

A Man Who "Moulded the Mind of Europe for 1,500 Years." By Very Rev. Dr. Prior, Vice-Rector English College, Rome.

New York Freeman's Journal.

PART I.—AUGUSTINE AT HOME.

In these days of keen interest in autobiography, when students of history are ransacking libraries and archives to present the past to us in its own circumstances and coloring, when a far-reaching psychological school romance seeks to probe the inner life of man and reveal its deep currents of religious thought and feeling, it must be interesting to study that

MASTERSPIRIT OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. S. Augustine, of whose life and character we have such abundant material in the voluminous works which he has left to posterity. To Catholics these themes should appear with peculiar force, for it may be said without fear of exaggeration that there has not been since the time of the Apostles a greater champion of the Christian cause.

And there are few great men of an period of whom we have such an opportunity of forming an intimate and personal knowledge as of the Great Doctor of the Western Church. He has bequeathed to us a faithful picture of himself in his writings. In his Book of Confession he traces the story of his life from the first opening of his mind to the beginning of his episcopate. It is not a mere narrative of events, but a vivid likeness of his soul, with all its hidden depths, its yearnings and aspirations, its waywardness, its shame, its falls, its noble rise to a higher and purer life. He unburdens his mind of its teeming memories and throws them on the page without reserve.

AUGUSTINE OPENS HIS SOUL.

He was a saint when he wrote, so no doubt his sensitive conscience goes too deep a shade to the recital of wrong doing, but the note of sincerity marks his work throughout. His earnest and sinless wanderings, his talents and achievements, are spoken of with simplicity and candor.

It is a pilgrim's progress, but in Augustine's pages Hypocrisy, Moral Love, the Valley of the Shadow of the Giant Despair, were not mere gory, but the stern realities of his individual experience. He recoils in bitterness the wasted years, and bare his soul in the white light of the throne of God, in Whose presence he sits, and in Whom in the confession of his narrative he is ever lifting his heart in adoration, thanksgiving and love.

"To whom tell I this?" he writes the second book of his confession. "Not to Thee, my God, but to Thee to my own kind, even to that small portion of mankind as may be upon these writings of mine. And what purpose? That whosoever reads this, may think not of what depths we cry unto Thee. For what is not to Thy ears than a confessing and a life of faith?" This spontaneous outpouring of his heart presents a picture of the saint, which is a thing more than a portrait; it is a trait as are the delicate hues of blossom on the muddied colors of flower on the painter's canvas.

SPEAKS TO FRIENDS.

His strong individuality shines too, in other works, where he is set purposing to write an autobiography. He has poured in more than two hundred letters, many of them to his friends, where he unveils his heart, and unconsciously reveals himself as he pours out without reserve his views, impressions, convictions, his sorrows, burdens and anxieties. Some of his precious treatises were written in the form of dialogue; others are

with details of his daily life.

A FAMILY PARTY.

"De Beata Vita," or the treatise on "True Happiness," is a record of conversations which he had with his friends on the occasion of his third birthday. There were with him his mother, St. Monica, and his Navigius, his two cousins Laurus and Rusticus, his pupils Licentius and his little son Aliphan. "The least of all" as he describes him, "but whose talent love does not deceive me, gives me of great things." Their feast of the mind than that of Augustine draws a lively picture scene. He tells how as a threatened, they sought a retreat sheltered spot in the public library, which flows on with unintermitted, sparkling humor and playful humor.

THYGETUS TRAPPED.

All were free to express their but one rule of the debate, was as a wholesome check on the auts, was that every remark reported on the tablets. Thy who was somewhat obstinate, in his argument, and tries the relentless logic of Augustus piece of pleasant irony, delivered a smothered laugh.

"The thing is quite clear,

that man is happy who has

what he wants.

"Write it down," said Aug.

"I never said it," he exclaimed.

"Write that down as well

the Saint.

"Yes, I said it," Thyg-

fessed.

"Later on S. Monica breath-

ed debate with a plump demona-

mation;

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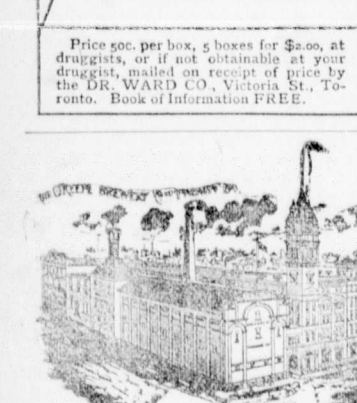
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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY

OR, Dejected by Conscience's Gales, BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

"But I am so well," replied Florence. "My head does not ache at all, and I declare if it were not for that horrid dizziness, I should feel actually frisky." Her looks seemed to corroborate her words, for the flush had entirely disappeared from her face, and her eyes were quite bright.

"Do you think, dearest, you are well enough to have me say something to you?" "And Agnes drew her chair closer, and founded one of Florence's plump hands. "Say something to me—why certainly, I am well enough—say all that you want to me."

"Well, then, dear Florence, after a great deal of painful thought, I have come to the conclusion that I must end my stay here, delightful as it is to be with you, and go to Mrs. Denner's, and that I must write to Mr. Mallaby to that effect, to-morrow."

"Agnes' amazement, indignation, grief and dismay, at such an announcement Florence could say nothing else, and forgetting her dizziness she sat up in the bed, and looked half wildly at her friend. "It does not pain you, dear, a whit more than it does me; the thought of our separation, is almost making me sick," her white face seemed to confirm her assertion—"but, I could not remain with any regard for your uncle and you, in a house where I am so unwillingly tolerated as I am by your aunt."

Her pallor increased a little; perhaps owing to the absolute lie she was telling. The unwillingness of Miss Wilbur's aunt to tolerate her had nothing to do with her determination to depart. "Florence, implicitly believing every word that Agnes had spoken, was in sad distress. "I knew," she said, "that burst from Aunt Deb, this morning, would sting you because of the hateful way she said things, instead of guests; but you seemed to take it so quietly that I thought you would not mind it any more than I did. Do, Agnes, be sensible enough to think nothing about her. You see, how indifferently Uncle Sydney has taken her illness to-day, and he is master in this house. And you, yourself must feel how pleased he is to have you here. He seems so attentive to you that if I did not know, as I do in your case, how absolutely out of the question is a mixed marriage, I should be suspicious of his engendering some tender feeling on your part."

Agnes bent her head over the little plump hand she was still fondling; but she did not reply; she could not at that instant have trusted herself to do so. Florence resumed: "Tell me, dearest, that you will retract this determination of yours."

"I cannot, Florence. I have weighed the matter well and my heart, my conscience and my judgment tell me that I ought to go. Consequently, I must and shall go."

When Miss Hammond spoke in that decisive tone, her friend knew there was little use in attempting to combat her, and she threw herself back on the pillow, her head beginning to ache again, and her eyes filling with tears of vexation.

"If you will go, Agnes," she said, "then I shall not wait for you. My dear friend of my mother's who is to chaperone me to London, and who has arranged not to go for two months yet. I shall get Uncle Sydney to engage a passage for me this very week; he can place me in care of some captain. Then, later, my mind will be rid of both her disagreeable guests."

But even while she spoke she was secretly but very confidently hoping that Uncle Sydney would be able to persuade Miss Hammond to retract her determination; the difficulty was to tell him confidentially how matters were, and to tell him before Miss Hammond should write to Mr. Mallaby.

She cast about her for some pretext of getting Agnes out of the way, and she found it at length in a sudden thought of St. John's Park.

"Agnes, dearest," she said, after both had maintained a somewhat lengthy silence, "I think each of us is suffering from the excitement of this resolution of yours. I know my poor head is aching again and your pale face looks as if a breath of air on this close afternoon would do it good. Would you like to take a turn in St. John's?" The work of the park was generally omitted, "and would your mind going there alone? I fancy Uncle Sydney, not thinking that we would leave the house to-day again, is buried with his books."

The proposition met with favor from Miss Hammond, but she hesitated to leave Florence. "I shall really be better without you," protested Florence, "for your absence may well enable me to forget your cruelty long enough to go to sleep. So, do, dear Agnes, go for an hour at least. You will find the key (meaning the key of the park) hanging in the lower hall. I saw Mrs. A. T. STEWART, Folgar, Ont., says: "From the 7th of January to the 30th, we were up night and day with our trying every kind of patent medicine we ever heard of. At this time we did not know of Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine until after the 30th, when our young son, suffering in spite of all we could do. Sometimes in February the doctor told us our other boy couldn't live till spring. We were about discouraged when I got my eye on an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Syrup."

"I tried at once to get some, but none of the dealers here had it. A neighbor who was in Kingston managed to purchase two bottles, which he brought straight to me, and I believe it was the means of saving our only boy."

"One teaspoonful of the Syrup stopped the cough so he could sleep till morning. Our boy is perfectly well now, and I would not be without Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house."

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Uncle Sydney put it there yesterday morning."

"Thus entranced, Agnes donned her bonnet, and went forth. Somehow, though there was a keen sense of suffering in her heart there was also mingled with it a very exalted consciousness of having nobly done her duty, and instead of being humbly thankful that strength had been given her to do it she was yielding to some of the emotions that spring from pride and vanity. She was so sure of herself now—so sure that her determination was inflexible.

X. Florence, heedless alike of her headache that had returned with much of its first violence, and the dizziness that made her hold chairs and table while she dressed, robed herself as rapidly as she could, and groped her way (it seemed like groping the manner in which she was obliged to support herself by baluster and wall) to her uncle's study.

"Come in," said to her gentle knock, and then seeing how really ill she looked, jumped up from a reading-stand before which he had been idly sitting, and placed a chair for her.

"Florence, child, how sick you look," he said, continued, real alarm in his voice, "and your hands," taking them both in his own, "are very hot. I think I had better send for the doctor for both you and Deb."

"Never mind me," she replied, but just help me to do something about Agnes. And then she told him as nearly as she could remember, every word of Miss Hammond's expressed reason for wishing to go, and how she had manoeuvred in order to get this opportunity of telling him about her.

He set his teeth together as he listened, and when she finished there was in his eyes and about his mouth such a look as upon three occasions in his whole life he had turned upon his sister. Florence felt as she met it that it were well Ann Deborah, for her own sake, was not present.

"And Miss Hammond is now in St. John's?" he asked. "I suppose so; she left me to go there." "Then she shall follow her aunt and I will reason her out of this foolish determination. She must not be permitted to leave this house on Deborah's account."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Sydney; I knew you would do something of the kind." And Florence's little dry, burning hands squeezed his in her gratitude. Their fiery pressure recalled him to some thought for her.

"Florence, I fear you are much worse than you wish to appear, and I think even before I seek Miss Hammond I had better dispatch Anne for a doctor for you."

"Please, do not; only bring me word that you have dissuaded Agnes from going, and it will be the very best medicine for me."

And he looked up at him laughing quite cheerfully. "He went out, pausing only to take his hat from the stand in the hall; then having heard him close the hall-door softly, Florence dragged herself up the stair, and threw her dress as she was upon the bed, feeling happy despite her own physical pain and weakness in the thought that Uncle Sydney might be able to avert the threatened separation.

St. John's Park had beauty and bloom in those days; its neatly-kept walks were lined in some way with the owner's patches of grass were smooth and green. Then the fountain played daily, attracting to it the few children whose parents were rich or aristocratic enough to own a key, and the circular walk about the fountain made a pleasant walk for the owner, who wanted to walk without aim, and without regard to apparent progress. The park was guarded rigidly by a gruff old man who never admitted to it by either accident, or good nature, any one not belonging to the family; there appeared to be a key; and as he knew well the several owners, and their respective families, it was not easy to deceive him.

On this Sunday afternoon on which Wilbur wended his way thither, but few of the owners had seemed to avail themselves of their privilege; there appeared to be not more than a half dozen people scattered about the little paths, and when having reached the park he waited at one of the iron gates for the old man to admit him, he could see Miss Hammond taking a sort of treadmill walk about the fountain. She went slowly, with her head bent, and as he watched her he became impatient for his own admission; so impatient that he became also displeased with the unintentional delay of the old man, and he returned with undue quickness that person's respectful salute when at length the latter's park duties brought him within hailing distance.

Miss Hammond was so preoccupied that she did not even hear the gun, raised step on the path behind her, nor was she conscious of the approach of anybody until her name was pronounced just at her ear by Sydney Wilbur.

She started and blushed until her brow ached, as well as her cheeks, were crimson. "You are surprised at my appearance," Florence sought me as soon as she had sent you out here, in order to tell me your startling announcement to her, and a tell me from what it proceeded. Now, my dear Miss Hammond," he drew her arm firmly within his own while he spoke, "you must permit me as the uncle of your friend, to have a little authority in this matter."

He spoke kindly, but at the same time with a tone of determination that both pleased and awed Agnes, and then without saying more, he led her unresistingly to one of the vacant benches in a retired part.

"Then they were both seated, he resumed: "I regret exceedingly that any word or act of my sister should cause you a moment's unpleasant feeling, but I must say that I think it is carrying your resolution a little too far when you announce that because of it you intend to thrust our hospitality into our teeth, and take your indignant departure."

Then, from the time of her first startled glance, she had looked at the hat, but now his queer words at the hasten way in which he uttered them, compelled her to raise her eyes. His seemed to be going through her soul.

moment so that I wish and will it. And I wish you to stay, Miss Hammond."

She made a desperate effort to recall her resolution and she succeeded sufficiently to say with a firmness that both enhanced his admiration and increased his determination to have her remain.

"I thank you, Mr. Wilbur, but I must go; I must go as soon as I have written to Mr. Mallaby to apprise him of my departure."

And then, determined to avoid the fascination of his eyes, she almost rudely turned away from him, and began to toy nervously with the chain of her watch. Her heart was beating so violently, and the blood was surging so violently from her cheeks to her brow.

He waited a moment, then caught her hands with a grasp from which she could not free them, and compelled her to look at him; but she did not, would not look at him.

"I have read your secret, Miss Hammond; you would flee from me."

In shame-stricken surprise she lifted her eyes then, only to meet in his tender gaze that which she had thought she relinquished his grasp and stood before her.

"Agnes!" "It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, and she thrilled again as she had in the past. "Dearest my wife, and thus make my home always your home."

He extended his hands to her, and for one wild instant she yearned to place her own in them, and to tell him that as he loved her so was she his, and she remembered her recent struggle and her resolution; she remembered these, but she forgot to make even an instant's prayer, and so she had only her own strength upon which to rely.

"I cannot, Mr. Wilbur; you forget that I am a Catholic." "And then she rose also, looking, he thought, more beautiful in her attempted firmness, than ever she had looked to him before.

"But Catholics do marry Protestants," he persisted, "and I shall be reasonable, allowing you to practise your religion. I shall even consent to our marriage by one of your clergymen."

Her temptation was great. She loved this strong, clever, handsome man with all the vigor of her eighteen years; and she could see no absolute wrong in becoming his wife when he promised to show such a tolerant spirit; then she had forgotten to pray, so that the tempter had fewer forces to fight against, and Wilbur himself, for he felt so certain of victory.

But a sudden thought came to her, and she burst out with it, as if glad that she had it to say: "Do you know that I am quite poor, Mr. Wilbur? my guardian says that my income is only six hundred a year."

"Do you know that I am quite rich, Miss Hammond?" he playfully mimicked her manner, "rich enough to care nothing about your income—rich enough to live away from my sharp-voiced sister."

"Oh, Agnes!" his voice taking an exquisite tenderness, "it is you I want, only you, beloved."

He took her hands unresistingly then, and held them, knowing that though she had not spoken, she had accepted him. And, alas! she yielded to all the fascination of those fatal moments. It was so sweet to be thus loved, thus protected, as who had drew her arm within his own and she felt his supporting presence—she became his wife when he promised to show such a tolerant spirit; then she had forgotten to pray, so that the tempter had fewer forces to fight against, and Wilbur himself, for he felt so certain of victory.

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which he so admired in her, and he hastened to withdraw his arm from the bench, at which action she looked relieved.

"And as you have no home but that Mrs. Denner's boarding house of which you told me, I think our marriage had better take place as speedily as possible; and in the meantime during our arrangements, suppose you and Florence, under Mr. Mallaby's escort, providing he will consent to the double charge, make a sojourn in Mrs. Denner's house. I am afraid it would not be pleasant for either of you to be under one roof with Deborah when I tell her what I intend to do."

"Oh! Mr. Wilbur, that will be just delightful. Mrs. Denner is a real motherly woman, and I know she will take Florence right to her heart."

Mr. Wilbur had heard nothing but that formal pronouncing of his name, and he determined to correct it, and he said with an assumption of sternness: "Mr. Wilbur will listen to nothing except from Miss Hammond. When Agnes desires to be heard, she will please address Sydney."

"The arrangement will be delightful—Sydney," making an absurd pause before she pronounced the name, and blushing so shamefacedly but at the same time so charmingly when she did pronounce it, that it was all her lover could do to avoid smothering her to his heart, and telling her that never had his name sounded so sweetly.

By this time it was sunset, and the old park-keeper was approaching for the purpose of requesting them to depart, as he had already requested every body else, and they divided their intention, rose to do so before he quite reached them.

"Do not write to Mr. Mallaby, until I have seen him," requested Wilbur, as they walked very slowly home. "But supposing he should be absent—"

"In that case, I shall see Mrs. Denner. Being the good, motherly woman you represent her to be, she will take in the situation at a glance, and become an important ally of mine, until I can reach Mr. Mallaby by her means."

"So you are prepared for any emergency," replied Agnes laughing. "To be sure! I did ever love you fair lady without being full of expedients to overcome all obstacles!" he retorted playfully, and she, having arrived within the house he said, as she was about to leave him: "Tell Florence all about it, immediately. I think it will have the effect of making her quite well."

He was still smiling as he ran lightly up the stair, and she, feeling that he was standing as she had left him peeped archly down at him from over the baluster. Her rosy, smiling face set against the dark color of her surroundings, made an exquisite picture, a picture that in the future was to come to him unbidden and unvisited.

XI. Florence was asleep, just as she had thrown herself when she had come up from her uncle's study—so soundly asleep that she did not hear her friend's entrance, nor even her own name when Agnes bending over her repeated it softly two or three times.

"Poor child!" said Miss Hammond, "her head must have ached dreadfully. Her forehead is hot yet, and so are her hands; fondle her, the latter, and then press them to her lips."

"I ought not to disturb her, but I shall have a fever myself if I do not tell her." "And it would seem so from the way her own cheeks and hands were burning."

"Dearest Florence! I am so sorry to disturb you but won't you please awake—I have something very important to tell you."

Becoming desperate, she gave the sleeper a little shake; it had the effect of making the latter stir but nothing more. "Florence! will nothing arouse you? I am going to be married to your Uncle Sydney."

Whether it was that the words were spoken more into the sleeper's ear or that their significance, because of its very unexpectedness, was not accompanied by any other feeling, Miss Wilbur awoke a second after their utterance, and awoke so suddenly and so entirely that she opened her eyes very wide, and sat up in the bed.

"You here, Agnes? I must have had the most ridiculous dream—just as I was about to doze off, I dreamed of my being married to your Uncle Sydney. What absurd things dreams are! And I declare, my headache has quite gone, and my dizziness too—"

putting her hand to her head, and preparing to get up. "I see I was right when I told you to leave me; it did give me a chance to go to bed. And oh!" as if only recurring to that which had culminated in Agnes' leaving her for the park—"did you go to St. John's, and did Uncle Sydney meet you there? Oh, my dear! I told him, and did he persuade you to recall your determination?"

And as if she were glad of an excuse not to listen quietly to what she feared might be an undesirable answer, she was bustling about the room, pretending to look for hairpins, ribbons, and other accessories of the feminine toilet.

owner shrank from Agnes in a sort of speechless horror.

Then, for the first time, owing to the evidently shocked amazement of Florence, there struck through her happiness a chord of keen reproach—in accepting Wilbur, no matter how lo'erant he promised to be, she was breaking a precept of the Church—she who was supposed to be so good—so firm in the performance of duty. But she was not going to let Florence see how her conscience accused her, and she strove to say very playfully: "Are you so unwilling to let me have your uncle. I thought, dearest, your friendship was deeper than that."

"Oh! Agnes! how can you accuse me even in jest of such a thought. It is not that, as you know, but it is a Protestant and you are so good, so fervent a Catholic. How can you be willing to disobey the Church? You, whom I thought so good—you to do such a thing as that, but one week from the convent, and only this morning at Communion! Oh, dearest Lord! surely our love for Thee is little."

The reproaches were cutting Miss Hammond to the quick; then, her vanity was wounded at having fallen from the pedestal on which her friend formerly had placed her; also, her envy was aroused by a very secret, but a very strong feeling that poor little, plain, commonplace Florence was capable of greater heroism in spiritual things than she herself was; and, irritated by these various emotions, she rose from her seat, and said with unusual sharpness, as she began to pace the room: "I do not know why you make such a time, Florence; I am sure every good Catholic woman in the marriage market, before my day, and many of them, no doubt, have done good service to the Church by converting their husbands, and bringing up their children strict Catholics. Your uncle has promised to be most reasonable in matters of faith, even to the extent of being married by a priest."

"Oh, has he?" said Florence, a little dryly. "And just then, Anne knocked at the door with a message from Mr. Wilbur to know how Miss Florence was, and whether the young ladies were coming down to tea, as he had been waiting at table for them some time."

"Tell him I am much better, Anne, but prefer taking tea in my room to-night. Miss Hammond will join him immediately."

"Miss Hammond will remain to keep Miss Florence's company," interposed that young lady, and Anne in doubt as to which message she should take still lingered.

"Don't be foolish, Agnes; go down and have your supper." "Don't be ridiculous, Florence; come down with me and have yours."

But Florence was in no mood to sit at table with the lovers and that Agnes was firm in her refusal to go down without her, she bade Anne bring up tea for both of them.

In a few minutes Anne returned bearing a tray containing alone Miss Florence's tea. "Mr. Wilbur told me not to bring Miss Hammond's as he wanted her to come down in order to tell him how Miss Florence was."

"There! you willful girl; you see what you have brought upon yourself. Now you must go, and she absolutely pushed Agnes from the room; then, in a wild burst of grief she threw herself upon her knees. Never had idol been more rudely or ruthlessly shattered than was Florence's. She would have staked her life upon Agnes' firm refusal to do anything that the Catholic Church did not sanction, and now to find herself so absolutely, so cruelly mistaken, was like receiving some painful wound. She blamed herself for having thrown the temptation into her friend's way, and altogether she felt very miserable.

"But it is not yet too late, dear Lord," she prayed, raising her clasped hands and streaming eyes. "Only touch her heart with Your grace and she will recall her promise. Oh, Blessed Mother! you to whom she has been hitherto so devoted, do not forsake her now. Oh, my dear! do not suffer all her life of piety to go down before this temptation."

And who knows but the heart-spoken words were heard and answered—that the generous, loving fervor of that unselfish petition won for the sorrow-stricken girl that which she had not endeavored to win for herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs

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