It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after the sapes of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady's name was Bridget Cruise; it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion. On his return from a pilgrimage which he made to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Dearg he found several persons on shore waiting the arrival of the beat which had conveyed him to the scene of his devotion. In assisting the one of these devout travellers to get on board he chanced to take a lady's hand, and his gene of touch and feeling was so acute that upon taking in the exclaimed, "Dar Lomb mo cardats Croist [89] the hand of my Goseip, the latter hand of my first love, Bridget Cruiss."]

"True love can ne'er forgot;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My derling one!"
Thus song a minstrel gay
His aweet impassion'd lay,
Down by the ocean's spray
At set of sun.
But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,
Morn to him was dark as night,
Yet his heart was full of light,
As he thus his lay begun.

True love can ne'er forget ; Fondly as when we met,
Desrest. I love thee yet,
My darling one!
Long veers are past and o'er.
Slades from this fatal shore,
Cold heerts and cold winds bore
My love from me."
Searcely the minstrel spoke,
When quick, with finsing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke
O'er the sea;

O'er the sea;
Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,
While the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his wild harp run;
"Trus love can ne'er forget,
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one !"
Where the minstrel sat alone,
There, that lady fair hath gone,
Within his hand she placed her own,
The bard dropp'd on his knee;

The bard dropp d on his knee,

From his lips soft blessings came,

He kiss'a her hand with truest flame,

In trembing tones he named—her name,

Though her he could not see;

But, on!—the touch the bard could tell

Of that dear hand, remember d well,

Ah!—by many a secret spell

Oan truelove find her own!

For true love can he'er forget;

Fondly as when they met,

He loved the lady yet,

His darling one.

MOONDYNE.

POOK THIRD. ALICE WALMSLEY.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

II. A FLOWER IN THE CELL.

Five years of silent imprisonment had passed over Alice Walmsiey — years of daily and hourly change and excitement for the outer world. Five years in soli tary confinement are only one day, one day of dreary monotony repeated one thousand eight hundred and twenty five

Take a starving beggar from the street, and seat him at your table, and tell him that he shall have food and money if he will turn his plate face downward, and returd it face upward, one thousand eight hundred and twenty five times—and the hungry wretch will drop from exhaustion before half the turnings are done, and will run from your house with curses. The solitary prisoner turns the same number of days with harrowing weariness a thousand times multiplied in five years. The days and nights of those years had passed like a black and white vibration over Alice Walmsley's life. They had brought little change to the outward eye; and the inward change was only a settlement of the elements of doubt and disbelief and despair into a solld deposit in her heart

No friends had visited her. When her mother died, there was left no living relative. She had no love nor attraction beyond her cell - beyond her own coul, Every the worth keeping had then been torn asunder. Some lesser bonds she since hai unlocsed herself. Wny should any happy thing be united to one so forlorn

For God's pleasure she was undergoin this torture - so they told her. She had been given life, and she had grown to love it—but when the summer of her life had she was drenched with affliction and wrong, which she had not earned, the cause of which she was as innocent as her babe, murdered before her eyes. Her heart, hope, love, trust, had been flang down and trampled in the dust.

The alms of prayer that were doled out The alms of prayer that were doled out by the nasal Scripture-readers had long since been carried past her door. Trey regarded her as hopelessly lost. She never spoke her dissent; but they could see that she did not hear them, that she did not believe them. So they left her to

One day, a man eat in the governor's office with a large book before him, in which he had been carefully reading a page on which the governor, standing beside him, had placed his index finger.

"It is a remarkable case," said the gov ernor : " she certainly is not insane. "Sne was not a criminal by associa-tion?" asked the visitor, closing the book. He was a powerfully built, dark faced man, with a foreign air, and a deep voice. The studied respect of the governor proved him to be a person of importance. It was Mr. Wyville, who had recently arrived in Lundon, and who was visiting the prisons, with authority from the Min

No "es'd the governor : "she was village girl, wife of a sea-captain. Here, at page forty-two, we find the police reports—see, only one short entry. The police didn't know her."

"She has never defended herself, nor repreached others?" asked Mr. Wyville. "Never," answered the governor.
"She has never spoken about herself."

It is very strange, and very sad," said Mr. Wyville to the governor. And to himself he murmured, "She must have suffered fearful wrong."

Soon after, in company with the gov ernor, he passed along the corridor, and ed at Alice Walmsley's cell. er opened the door. Mr. W warder opened the door. did not look at the prisoner, but walked across the cell, as if observing the window

bars, upon which he laid his hand. "The fron is covered with rust," he d to the governor. "The windows of said to the governor. "The window this range certainly need repainting."

Then, apparently looking around in the same practical way, Mr. Wyville re-

He had ccarcely turned his eyes on the prisoner; yet the mute intensity of her face had sunk into his heart.

"She has been terribly wronged," he repeated to himself, as he left the prison. "(I'dd help her! she is very young to be oned."

When Mr. Wyville emerged from the When Mr. Wyville emerged from the prison srch, he walked rapidly along the river toward Westminster. He was in deep thought. He proceeded a little distance, then stopped, and looked down on the turbid stream, as if undecided. This was unlike the usual calm deliberateness of his conduct. He was evidently perplexed and troubled. After pausing a while, he looked at his watch, and then retraced his steps, passed Milibank, and walked on in the direction of Chelsea. It was an old habit of his to solve diffi-

It was an old habit of his to solve difficult questions as he walked; and he selected a quiet suburb, with streets lead

ing into the country roads.

In the streets, there was nothing very noticeable about the man, except his athletic stride and deeply bronzed face. He might be classed by the passing observer as a naval officer who had served many years to Southern latitudes, or as a foreign captain. His dress had something of the sailor about its style and cloth. But it is the inner man who interests us:

Batit is the inner man who interests us:
let us follow the burden of his thought.
"Remorse does not end in this calmness,
unless the prisoner be incane. Her mind
is clear; she is not meiancholy; she is
self possessed and firm. Her health has
not suffered. Yet, she has abandoned
belief in man's truth and God's mercy.
She does not claim that she is innocent; she makes no defence and no charge; she accepts her punishment without a com-plaint. These are not the symptoms of plaint. These are not the symptoms of remorse or guilt. She has abandoned prayer; she deliberately shut out the past and the future. Yet she is in all other respects obedient, industrious, and kind. There is only one explanation of these contradictions—she is innocent, and she has suffered terrible wrong."

has suffered terrible wrong."

Mr. Wyville did not return to his house till late in the evening. He had walked for hours; and, as he went, be had unravelled, with infinite patience, the psychological net work that had troubled him. He had come to a decision.

im. He had come to a decision.

Then flashed, for the first time, into her mind the question—Who had placed the flower in her ceil? Had she been unjust—and had the hand that pulled this flower been moved by kindness, and kindness to

The thought troubled her, and she became timid and impressionable sgain. Who had brought her this flower? Who ever had done so was a friend, and pitted her. Ess why — but perhaps every prisoner in the ward had also received a flower. Her heart closed, and her lips became firm at the thought.

A few moments later, she pulled the signal-wire of her cell, which moved a red board outside the door, so that it stood at right angles from the wall. This brought the warder, to know what was wanted. The door was opened, and the warder, a woman with a severe face but a kind eye, stood in the entrance. Alice had the flower in her hand.

"Have all the prisoners received flowers like this?" she inquired, with a steady

woice. "No," said the warder. In five years, this was the first question

Number Four had ever asked.
"Why was this given to me?" she saked, her voice losing its firmness, and her eyes filling with tears.
"I don't know," said the warder.

This was true: the hand that had ropped the flower late the watch-grate had done so unseen. The warder only knew that orders had been received from the governor that Number Four was not to be disturbed, nor the flower taken

away.

The door closed again, and Alice raised the flower to her lips and kissed it. Some one had pitted her, bad thought of This reflection she could not drive away.

She sat down to her work; but she could not see the cloth—her eyes were blurred with tears, her hands trembled. At last she rose, and mysad her completely and hand looked into her cell. It her. She was not alone in the world, | could observe the prisoners without being she rose, and pressed her open hands to her streaming eyes, and then sank on her knees beetde her bed, and sobbed convui-

sively.

How long she remained so she did not know, but she felt a hand softly on her head, and heard her name called in a low voice,—

log, working rapidly for a few minutes; and then she laid the coarse cloth aside, and buried her face in her hands. " Alice !"

A woman had entered the cell, and was

kneeling beside her.
Alice raised her head, and let her eyes est on a face as beautiful as an angel's, a face as white as if it were a prisoner's, but alm and sweet and sympathetic in every feature; and round the lovely face Alice saw a strange, white band, that made it look like a face in a picture.

It was a Sister of Mercy she had seen pefore when she worked in the hospital; she remembered she had seen her once sit up all night bathing the brow of a sick girl, dying of fever. This thought came learly to her mind as she looked at Sister Cecilia's face, and saw the unselfishness and devotion of her life in her pure look.

"Alice," said Sister Cacilia, "why do you grieve so deeply? tell me why you are so unhappy—tell me, dear, and I will try to make you happier, or I will grieve

Alice felt her whole self-command de serting her, and her heart melting at the kindness of the voice and words.

"Turn to me, and trust me, dear," said Sister Cecilia; "tell me why you weep so Sister Cecilia; "tell me why you weep so bitterly. I know you are innocent of crime, Alice; I never believed you guilty. And now, I have come to bring you com-

Sister Cecilia had put one arm around Alice, and, as she spoke, with the other hand she raised the tearful face and kissed it. Then the flood-gates of Alice's affliction burst, and she wept as if her heart

were breaking.
Sister Cecula waited till the storm of sorrow had exhausted itself, only mur-muring little soothing words all the time, and patting the sufferer's hand and cheek

"Now, dear," she sald at length, "as we are kneeling, let us pray for a little strength and grace, and then you shall

tell me why you grieve."
Sister Cecilia, taking Alice's hands be-

simple as a child's, and as trustful, sa'd the Lord's Prayer, Alice repeating the words after her.

Never before had the meaning of the wonderful prayer of prayers entered Alice's soul. Every sentence was full of Allce's soil. Every sentence was full of warmth and comfort and attength. The words that sank deepest were these—she repeated them afterwards with the same mysterious effect—"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." She did not know why these words were the best, but they were.
"Now, Alice," said Sister Cecilia, rising

cheerfully, when the prayer was done, "we are going to bathe our faces, and go on with our sewing, and have a long talk."

Alice obeyed, or rather she followed the example. Sister Cecilia's unaffected man-ner had won her so completely that she felt a return of her girlish companiouship. All other teachers of religion whom Alice had seen in the prison had come to her with unsympathetic formality and pro-fessional airs of sanctity, which repelled

Half an hour later Alice was quietly sewing, while Sister Cecilia sat on the pallet and talked, and drew Alice into a chat. She made no reference to the grief of the morning. The cases in the hospital, the penitence of poor sick prisoners, the impenitence of others, the gratitude and the se fishness and the many other phases of character that came under her daily observation—these were the topics of the little Sister's conversation.
"Why, I might as well be a prisoner

too," she said, smiling, and making Alice smile; "I have been in the hospital seven years. I was there two years before you You see, I am as white as a

'Yes," said Alice, looking sadly at ber "it is not right. Why do you not grieve as they do?' "Why?" answered Sister Cecilia, gayly,

"because I am not a criminal, perhaps. I am like you, Alice; I have less reason to grieve than the other poor things."

Alice had never seen it in this light before, and she could not help smiling at the

philosophy of the little Sister. But she was affected by it very deeply.

"If you had remained in the hospital, Alice," said the nun, "you would have been as much a Sister of Mercy as I am. Do you know, I was very sorry when you left the hospital."

left the hospital."

Every word she said, somehow, touched Alice in a tender place. Was the wise little nun choosing her words? At any rate, it was well and kindly done.

When she kissed Alice, and pulled the signal-wire to go out, her smile filled the cell and Alice's heart with brightness.

She promised to come and see her every day till the ship sailed; and then they would be together all the day.

"Are you going to Australia?" asked Alice, in amazement.

"Certainly," said Sister Cecilla, with a emile of mock surptise. "Why, those poor children couldn't get along without me—fifty of them. Now, I'm very glad I shall have you to help me, Alice. We'll

Two days after his visit to the prison Alice Walmsley sat in her cell, sewing tirelessly. The morning had opened like all other mornings of her imprisonment there was nothing new, nothing to suggest a new train of thought.

Some one who walked along the corri-

dor about ten oclock had seemed to hesitate a momen, at her cell, and then had passed on. The governor, she thought, who had glanced through the

watch grate.

In the wall of every cell there was a minute hole, about two inches square on the exterior, cut in the solid stone. The opening, which grew wide towards the opening, which grew wide towards the interior of the cell, was in the shape of a wedge. A warder cutside could see a large part of the cell, while the prisoner could only see the eye of the warder. As the officers were weollen slippers, they could observe the prisoners without being could observe the prisoners without the prisoners without the could be a could be

was not unusual.

A few minutes later she paused in her work, almost impatiently, and tried to out away from her an unwelcome thought. After a short pause she renewed her sew-

She was thinking of her old life, of her old self; she had tried to escape from it, but could not. For years she had separated the past and the present until she had actually come to think of herself as two beings - one, who had been happy, and who was dead - the other, living, but separated from all the world-alone, with neither memories nor hopes, neither past

or future. Yet to day, without apparent cause, the wo selves had drawn together — the two selves had drawn together - the happy Alice had come beseechingly to

the unhappy one.

For an hour she remained motionless, per face bowed in her hands. Than she ner isce bowed in her hands. Then she raised her head, but she did not renew her work. She stood up, and walked across the cell, and re-crossed it, in the rapid way of restless prisoners; but on the second passage she stood still, with a bewildered air. Her eye had caught a gieam of bright color in the opening of the watch-grate. There was a flower in

She trembled as she reached her hand to take it. She did not try to recover her dispassionate caimness, She took it in her hand, and raised it to her lips slowly, and kissed it. It was a sweet rosebub, with two young leaves. She had not seen a flower nor heard a bird

sing since she left her own little garden.
This tender thing had stolen inside her guard. Its sweet fragrance, before she knew of its presence, had carried her mind back to the happy days of her girlhood. She kept the flower to her lips. kissing it. She fed her wistful eyes or its beauty. She had been so long without emotion, she had so carefully represed the first promptings of imagination, that her heart had become thirsty unto death for some lovely or loveable thing. This sweet young flower took for her all forme of beauty. As she gazed on it, her soul drank in its delicious breath, like a soft and senuous music; its perfect coloring filled her with still another delight; its the range certainly need repainting."

Then, apparently looking around in the same practical way, Mr. Wyville remained, perhaps, a minute in the cell.

Issuer central, taking Alice's analos believed there a lattle, and filled her with still another delight; its then she raised her eyes, with a sweet the same practical way, Mr. Wyville remained, perhaps, a minute in the cell.

Issuer central, taking Alice's analos believed the same little, and filled her with still another delight; its then she raised her eyes, with a sweet the same practical way. Mr. Wyville remained, perhaps, a minute in the cell.

Two bours passed, and still she fondled the precious gift. She had not once thought of how the flower had come into

her cell.

"You are pleased at last, Number
Four," said a female warder, who had
been looking into Alice's cell.

Number Four raised her eyes from the

flower, and looked stiently her answer. For the first time in five years, the warder saw that her eyes were flooded with tears.

She did not sew any more that day,— and, strange to say, the officers took no heed of her idleness. There was a change in her face, a look of unrest, of strange-ness, of timidity.

When first she looked upon the flower,

well had burst up in her heart, and she could not stop its flood. In one hour it had swept away all her barriers, had swamped her repression, had driven out the hopeless and defiant second self, and had carried into her cell the wronged, un-happy, but human and loving heart of the

she was hereelf. She feard to think he was hereelf. She feard to think he knew it must be so. When the warder spoke to her now, she shrank from the tone. Yesterday, it would have passed her like the barsh wind, unbeeded

That night, unlike all the nights of her imprisonment, she did not lie down and sleep as soon as the lights were extin-guished. With the little flower in her hand, she sat on her low bedside in the still darkness, feeling through ail her nature the returning rush of her young life's sympathy with the world.

The touch of the resebud in her hand

thrilled her with tenderness. She made no attempt to shut out the crowding memories. They flooded her heart, and she drank them in as a parched field drinks

he drenching rain.

Toward midnight the moon rose above the city, silver-white in a black blue sky, loveller than ever she had seen it, Alice thought, as she looked through the bars of her window. She stood upon her low bed, opened the window, and looked up. At that moment her heart was touched with a loving thought of her dead mother. Her arms rested on the window-ledge, and her hands were raised before her, holding between them the little flower, as she might have held a peace-offering to a king.

Softly as a manna falls upon the desert, or the dew upon the wild flower, decended on the afflicted heart the grace of food's love and mercy. The Eye that looked from above on that white face upturned amid the gloom of the prison, beheld the eyes brimmed with tears, the lips quivering with profound emotion, and the whole face radiant with faith and

"O, thank God!" she whispered, her weeping eyes resting on the beautiful deep sky; "thank God for this little flower! O, mother, hear me in heaven, and pray for me, that God may forgive me for doubting and denying His love!"
With attenming eyes she sank upon her knees by the bedside, and poured her full

heart in passionate prayer. And, as she prayed, kneeling on the stones of her cell, with bowed head, the beautiful moon had radiance flooded the cell, as if God's blees ing were made manifest in the lovely light, that was only broken by the dark reflection of the window bars, falling upor was long past midnight when she lay down

to rest.

But next day Alice began her monoton But next day Alice began her monoton-ous toil as on all previous days. She was restless, unhappy; her face was stained with weeping in the long vigil of the night. But her heart had changed with the brief rest she had taken. She began her day without prayer. Her mind had moved too long in one deep groove to allow its direction to be changed without laborious effort

it from its stem, to throw it next day into

the street, perhaps." She was leaving the cell—the warder had opened the door—when Alice timidly touched her dress, and drew her saide, out

of the warder's sight.
"I san not a Catholic," said Alice, in

tremulous whisper.
"No matter, child," said the little num taking her face between her hands and kissing her eyes; "you are a woman. Good by, till to morrow; and say your prayers, like my own good girl."
Alice stood gazing at the spot where she

had stood, long after the door had closed. Then she turned and looked through the window at the bright sky, with her hands clasped at full length before her. As she looked, a sparrow perched on her window-sill, and she smiled, almost laughed, at the little cautious fellow. She too keeme crumbs from her shelf and threw them to him; and as she did so she thought that she might have done it every day for five years had she been as happy as she was

TO BE CONTINUED.

If your children suffer with "snuffles se Nasal Balm. It will give instant relief and saves the little ones much suffering. sold by all dealers. Try it.

Bankers' Banquet.

A very pleasant bankers' banquet may produce very unpleasant symptoms of dyspepsia, which disease is often caused by overloading the stomach with rich food, For years Burdock Blood Bitters has held first place at home and abroad as a permanent and reliable cure for dyspepsia or indigestion in any form. The proprie-ters guarantee it to cure dyspepsia or return purchase money.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT,"-These "IT IS A GREAT FUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas' Eccertric On by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cared by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness.

Familiar Family Friends. The family store of medicine should contain a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, of Rossway, N. S., say: "We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for six years, for coughs, colds, burns, sore throat, croup, etc., and find it so good we cannot do without it."

SAVED AS BY FIRE. BY M. A DENISON.

During the time of the great rueh of cold seekers to California, a young man, named Karney left his wife and family to try bis fortune in searching for the prec-lous ore. He was a printer by trade and the business did not agree with him, so it was partly on account of his health that his wife and child were left alone. He than he could earn at his printer's case. His wife, however, was not so badly off as some of her neighbors whose husbands had gone on the some errand, for, after fitting out her husband for his perilous future, she

bad remaining a few hundred dollars that had been a legacy from her father. Little Carrie Karney was ten years old when John Karney went from home. She was his idol, and loved him as fatters are seldom loved. Up to the last they had tried to keep her in ignorance of his pur-pose to go away, but she found it out, and her grief almost broke his heart. The separation came, nevertheless; and after while Carrie learned to hear her father's name spoke without violent outbursts of sorrow; and by-and by his letters became

sorrow; and by-and by his letters became a great pleasure to her.

A year, two years, three years passed. Sometimes there was cheerful news, some times none. To tell the truth, Karney had not prospered in his gold seeking. The climate had not affected his health (avorably, and his really handsome free favorably, and his really handsome face grew baggard from chills and fever and protracted anxiety. Still he held up bravely, and once or twice succeeded in sending home a little gold.

Meantime, Mrs. Karney's health had

Aleantime, Mrs. Nathry's neatth made failed from overwork and often deterred hope. The money she had doled out so carefully was all gone, and she took in fine washing to support herself and her child. Carrie, now a beautiful girl of thirteen, aided her mother in every possible way. She carried and took home clothes, fromed whatever fine please she could, and her happy little face and blithe, singing voice often cheered her faint-hearted mother when nothing else

would. "There, we're through for another week!" said Carris, on a cold Saturday night. "To-morrow is Sunday, and we night. can't work. I have found a dollar to-day, and we have something in the house to eat, and wood enough to keep us warm. Oughn't we be thankful, mother, although I can't go to church, or you, either, our clothes are so shabby ?"

clothes are so shabby ?"

"Yes, dear," said her mother, with a sigh. "I suppose you went to the post-office."

"I always go to the post-office, if I am

sure I shall not get anything. Almost before my foot touches the door sill, old Adams sings out, 'Nothing for you to-night, miss.' But this suspense won't last always, I hope. A letter must come

sometimes."
"If your father is alive," said Mrs. Kar-

ney, sadly.

"Of course he is allve, or we would hear something. Didn't Mr. Davis says that he was known everywhere, when he brought home that bit of gold, six months ago? The fact is, if he is disappointed, he can't bear to write and tell us so. In that I should be just like him, I am surs. Who knows but some time, when we are sitting just as we are now, there will com a knock at the door, and I shall open it and presto! there stands papa, with a great brown California beard on his chiq. and his eyes full of tears? Oh, dear me! She sprang to her feet, for there was

knock. The mother's pale cheeks flushed. She knew John would not wait to knock, If he had come, but nevertheless, there was wild hope throbbing at her heart. Carrie opened the door with fear and

trembling. There, to be sure, stood a man with a Californian beard, but he was not John. "So you don't remember Jim Stokes. little one?" he exclaimed.

It was a returned neighbor, and glad

and thankful they were to see him, for he brought news. upon the table. There must have been five hundred dollars — a treasure, indeed,

to them, but—
"O," cried the wife, "why didn't John come? I don't want the money, poor as I am, as much as I want him."

"Well, neighbor," returned the man,
"John is bound to be rich before he
comes, he says, and I don't know as I much blame him, it he has the resolution. But the fact is, the face of my wife and little one that were sent out to me a few months ago were too much for me, and though I hadn't made my pile, I was bound to come back if I had to return agaia. But here's his picture. t taken the day before I started."

With a cry of delight, mother and daughter caught a glimpse of the brown bearded face, and Mrs. Karney could hardly see it for her tears. For hours she gazed at it after their neighbor had

gone.
"Isn't it changed a little?" asked

Carrie, quietly,
"Changed a little!" Alas! there were marks upon that face which made the wife's heart ache. She could tell what they meant, those hard, hateful lines. Much was hidden by the full beard, which certainly improved his countenance, but the face was not her

John's.
"To tell the truth," said Jim Stokes to his wife in a loud voice, the next day,
"I wouldn't like to say to poor Mrs.
Karney, just what I think of John; but this my opinion he's going to the bad, for he drinks and gambles. Way, that's the way he earned the gold I brought

"Father!" said a white, scared girl, just coming into the rcom.
"Well, what's the matter with the child? Come here; you look as if you'd seen a ghost."
"O it's too bad! She heard you"

"Who heard me? What are you driving at, young one?"
"O father! Oarrie Karney was out in the kitchen. She stopped to borrow a book, and she heard all you said—every!"

word. It is awful; her face was awful! There was utter silence. Much as the miner regretted it, the words could not be unsaid, or their true meaning altered. He only hoped the girl would have fore sight enough to keep it from her mother Carrie's face was indeed pitiable changed and wretched as she stepped

from her friend's house and wended her way homeward. Her father—her idol— the man she had so worshipped, so honored, a drunkard and a gambler! The words seemed seared into her

The next day she presented herself at the neighbor's house again. Tae rough miner almost trembled as he met her gaze. Her pale, patient little face caused a quick, snarp pang at his heart, and the tears almost came to his eyes. "Mr. Stokes, I know you wouldn't have said so, if it hadn't been true," began Carrie, plunging at once into the subject. "Nell said you were going back to California. May I go with you? Mother says I may. I'll pay my own passage with that — that money," she added, falteringly; "and if you won't take me, I must go alone, for I'm

going."
"I couldn't have said no, to save my life," said Jim to his wife, afterwards, I never saw such pluck—but to take that little white lily into a place like that!"

John Kerney threw down the cards with a dreadful oath. The place was a rude shed, and at two or three steves men stood with shirt sleeves rolled up cooking. or five tables were ranged the length of the room, if room it could be called. Groups of rough men stood and eat here

and there, laughing, swearing, drinking.

John Karney had lost, a small pile of
gold which he had just staked. It was his all, and he was white with anger. He had just accused his opponent of cheating. Words grew hot; the excited men sprang to their feet, and cries of "Stop'em!"

'A fight!" rang through the place.
Suddenly Karney felt a touch on his hand. Then a sobbing voice tremulously

"Ofather!" And turning he saw the beautiful face, all framed in its gold curls, white and wasted very like an angel's, looking into

bis own. Not a word was spoken. The man stood as if petrified. His eyes became fixed as if a spirit had crossed his vision. There came a nervous tremulous to his lips, and all at once, with a great sob, he shouted: "Why, it is my little Carrie!" and gathered her all up in his

There was no more gaming that day no. or the next nor for many a long day thereafter. The dreadful voyage and the child's own anguish had so worn upon her slight frame that no human skill could save her. I am sorry to make so sad an ending, but the brave little childwoman had given her very life for the father she loved. Wasted to a shadow, she lay upon his bosom, and there, her eyes fastened on his, she passed into the golden gates to be with the angels.

But the father by this time was a changed man. Neither drink nor oath passed his lips after that day. Every evening he would go and sit by her little grave, and all the rough, wicked mem repected his sorrow. The grave became a ittle shrine. But better days seemed to come to him. He grew rich, and then he left for home to bring his poor, patient wife to the land of gold. They live there yet, near the precious little body, but the man, sithough changed and in his right mind, wears a shadow on his face that only death will remove

WHO READS MOST BIBLE

Our seperated brethren are very fond of talking about the Bidle and parading the Bible on all occasions. Like the enemies of Christ they are ever searching the Scriptures, for in them they think they have life everlasting. But there is one place where, in most Protestant denominations, the Bible pays very little part, and that is in the public sorvices. Modern hymns, extemporaneous prayers, a sermon, constitute nearly all, but the Scriptures do not appear. Even the ser-mons give very little Bible. Take the reported sermons which appear in the papers, and how much Scripture can you find in, them? A grain of Scripture to a bushel of politics or news. The Catholic Mass begins with a psaim; the introit is generally a passage of Scripture; the Gloris in Excelcis is a Bible passage swelllug into the greatest sublimity of prayer. The Gospel of the day is taken from one of the four Evangelists. The Epistle is a selection from some other part of Scrip-ture The Offertory is from the Bible. The Lavabo is another of the psalms; the words of Consecration are taken from the Gospels; the Our Father is taken from the Bible, and the service closes with the opening of the Gospel according to St. John. From beginning to end the Mass is a scriptural service. Vespers is a series of pealms. The Breviary, containing the daily office, is mainly composed of pealms and other extracts from Scripture. There is not an office of the Church for the living or the dead which does not contain large extracts from the Bible. From this constant use of Scripture, as may be naturally supposed, Catholic sermons show far more Bible than those of our separated

brethren. - Ca holic News

"Who said Hood's Sarsaparilla?" Thousands of people, who know it to be the best blood purifier and tonic medicine. A Bag of Flour.

As a general renovating tonic and purifying family medicine useful at all times, but especially so in the spring, Burdock Blood Bitters is unequalled.

"It's like a bag of flour in a poor man's family," says Mr. John Maunder, of Yorkville, Ont., "the oftener you take B. B. B. the better you are."

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves Worm Exter-minator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child. WORMS CAUSE SERIOUS SICKNESS. Dr.

Low's Worm Syrup destroys and expels all kinds of worms quickly and surely. PALE, WEAR WOMEN need a tonic,

strength giving, flesh building me like Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine. Minard's Liniment cures Garget in



for us, by Anna Page, Austin, s, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohie, ut. Others are doing as well. Why

From a group by Kembie, in t Oh, the Raggedy Ap' he's the god He comes to out An' waters the i An' he opens th When ne drives call! An' nen, ef our He milks the co Ain't he a' s Reggedy

FEBRUAL

The

W'y, the Ragge He splits the ki An' nen he spa An' does most i He clum't d cle An' shook a' ag An' nother 'n.' An' 'nother 'n. An' i he a' a Raggedy

An' the Ragg An' the Ragg
rhymes
An' tells 'em, e
Knows'bout Gi
An' the rquit
their seive
An' wite by the
He showed me
'At lives' way d
Turn into me—
Aip't he afi
Raggedy

The Raggedy M
Was makin' a l
says, "When y
Air you go to 8
An' be a rich
clothes?
Er what air you
An' nen ne lau
An' I says, "'m
I'm ist go'
Raggedy IRELAN LAI

By Right Rev. January nu olic Quarter Only a few Ireland throu Were ar xlousl Home Rule liamentary p powerfully a tone and the The questions and sagactous were: "Will the Irish sgrid till the end o Will the de wretched tena increasing ene ercive measur assaults of be military? W are fearfully

necessaries o keep their g

Such quest autumn of 18

ful spectre o lated districts land, adding ation and fev fold evils of The explo Irish Secreta the distress a few even But to those midab'e arm it was clear While he we the O'Shea t hoped nevel brought to a

This suit-

and most n

At the fi

distress and can heart wa lic meetings formed for well known for prompt Came among purpose of favor of the by Balfou constabular the parlian Home Rale great Rapu It had b proposed v representat

land indict

lation of t

aga'net Me

ist leaders,

appearance

among the Few word men, so tri Mr. Ball defeat the ican Repu prison and William C of there tv ardent syn the need o They be gave them enthuslass

> less arden time, prac The fa Rule can lars-whe Great Bri card " The "resy appear or the "co Irish depr Eastern a

> > our daily

the one Captain

which spre

our borde