while Miss Liscome went up stairs in search of Deborab "The old fool!" soliloquized Anne, "giving that young, handsome Mr. Wil-

bur a remembrance to take away with him, as if he cared for the likes of her. I'll give it to him as she asked me to, ness sprang. Her civility became more marked, when she found that Sydney avoided Miss Hammond's presence even to the extent of taking his meals in his when I take up one of his meals, but I'm thinking it's not much thanks she'l

get." Willing, however, as Anne was to oblige Willing, however, as Annewas to come Miss Liscome she found no opportunity of doing so that day, for Mr. Wilbur went out before even lunch hour, leaving word that he would not return until late in the sister's apparent indifference to the fact made the domestic wonder. That Mr. Wilbur was going away she knew also, by the preparations in which her assistevening.

Agnes and Florence had been out to-gether the greater part of the day, mak-ing little last purchases and finding re-tired streets down which they could walk and talk. Motion seemed to be necessary to both of them; rest made the anticipat-ed agony of the morrow harder to bear. ed agony of the morrow harder to bear.

away before the end of another week, had been in the house, things had seemed strange and quite unlike themselves. Aunt Deb having concluded the pack-ing of Sydney's trunk, took uninvited a busy hand in Florence's packing, insist-ing that as she had done the same in former years for Sydney, she knew better than any one else how to pack for Euro-pean travel. Florence was nothing both to gratife her as it gauge her mere there to Miss Hammohd had not written to Mr. Miss Hammond had not written to an Mallaby to apprise him of her going to Mrs. Denner's. She preferred to trust to her chance accommodation there rather than to the certainty of Mr. Mallaby's presence at the parting scene on the mor row, for she knew he would deem it inpean travel. Fiorence was nothing loth to gratify her, as it gave her more time to be alone with Agnes. They went out to-gether unattended now, going even in the early morning to Mass. On Saturday, Florence and Sydney were to sail, and so the days intervening were very few and very precious. They must not spend a moment of them apart. row, for she knew he would deem it in-cumbent upon him to give her his person-al escort on such an occasion were he not out of the city. Somehow, since he had been at Wilbur's, she had a sort of dread of seeing him in any company, even though he was nother relative, and rather than incur the risk of meeting him she had actually accepted Aunt Deb's offer to Miss Liscome came every day ostensib-

had actually accepted Aunt Dely's offer to drive her, on the departure of the steam-er, to Mrs. Denner's. "You know, Agnes," Florence had more than once said, "I may return in a few months, for if I can't induce my mother to change her mind about making her home in Europe, I may be able to coax her to revisit New York. So we need not be so acre down your the order for ly to help Deborah, but really to obtain a glimpse of Mr. Wilbur, and her heart sank more and more as Saturday rapidly neared, and she did not once see him. Whether it was that she was silly enough to hope, since Miss Hammond had rejected him, he might yet be won by her faded charms, or that her mature be so cast down about this parting after all."

TO BECONTINUED.

It is a curious study, to make out in what sort of world such men as the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing live. They are members of civilized society; if not cultivated themselves, in any true sense, they at least have cultivated associates : they read the current literature of the day. Yet here he is found,

capable of supposing that in courteous Italy, in the midst of cultivated Europe, in 1866 or thereabouts, that refined Italian nobleman, Count John Mastal, was capable, in war or peace of hurling out against a great Italian king, his own personal friend, a string of filthy imprecations unknown to the Roman chancery of the rudest ages, such as it is wholly improbable that even a John XII., was capable of pro-nouncing. And we are to suppose that civilized Europe stood quietly by, wholly unaware of such a volcanic explosion of hideous barbarism in her centre, although such a thing was un known to the Europe of Boniface VIII., nay, of Innocent III., and Gregory VII., before whom kings trembled, and laid down their crowns ! Even the in decencies once put in the mouth of that bad man. Philip the Fair, against that not very good man, Boniface VIII., have faded out of history. The three days' waiting in the snow of the Emperor Henry has, in the light of closer research, turned into a three days' ex pectancy - doubtless sufficiently anxious- in warm apartments, of a prince who had simply thrown the symbolic sackcloth over the dress of his rank. The crown of Barbarossa, struck off his head by the disdainful foot of Alexander III., as the Emperor stooped to kiss it, has followed Pope Joan to the land of fable. All through the Middle Ages, says Dean Milman, the sternest Popes, in their sternest sentences, were careful not to depart from the language of Christian com-