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r until he had won ta a secret, uncon-mself above her? a supreme, it does r anything else to lignity. The very of it lie in the con-can dependent upon

as dependent upon lment. It is made eakness. It is the

that can break the the heart free from

that hinders it, en-irst duty is to be d and deed. Then

only a s, and under the

ve strife;

1905.

the one sought. She dares for take anything for granted. She has the right to wait for the voice, the word, the avowal. Then, and not till then, if the pilgrim be the chosen one, the shrine may open to receive him.

Not all women believe this; but those had a great the ones best worth seeking. other in the darkness, that I could see ing me into the church?" other in the darkness, that I could see her figure moving through the garden, beyond where the pallid bloom of the tall cosmos flower bent to the fitful breeze. Her robe was like the waving of the mist. Her face was fair, and very fair, for all its sadness: a blue flower, faint as a shadow on the snow, trembled at her waist, as she paced to

and fro along the path.

I murmured to myself, "Yet he loved her: and she loved him. Can pride be stronger than love?" and fro along the path.

pride be stronger than love?"
Perhaps, after all, the lingering
and belated confession which Falconer
had written in his diary might
in some way come to her. Perhaps if
it were left here in the bower of honeysuckles where they had so often sat tegether, it might be a sign and omen of the meeting of these two souls that had lost each other in the dark of the mad lost each other in the dark of the world. Perhaps,—ah, who can tell that it is not so?—for those who truly love, with all their faults, there is no "irrevocable"—

there is "another field."

As I turned from the garden, the tense note of the surf vibrated through the night. The pattering drops of dew rustled as they fell from the leaves of the honey suckle. But underneath these sounds it seemed as if I heard a deep voice saying 'Claire!" and a woman's lips whispering "Temple !"

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE BEART OF HEARTS.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

Mr. Washburne Botton was almost alone in the world. His wife had passed away five years before the Christmas of 1901. and his daughter, Laura, had married an English country gentleman, and she lived in Norfolk. His wife's temb, near Boston, was crowned with a famous Bronze figure of Annibilation, done by an ar-By Maurice Francis Egan. figure of Annihilation, done by an artist who had succeeded in making the face of this wonderful piece of sculp-ture express only despair. Mrs. Bol-ton had been an Agnostic; Mr. Bolton, after her death, thought of becoming a Unitarian; and he had been drawn towards this by the words of John Mil-

ton:
"To be still teaching what we do not know by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, this is the golden rule in theology as in arith-metic, and makes the best harmony in

metic, and makes the best harmony in the Church, not the formal and out ward union of cold, nevtral, and inwardly divided minds."

On consideration, however, John Milton's words, though used by Unitarians as one of their motices, did not seem to lead him directly into the tarians as one of their mottees, did not seem to lead him directly into the fashionable Boston denomination. An-nihilation, Nirvara, he could not ac-cept; and as, at the age of fifty, he had retired from business, he had nothing to think of in this world except his possible fate in the next. Boston be cane distasteful to him after his wife's death; England he disliked; so he went into a bachelor's apartment in New York, and there he became lone-lier than ever. He read John Milton's

favorite Unitarian preachers insisted that religion was of the heart, and declared that their Church needed more faith; but neither faith nor heart did he find in the philosophical Roman or the speculative American.

One evening, before dinner, he dropped into the cathedral, and stood at the door. People entering and leaving noticed the tall, military figure, with the closely trimmed white mustache who stood so erect—as if determined not to kneel—in the clear light of the autumn afternoon. Something drew him, and, by degrees, he entered the cool and silent church. He advanced further ard further through the nave; and there he stood, his eyes fixed on The little girl waited for a long time: he forgot her; but, when he came, he

further and further through the nave; and there he stood, his eyes fixed on that small point of fire in the lamp, to which all things in the cathedral seemed to converge. He knew what it meant.

"If I could accept Christ with my heart, I could kneel before the Host," he said, as he stood there; for Washburne Bolton was deeply read in phil cophy, and he had none of the ignorance of the vulgar, to whom even the mysteries of the life around them have no sacred meaning.

mysteries of the life around them have no sacred meaning.

He turned away, after a long period of silence. Then he went back half ashamed; and certain that nobody saw him, he made an awkard genuflection.

"To the unknown God!" he said, apologetically to himself. "Marcus Aurelius, if he lived to day, might do this same thing."

He did not notice a little girl, in a freek too thin for the season, wearing a

this same thing."

He did not notice a little girl, in a frock too thin for the season, wearing a straw hat with a wreath of faded spring flowers, who had knelt near him. The frock was faded, too, and its sleeves had crept up just below two thin little elbows, which were reddened by the crisp November wind. The child made a forlorn little figure, her eager blue eyes almost redeeming her boniness, and the score of freckles under the cloud of red hair that struggled below her hat. She followed Mr. Bolton as he started across Fifth Avenue; but he was forced to stop suddenly, a great furniture van had struck a neat little brougham which had been going up Fifth Avenue at a rattling pace. frock was faded, too, and its sleeves had crept up just below two thin little elbows, which were reddened by the crisp November wind. The child made a forlorn little figure, her eager blue eyes almost redeeming her boniness, and the score of freckles under the cloud of red hair that struggled below her hat. She followed Mr. Bolton as he started across Fifth Avenue; but he was forced to stop suddenly. A great furniture van had struck a neat little brougham which had been going up Fifth Avenue at a rattling pace. The child darted in front of Mr. Bolton; he saw her for a moment, like a flash, just before the horses attached to the

in fault? Might she not have known, carriage reared with a broken pole be should not she have taken for granted the truth which must have been so easy to read in Falconer's face, though he never put it into words? And yee with never put it into words? And yee with the street of the vehicle safely the vehicle safely the street of the vehicle safely the vehicle safe to read in Falconer's face, though he never put it into words? And yet with her there was something very different from the pride that kept him silent. The virgin reserve of a young girl's heart is more sacred than pride of self. It is the maiden instituct which makes the woman always the shrine, and never the pilgrim. She is not te seeker, but the state of the pride in the state of the pride in the pride of the pride in the pride of the pride in the pride into the screen into the street. It was not hard; she was not hard; the woman always the pilgrim. She is not the seeker, but the one sought. She dares not take man, the driver of the van, a spectat ittle girl followed as if dazed; her

face was very white.
"There, child," said the old woman, nervously. "You may have these flowers. I'm afraid they're crushed, who do are the ones best worth seeking and winning. And Claire was one of them. It seemed to me, as I mused, hall dreaming, on the unfinished story of these two lives that had missed each and in the control of the co

Bolton offered his arm.
"My rame is Mrs. Rossiter," she added.

He knew her name. The Rossiters had stood high in the land since the second Rossiter, the son of the one who had come over with Lord Baltimore, had signed the Declaration of Independ ence. She spoke with the excellent modulations of a woman of the highest culture.

The two entered the Cathedral; she

did not explain herself, but knelt in a rapture of ecstasy, her face wet with tears of thanksgiving, as she raised it towards the tabernacle. He stood for a little while, and then he knelt, with his face tuned wardstrafty, towards this little while, and then he knett, with his face turned wonderingly towards this awful yet consoling spot of light.

After a time she rose, and genuflected, and he, being a gentleman, imitated

and he, being a gentleman, instated her.

"I need not explain to you," she said, gently, "the reason why I have detained you—for I see that you, also, are a Catholic. Oh, who can express the consolation of the Blessed Sacrament! I must trouble you," she added, after a pause, "to call a cab for me."

She drove off, thanking him again and again.

He watched the cab disappear, and turned to go on his way, when a sob arrested him. The twilight was coming, but he recognized the little girl in the thin frock and the laded straw hat; she

was crying. "I have lost it," she said. "If you have a match, sir, will you help me to look for it? — it was a five-dollar note the lady gave me with the flowers."

Bolton looked at her sharply. Was

botton looked at her snarply. Was this a trick?

"I would not speak to you," she added, shrinking somewhat, "but I saw you praying in the Cathedral. I never begged before, but I was going to ask you for something—for my mother is sick—oh, so sick—and since I sprained my wrist I cannot sew—and then the lady gave me the violets and the money."

He looked into her face. What He looked into her face. What strange harmony bound these Catholics—she had "seen him in the church," where he thought nobody could see him, and, therefore he was not afraid. She had an honest face—a pure face; she looked to be scarcely thirteen, and her face showed she had suffered.

He lit a match, and stooped—he, the

stateliest and most conservative of men, who choose never, in any cause, to stoop! The light flashed on the note

mear a few withered leaves.

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" the girl
exclaimed, running as fast as she could to the Cathedral. Bolton followed. What a twilight this was—this, the third time, he was to enter the temple, where the rich and the poor, the humble and the great, the exquisite Mrs. Rossiter and this wretched little wait knelt, in the "best harmony, saying the same words, believing in the intimate union between God and man through the Host. To, day after day, search and find new beauties and truths in life that bring the heart near New York, and there he became lone-lier than ever. He read John Milton's prose, in a splendid edition, and Marcus Aurelius and Emerson; but he became lonelier than ever. Even his favorite Unitarian preachers insisted that religion was of the heart, and declared, that their Church needed

he forgot her; but, when he came, he raised his hands involuntarily as if in

"Go home, child," he said, when she had told him her name and address, "and tell your mother to trouble no more—she has found a grateful friend, who will remember that you have helped to lead him Home!"

#### NOTED FRENCH PHYSICIAN DE-SCRIBES MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

APPLICATION OF MIRACULOUS WATER INSTANTLY CURES CASES OF LUPUS

AND BLINDNESS. Dr. Fellx De Backer is contribut-Dr. Fellx De Backer is contributing a series of notable articles on "Lourdes and the Doctors," to The London Tablet. He is a great doctor, and he believes in the miracles of science. But so believing makes it all the easier for him to accept the miracles of faith. Of the notable cures at Lourdes which he cites as incontrovertible, we quote the two appended: "One of the most striking is indisputably a case of lupus of the face, nose and upper lip, with perforated cheeks, in Mme. Rouchel of Metz, in Lorraine.

pustules successively invaded the nose, the lips and the mucus membrane of the mouth.

The mouth of the methods of the mouth of the Metz doctor try these methods?

the lips and the muons membrane of the mouth.

"Mme. Rouchel was attended during the thirteen years that the disease continued by Dr. Bar of Gorzo, Dr. Kramer of Saint Juien les-Meiz, Dr. Ernest, Dr. Bøndler of Wiesbaden and Dr. Muller of Metz. Nithing brought about any improvement. She had to take to her bed from December 1902 to May 1903.

"The wounds bad become frightful. The perforation of the right cheek had entarged, and a hole appeared in the palate which emitted a nanseems odor of ozena; at all this was accompanied with intolerable headaches and ear aches. To this must be added the functional disorder resulting from solid tood passing through the cheek. The poor woman inspired involuntary aversion in all who came near her, and for some days she was haunted with the temptation to destroy herself. "I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief of the palate to achieve anything, why not turn your thoughts to Oar Lady of the case of Lourdes of Lourdes of the best on the river and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to the perior attent to destroy herself. "I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to the perior attent to destroy herself." I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to the perior attent to destroy herself. "I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to another the perior attent to destroy herself." I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to another the perior attent to be down the perior the perior the perior the perior than the perior that the perior that

" From this instant the soul of the "From this instant the soul of the sick woman was thrilled with confidence. She left one day with a large party of the people of Metz. On the way from Metz to Paris the journey was one of terrible suffering and depression, when she saw all her fellow-passengers instinctively drawaway from passengers instinctively drawaway from the research of the offensive nature of the confessive nature.

willer she goes to the Grotto.
"I knelt down and asked her—our good Lady I mean—to take a way the unclean bandages. If she wanted to punish me, she might put the would on one of my legs, not on my face and in my mouth. \* \* \* And then I told her that she had never been known to

her that she had hover been knewn to refuse to hear a poor sinner."
"She washed at the pools. Saturday, September 6, she would not let any one touch her sores, her state was so fright ful. She wished to dress her own wounds and to hide herself as much as possible. The Bishop of St. Die was that day in charge of the procession. From a sense of delicacy, the poor woman did not take her place with the rest on the Rosary square, but hid a way less carrend the church.

in a corner of the church.

"Just as the Bishop entered with the Monstrance, she heard the priest saying, 'O Lord, thou canst make me whole, and the bandage, which was adhering to her wounds, fell on to her Prayer Book, marking it with a large blood stain. She thought the dressing had been insecurely attached, and went to take shelter behind a pillar of the great stair, and adjust the bandage as well as she could with a double knot. Then she found her way to the Grotto and bent down to get a little water. In spite of the knot, the bandage again

fell.
"On returning to the hospital she met her two companions from Farsch willer, who exclaimed: 'Why, Mme. Rouchel, you have no sores lefs! How

well your face looks now!"
"Oh, Sister! says the sick woman,

"'Oh, Sister!' says the sick woman, 'I have just been mourning because my bandages fell off.'
"The Sisters gave her one more blook and cried out: 'Why, you don't want any bandages at all! Thank God and the Blessed Virgin.'
"The whole wound had dried up, the perforation of the cheek was quite closed, and the cleatrisation was complete. The sick woman made an effort to get to the office of 'medical certificates,' and then sgain she wanted to from lupus of the face, nose and upper lip. Hitherto all known remedies have failed to check the disease. She is

failed to check the disease. She is apparently incurable."

'After reading the certificate the patient added gravely: 'God and His Mother have healed me.' The disappearance of the disease was certified at the office. The wounds of the face and nose were free from suppuration; there was only a certain redness of the skin. On the lip was a slight internal ulceration. 'This woman's cure,' said Dr. Boissarie, 'is the pendant to Zola's famous case of lupus.

"For the next three days the invalid hid from the eyes of the curious,

valid hid from the eyes of the curious, praying and expressing her gratitude to the Virgin. Nevertheless, she showed herself to several people when

to the Virgin. Nevertheless, she showed herself to several people when told that she ought to do so for their good. To a rich man who offered her money she said: 'Make your gift to the work of the Virgin.'

"At Cette, two doctors asked her to get out of the train, and she did so to allow them to examire her. At Metz, her children ran to tell their father, but he would not believe until he had seen. He saw and believed. Thenceforward the cure was established. There were no more headaches or insomnia. Food of all kinds, hot or co'd, solid or liquid, was easily assimilated, and her speech became clear. There only remained a slight ulceration inside the lip, but it caused her neither pain nor discomfort. The Virgin had left it merely as a memento of the old illness, so that she might never forget.

ueable to achieve anything, why not menths he was blind. At the Dijon turn your thoughts to Oar Lady of Hospital, where he was under care, his case was diagnosed as detachment of the retina of both eyes. In 1883 he

passengers instinctively drawaway from her on account of the offensive nature of her wounds. Sister Sophia alone had the courage to dress the sores. From Paris to Lourdes was a still more pain ful stage in the journey.

"The good woman's prayer was strikingly artless. She shall herself tell the story of her arrival. With Josephine and Marie Berre of Farschwiller she goes to the Grotto. can scarcely count his fingers less than a foot off. Hence he cannot work and must be reckened blind in both eyes, and incurable. Doctor Dor.

' Lyons, Sept. 16, 1884.'

"At Lusante, his case was diagnosed in the same way with the same prognosis. Under Doctor Dufour, a very well known oculist, the treatment had failed. After two prolonged trials, he was told that remedies were peakers.

were useless.

"In 1887 the sick man made a novena at his mother's request, but would not try the water of Lourdes because he was 'too unworthy.' He seems to have been a rather pusillanimous person. Certainly he says, 'I am too unworthy,' as if he were under a fixed idea, such as often betokens a rather elementary cerebral development. On his mother's death, in 1890, he was admitted to a home at Comfort, near Bellegarde (Aisne). There a good Sister of Mercy suggested that he might recover.
"The following is a report of their

naive conversation:
"' Poor fellow, said the Sister, you are still young to be so blind. If you have faith, and love the Blessed Virgin enough, you may come to see well enough to get about."
"'Sister, I am too unworthy."
"' The Blessed Virgin does not mind that. I must tell you of a man

who was crippled in both legs and not very devout, and he got well. He was a carpenter at Lavaur.

convulsively, and nervously broke the seal, and thrice with his right fore fuger rubbed the water of Lourdes

fore finger rubbed the water of Lardes on his eyes. 'Why,' Lo exclaimed, 'Sister has made a mistake; she has given me a bottle of ammonia'. "Po make sure he put the bottle to his lips. Then like the report of a gan, he burst out: 'I see! Simon Simon, I see you. Go and fetch the Si-ters.' His companion happened to by still up, and asked: 'If you can see me say, how I am dressed."
"'You have a knitted vest on, and For terms and other

"'You have a knitted vest on, and a tie, and a hat."
"Why he can see!"

"Why he can see!"
"When the Sisters came up he begged them to pray. 'Hide the lamp,' said one of them. 'The light will hurt his eyes." 'No; leave it,' he replied, 'nothing harms me.' They gave him a book and he read fluently.
"There is nothing easier to diagnose than detachment of the retina. Iridectomy relieves it albeit but temporally as a rule. So here we have to do with

as a rule. So here we have to do with a special cure. Two retinae do not be-come restored in this way by a simple application of plain water."



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