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**A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?**

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

**CHAPTER XIX.**

"You promise, Margaret," said Hubert, as he held her hand in a farewell grasp, "if they call for your evidence to-morrow to give it according to my desire. Remember, my whole peace of mind depends upon it, and I shall watch you, and linger upon your words as I have never listened to voice before."

"I promise," she said huskily, and then she turned to the cell door, while Plowden, still anxious-looking, and somewhat agitated, murmured his leave-taking.

"If to-morrow would but end it," said Hubert wistfully.

"To-day after my answer, the lawyer gloomily breaking from Hubert's grasp as if fearful of being questioned.

"Forgo your visit to the church to-day," said Plowden, laying his hand somewhat heavily on Margaret's arm, when they reached the street at which she usually left him.

She looked up in surprise. He continued: "I have something to say to you which can only be said in your own home—something that must be said soon."

She bowed assent, and continued in the direction of her residence. She could not have answered him because of the sudden faintness which his words had caused. What could be the something that had to be told in her own home, and told soon, but an announcement to prepare her for Hubert's approaching execution? She was obliged to take his arm to support her trembling limbs, to lean heavily upon it when the mist came before her vision; and Plowden's blood leaped wildly in his veins, and the struggle in his heart grew fiercer, for how could he, as he was about to do, sever himself from the friendship, from the sight of this being whom he so madly loved?

He did not suffer his excitement to betray itself, and when she ushered him into an ante-room that opened from one of the parlors, though his face was as white as her own, and his lips compressed with mental agony, his manner seemed free from the agitation which had marked it in the prison. He motioned her to a seat, and for a moment each looked silently into the other's countenance—he, as if to divine from her face how she would receive his communication, she to read in his very lineaments an answer to the question she could not ask.

"Do you trust me, Miss Calvert?" he said at last, "I trust me entirely? I have fancied that you did not—that you accepted my services solely because you had no other alternative. I seek not to know the motive of such distrust. I do not desire to learn if anything in my conduct has given rise to suspicion—I only ask, do you trust me now as Hubert's true friend?"

His eyes had in them something so mournful, his whole face was so strangely expressive of some secret suffering, that the girl's tender heart, even in her own sorrow, had compassion for him—she was even stricken with a pang of remorse that she had ever entertained a doubt of his sincerity; under the influence of that feeling, she extended her hand and answered frankly:

"Whatever suspicion—whatever distrust—I have entertained, has quite

gone. Believe me when I say I trust you entirely."

He pressed her hand slightly, and bowed his head as if in gratitude for the assurance.

"If," he resumed, that mournful, haunting look still in his eyes, "your cousin's sentence should be comparatively light, the happiness of both of you would be eventually ensured, would it not?—that is, after the lapse of a proper time your marriage would take place?"

Margaret answered: "You heard the resolution he announced in his cell a few days since; and in very gratitude to God for a light sentence, both Hubert and I should consider it little to make the sacrifice he spoke of."

"If an acquittal were possible," said Plowden, "surely in that case you would marry."

She shook her head. "You heard him also upon that point, and his desire is, in every instance, mine."

The lawyer's manner became agitated. "Miss Calvert, if it were possible—" bending toward her—"remember, I only say if it were possible—to make your cousin believe that he had been laboring under a mental delusion—that there was no murder upon his soul—if he came forth with no stain upon his character, would you two, who love each other so well, then be united?"

Oh, the sudden light that broke over her face; her whole countenance shone as if it had been transfused, but it was only for a second; for a second that her fancy had caught his words and made them a delightful reality; sober, sorrowful truth however, rent the fabric, and left her more desolate, more heart-broken than before.

The hot tears fell fast upon her cheeks as she answered: "Could that happen, there might, indeed, be no obstacle to the event you mention—but why torture me with such an impossibility? I know he committed the murder—I who listened to his story, and washed his knife; then, all the world could not make him believe himself guiltless."

"Bear with me, Miss Calvert, even if I do give utterance to impossibilities; it is necessary to do so in order to satisfy myself of one thing; and to prove your trust in me by listening, and answering, even though you cannot understand the motives of my questions. Was such a happy ending of this trial possible, and was it accomplished by the effort of one man, what would be your regard for this man?"

"What could it be?" she answered, "but a gratitude so deep and tender that he should hold the next place to Hubert in my heart."

Plowden grew more strangely excited; the veins in his forehead began again to swell, and his face to flush so suddenly and deeply that the livid color seemed to merge into a purple hue.

"But, suppose this man's own life had been a guilty one; suppose dark, heavy crimes rested on his soul, what would it be then, Margaret—Miss Calvert—what would be your regard for him then?"

She would fain have looked away from him; his countenance, his manner, so strangely unlike his calm, dignified wont, frightened her; but the very intensity of his gaze riveted her eyes and compelled her to answer:

"No matter what his past had been I should remember alone the happiness he had given me."

Plowden grasped her hands. "No matter what he was, Miss Calvert—no matter what he had done, you would still give him a place in your heart?—you would not loathe him, you would think of him when a just fate had separated him from you forever, and when society mentioned his name only to heap obloquy upon it, you would repeat it in your prayers, and pity its miserable owner? Would you do all this, Miss Calvert?"

Frightened Margaret felt more like screaming for help, than answering him. His grasp had tightened upon her hands till she could feel them throbbing from the pressure; his eyes had grown wilder and wilder, until to her heated fancy they resembled those of some infuriated animal. She felt sure that his mind had become unsettled, perhaps from his close application to Hubert's case, and perchance also because he was certain of the failure of his efforts; but either case showed the sincerity with which he had labored, and she tried to put the frightened look out of her countenance and the alarm out of her voice, as she answered, softly:

"I should pray for, and pity, and regard him always. No matter what the world might say, he would have proved himself mine, and Hubert's friend."

He released her hands as suddenly as he had seized them, and he leaned back in his chair still looking at her, but no longer with wild eyes and an excited manner—his manner had recovered its wonted calm, and his eyes were only their mournful expression.

"God bless you, Margaret!" he said slowly, and without apologizing for his unwonted use of her Christian name. He rose, continuing:

"Forgive me if I have talked strangely to you this evening, if I have pressed upon your wounds only to open them at fresh and not to heal them; forgive me, because I, too, am suffering; Margaret—the memory of a broken heart, which blessed me in its last throbs, has haunted me all day—I in my blindness have not perceived it—I have been so accustomed to regard your affection for each other such alone as exists between brother and sister; but perhaps it is different, Margaret,

stands between you and Hubert, and if it has led me to speak a little incoherently, to betray the haunting regrets which to-day have been fiercer than usual, forgive me—extend to me a little of the sympathy with which you sweeten Hubert's life. For the rest, I have only to say that all hope has not yet gone; only trust me, and, whatever happens, remember your promise to pity and pray for him who should restore happiness to you and Hubert."

He wrung her hand and hurried forth.

Margaret remained where he had left her, too bewildered, too wildly troubled to do anything else than stand as it were, while a whole multitude of thoughts rushed in a confused and distracted manner upon her mind. Was she to fear or hope from Plowden's words, or, as she had already done, to regard them as the ravings of a suddenly unsettled mind; if the latter, who would take his place as Hubert's counsel—who would, or could work for Hubert as he had done? Then she remembered what Hannah Moore had said about the lawyer, and she found herself wondering in a vague way if there was any connection between the cook's mysterious knowledge of him, and the strange things he himself had spoken.

She would have hurried to Father Germain with her doubts and fears, but she had been so little with the invalid that day that it seemed like neglect to defer attendance upon her aunt simply to have her own trouble allayed or calmed.

Her temples throbbed with pain from the intense excitement and grief of the past few hours; her form was weak and trembling from the little sustenance she had taken, and her eyes ached from want of sleep and the long and passionate bursts of weeping to which she had become only too well intured. Truly, Margaret, even when she had changed her out-door costume, and bathed her face, as she went trotting down to her aunt's room, was a pitiable object.

Madame Bernot's physical condition still remained weak and precarious, though her appearance—save that her face was often convulsed by spasms of pain—gave no indication of the alarming increase of her disease. She smiled faintly when Margaret, taking Kreble's place, began to bathe her hands; and when the fiery darts of pain, which sometimes shot through her fingers, subsided, she said, softly: "You have been out often than usual to-day, Margaret, have you not? Every time I asked for you they said you were out. I only wish it did you more good, my darling, for you look very pale."

Her niece did not reply; she knew not what excuse to frame, so she bent closer to the vessel in which she was saturating the bathing cloth.

Madame Bernot continued: "I wonder if Hubert could leave his friends just a little while to come to me; sometimes I think my end is not very far away, and I should like to bless him before I go. And yet it would be selfish to take him from those poor people now. He says in his last letter that poor young man may be hung, and if so, I would not deprive him of a minute of my son's companionship—not that poor mother who is soon perhaps to be childless. No; his place with them since he affords them comfort, and perhaps God will spare my life till he can come to me—my own noble boy; but Thy will be done."

She looked at the picture, and for a few moments was oblivious of everything save that blood-stained face; then, as if with an effort she turned her eyes to Margaret, and resumed:

"I have been thinking, my dear child, what your future will be when I am gone: so far as means of support are concerned, my own private portion shall revert to you, and Hubert also will make ample provision for you."

"Don't—don't!" pleaded Margaret piteously, and lifting her hands in deprecating entreaty, "don't talk of your death—I cannot bear it."

And, indeed, it looked as if it would take little more to make her frail strength wholly depart.

The invalid faintly smiled. "My dear girl, and how you have repaid my little care with more than a daughter's tenderness; it is for that reason I would say something now—something that flashed on my mind to-day very suddenly, and for the first time. Will you answer me very frankly, and will you promise not to feel hurt even though I should be very far from the truth?"

Margaret bowed assent, and Madame resumed: "Long ago, when you came to me a little, sacred trust, and grew up so fair and sweet, twining yourself about all our hearts, I used to think that one day he who is dead—she stopped suddenly as if threatened by one of her occasional spasms, but the symptoms, if such they were, passed away—" might hold a near and dear place to you. He was much older, it is true; but the difference in your ages would be amply compensated by his love. Do you remember, Margaret, his affection for you, how frequently he spoke of the future when you would be old enough to marry, and I fondly hoped it would be so, until that sin blighted us all? To-day when I reflected on the lonely position in which my death would leave you, there came suddenly into my mind the possibility of your union with Hubert. Perhaps you are already attached to each other, only I, in my blindness have not perceived it—I have been so accustomed to regard your affection for each other such alone as exists between brother and sister; but perhaps it is different, Margaret,

Tell me, has Hubert ever said that he loved you, and, if so, what has been your answer?"

Margaret could not speak; she could only lift her face for an instant while the hot, sudden color dyed every feature, and then bury it in her hands; but it was enough for Madame Bernot.

"I shall not embarrass you further, my darling," she said, "I think I understand it all now, and I shall wait until Hubert comes home. Perhaps the dear God will spare me so long, and if He should not, you can transmit to my son, my wishes on this subject. Why have you been so silent, my dear girl? Was it that you feared my displeasure? Ah! Margaret, you hold too dear a place in my heart for me to wish to withhold my son from you."

If she could only have looked into the heart of the girl kneeling beside her, how inured to suffering though she was, would she not have started back appalled from the anguish burning there; how would she not have yearned in pity and tenderness over poor Margaret's wild desire to throw herself on that loving breast, and sob out that union could never be—that cup of happiness had turned to gall and wormwood months ago.

But the invalid saw nothing only the bowed, motionless head of her niece, and she suspected nothing save that Margaret's heart was in Hubert's keeping, and then her eyes wandered to the beloved picture. But the effort which it had cost her to say so much, and to revert to that past which had been hitherto as a sealed book, even to her own thoughts, brought on one of her severe spasms. They were wont to come suddenly and without warning, but they rarely left her so white and corpse-like as did this one, and Margaret knelt in terror, while Kreble raised the cushions and laid the still, white face softly back.

The same lone night hours that witnessed Margaret's vigil in the sick room, looked upon an unusual scene in the Delmar homestead. Louise, immediately on the return of her mother and herself from the court, had shut herself in her room on the plea of a headache, and she had given way unrestrainedly to the strange and painful thoughts which agitated her mind.

Too vain and shallow, too superficially educated to know how to reason with her passionate desires, and lacking the one infallible guide, true religion, she could only shrink and writhe under her strange mental torture without even attempting to combat it. In all her previous trouble her usual course was to flee at once to some one of her confidants—as what girl of fashion has not one or more of such?—and talk herself out of her real, or imaginary sorrow; but this troubled state of feeling was something so different from anything she had yet experienced, that she turned impatiently from describing that pain to any of her frivolous companions.

She thought of her mother, but it was only to turn with the same impatience from the idea of giving her such a confidence, divining instinctively that the latter would not understand it, and, if she did, would not be capable of sympathizing with it.

The hours wore on. Mrs. Delmar had sent to know how she was, and on learning that she was no better and had refused to partake of the repast sent to her room, came herself with affected maternal solicitude to advise that the family physician be summoned. But Louise was in no mood for questions or endearments, and to both returned such childish answers, and gave such other unmistakable evidence of being in a very ill temper, that the fashionable lady was glad to return to the visitor she had left.

And the unhappy girl flung herself on the lounge again, and tossed and moaned until she heard her brother ascend to his room.

Her thoughts were becoming unendurable. Poor, pampered child of fashion! she could not bear pain, and she sought to fling it from her at any cost. She must tell her trouble to some one; she must obtain sympathy, if not relief, somewhere, and to her brother, who, she fancied—because he was Hubert's friend—would be the most likely to compassionate, and perhaps to help her, she determined to pour out the unhappy passion of her foolish heart.

Hitherto, there had been few confidences between the brother and sister, partly owing to their different dispositions, and partly owing to the training which Louise had received—a training that taught her to look abroad for confidants; that made her regard other young men as more fitting objects upon whom to lavish attentions than an old-fashioned brother whose ideas of right and wrong were rather too strict.

Eugene's sex had saved him from the pernicious training of his sister; it had removed him during his boyhood, and a good portion of his early manhood from his mother's soul-destroying care, and with impulses naturally good, and parts though not brilliant, yet steady and sure, he had escaped stealthily from the temptations which beset most youths. Seeing but little even of his mother and sister until he had left college, he considered women as something beyond his understanding—creatures to be wondered at, and to be made familiar with mainly accidents. His feelings, so far as veneration was concerned, underwent a considerable change before he was many weeks within sight and hearing of his fashionable mother's foibles; and at last he burst into very unparading reproofs of the same, but the reproofs had no other effect than to make Mrs. Delmar declare herself the worst treated mother

in the world, and dub Eugene in his absence, "A hateful all the mender."

For Louise, he had all the proud affection which a young man naturally entertains for an only sister; he was proud of her showy style, and because of her youth he could overlook the faults she had so accurately copied from her elegant parent; he basked in the sunshine her presence made in the house; he was restless and lonesome at any protracted absence of hers from home, but to bestow upon her any of the little endearments with which brothers sometimes petted sisters, he would have thought as soon of embracing Miss Calvert. When, through any chance inadvertence she requested him to button her glove, or adjust her shawl, he would evince such trembling awkwardness, and such evident dislike of the task, that she invariably broke from him in impatience.

To have told her any of his own affairs, or to have expected from her a similar confidence, would have been to him a preposterous idea, and had a sudden chasm disclosed itself in the floor at his feet, he could not have been more astonished than when she stood on the threshold of his room asking: "May I come in? I have something to say to you."

Louise, who never by any chance entered his apartment—he could not understand it; and he stood with the portion of a cigar yet in his hand, and a thin wreath of smoke still curling about his head.

She repeated her request, and he, as if not yet comprehending, answered: "Yes; I shall be down in a minute," and he turned away as if to prepare to descend, but she sprang after him, saying: "I mean here—to speak to you here; mamma would interrupt us below."

He looked ruefully about him, as if his bachelor apartment would suffer some terrible innovation if he permitted this visit; but Louise had already pushed her way to his own easy chair, and nestling down into it began to cry as if her heart would break.

This was a new phase of that peculiar creature—woman—and, slightly alarmed, Eugene closed the door, threw his cigar into the cuspidor, drew a chair in front of his sister, and waited quietly for her emotion to subside.

It was harder than she had imagined it would be to impart this new and strange confidence—to open her heart at once to one to whom even its most casual workings had never been laid bare, and she made a feint of still continuing to weep, even after her actual tears had ceased, that he might be the first to speak. But the simple fellow, not knowing what to say, kept an equal silence, and which he would have protracted for an indefinite length of time, had she not, provoked at his apparent want of tact, burst out impatiently at last:

"I want to speak to you about Hubert Bernot."

Eugene gravely nodded; he understood no more than her words implied, and if he wondered what connection her tears had with that gentleman, certainly no glimmer of the truth entered his mind.

"Did you visit him to-day?" shading her face with her hand; and looking down, that, not meeting his eyes, she might have more courage to speak.

"I did," was the reply.

"And"—in a faltering voice—"Does he think that—that he will have to die?"

"He seems fully to expect it."

"Do you,"—in a very faltering voice—"Really think so, too?"

"I am afraid it will be so—yes," with a sigh.

"And he will die and never know that I loved him"—bidding her face in her hands with sudden shame.

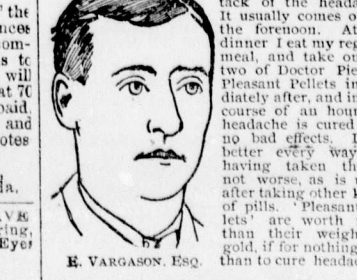
Eugene looked at her in dumb-stricken wonder. Feeling how useless it would be to wait for him to draw forth all she would tell, she flung her hands from her face, as if defiant of the very shame which had caused her to put them there, and told it all—the beginning of her attachment to Hubert when the first spark was applied by her mother—the rapid growth of that attachment, and now its sad uselessness if he were to die without even knowing of its existence.

The young man comprehended at last. Perchance he more easily understood his sister's suffering from the fact of a like pain having been once in his own heart when he had dared to dream—he ventured nothing more—a of a village belle about whom half the college students had raved betimes. He answered very sadly, but with almost a woman's tenderness.

"Hubert is already engaged to his cousin. This afternoon he extorted my promise to be one of the executors of the wealth which he will leave her in the event of his death."

If the more womanly and better part of Louise Delmar's nature had asserted itself up to this part, though in a weak and unmanly manner, the hard, warped part of her nature came uppermost now—jealousy, as bitter as it was sudden, swept over her soul, and transformed her from the tremulous, love sick girl into the rigid, vindictive woman.

Her brother continued to speak as if to one who was suffering from the generous impulses of an over-kind heart. He repeated the tale that Hubert had told him, but repeated it in a more touching and affectionate manner. He described Margaret Calvert's faithful devotion—such a description as his own noble feelings could alone give—and he affected what men of more powerful intellect but less innate goodness must have failed utterly to do—he touched the heart, the passionate, jealous heart of his sister. Never perhaps had all the woman been so roused in her nature; never had springs of



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goodness in her soul — long, long sealed — been so widely opened; and the tears that dropped so hotly on her cheeks were shed, not for herself now, but for unhappy Margaret Calvert.

She murmured, between passionate sobs, the base part she had taken in the calumnies which were first spoken of the unoffending girl, and how it was due to her mother and herself that society contemned Miss Calvert.

Simple Eugene had never before beheld the interior of a woman's heart, and it disclosed to him such appalling depths of malice that faint would have turned away, and closed his ears to the wretched story. His own heart was so pure, so upright in its dealings with all men, that to find women — women whom he had so revered — only filthy dross, was a shock from which he would not soon, nor easily, recover.

But it was difficult not to pity the poor, sobbing creature beside him; her distress was so unfeigned, her penitence so real.

"Tell me how to undo it all, Eugene," she said; "how to let her know that I am so sorry."

But he was as helpless as herself to advise her what course to pursue in that respect, and he only sighed, and looked at her in a tender, reproachful way which made her tears come afresh.

Perhaps it was because in sorrow the heart is ready to cling to any sympathizer, that her brother had never seemed so dear to Louise as he did at that moment that she felt the value — now an inestimable one to her — of the goodness it had been her wont to term "old-fashioned," and "straight laced," and that made her feel it was that goodness which enabled him to bestow the sympathy she would have sought vainly from others. To obtain his pardon, to merit his approbation, was now her sole desire.

"I shall try to think what I ought to do," she said, rising, "and when I have done all I can, will you forgive me?"

She stood shyly beside his chair, the tears yet undried on her flushed cheeks — a pretty and touching picture of timidity and embarrassment — and Eugene's heart beat with new tenderness and new joy as he reflected that it was not yet too late to undo the work which the world, aided so efficiently by his mother, had done; as his would be the task of raising his sister's character to the standard he would have it.

His rose, and for the first time since then he led her to the door and bade her a good night.

Stammering, Eugene Dolmar; let not, as there sometimes do, regrets because of thy lack of mental gifts, mingle with thy dreams. Thou hast parts which would have been powerless to effect — thou hast turned a heart from its evil ways.

In her room, the young girl was inditing a letter to Margaret Calvert, blistered with tears. Without betraying her own unhappy attachment to Hubert, she poured forth the penitence and remorse her brother had rendered.

She hinted at, without naming, the calumnies that had been spoken of Margaret, frankly confessing her own part in them, and humbly begging forgiveness.

"And now, Maggie," the letter concluded, "perhaps if I had known you long ago as I know you now, I should have been a much better girl; but I did not understand you in time, and I yielded to the counsels of my own evil nature. I shall not go to the court any more, for I could not look into your face after all I have done; but I shall pray for the best — for the very best — for you and Hubert.

"Good bye, and forgive me, for I am very miserable. Louise."

One hour after midnight, when Margaret had resigned her place by the invalid chair to Krebie, and was creeping to her room, Louise Dolmar, having directed and sealed her letter that it might be ready to give her brother in the morning, had thrown herself on the bed, and pressed her hands over her eyes to shut out the image of Hubert Bernot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pray Without Ceasing.

It is known that Stonewall Jackson was eminently a man of prayer. He was once asked what was his understanding of the Bible command to be "constant in prayer," and to "pray without ceasing." His reply was: "I can give you my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think I am setting up as a model for others. I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raised a glass of water to my lips without lifting up my heart to God in thanks and prayers for the water of life. Then when we take our meals there is the grace. Whenever I drop a letter in the postoffice I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received I stop to ask God to prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room and await the arrangement of cadets in their places that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so in every act of the day I have made the practice habitual."

"And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" asked a friend.

"I can hardly say that I do; the habit has become almost as fixed as to breathe."

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

STRANGE CASE AT ST. ALBAN'S.

We were very busy at St. Alban's hospital. Nurses and doctors were hard at work from morning till night, and from night till morning again.

The severe winter was bringing its usual accompaniment of starvation and sickness. Hard times and bad living were working havoc among the poor; the hospital was full to overflowing. An unusual number of casualties, at the same time, brought stretcher after stretcher to the accident room.

The great clock over the entrance was just striking 6 as I threw my shawl round me and hastened off across the grounds to the dispensary. Running quickly through the snow I soon arrived at the door, and was greeted by the customary growl which awaited late comers.

"I am sorry I am late in coming for the stimulants," I said, as soon as I could get my breath. "I could not leave the ward before. Let me see six ounces of brandy for Nos. 20 and little No. 16's port wine; that is all, I think."

"Anything fresh this afternoon, Nurse Deaton?" inquired the dispenser, as I busily packed the bottles into my apron pocket, in order to leave my hands free for my shawl.

"Nothing for us," I answered. "A bad case has just gone up to Mary Ward. A poor young fellow was brought in this afternoon, found dead in the snow—good evening, and I set off again across the white ground."

"Off duty at 6," I said to myself, as I went, "I would not go off, only I am so tired and sister says I must."

At the ward door I encountered Nurse Fleming, my chum and fellow-nurse, just emerging from the ward, accompanied by two women, one of whom was weeping bitterly.

"Oh, dearie," exclaimed the nurse as she saw me, "I am so glad you are come. This is the wife of poor No. 12, who died this morning; she wishes to see him. I know you are off duty, dear, but do you mind taking her? I've just got a fracture in, and Mr. Hooper is waiting to attend to it; thank you." I nodded a cheerful acquiescence, and she turned back to attend to her many duties.

Taking the woman with me, I went to the room of the porter, who kept the mortuary keys. With many growls he lighted his lantern and prepared to accompany us, as he was in duty bound to do.

He was one of the many male officials of St. Alban's who considered it right to be as disagreeable as possible to the nurses whenever they required his services, so I took no notice of his murmurings, but devoted my attention to the poor woman at my side. While she was telling me of the many virtues of her late husband and of the dark future in store for herself and her eight children, we arrived at the door of the mortuary. Leaving us standing there, under a lamp which projected from the wall and which the porter lit from the flame of his lantern, the man entered alone, in order that he might bring forward from the large mortuary the particular body we wished to see; presently he opened the door again to admit us.

The door by which we entered led into a tiny chapel. It was here that the relatives of the deceased looked their last upon the pale, set faces of their departed friends. The body about to be viewed was wheeled on a light trolley into the chapel, which was kept very clean, and daily redocked with white flowers.

As we entered the porter stepped outside to see something to the lamp, which did not burn properly, while I went forward with the woman and gently turned back the sheet from the poor, dead face.

The two women were too much absorbed—the one with her grief and the other with her sympathy—to take any notice of me. So I, remembering a poor, little wif, who died in my arms a day or two before, and thinking I should like to see him again, for I had grown to love the little motherless creature, picked up the lantern from the floor and went in search of my little patient. It was some time before I found him, and, after imprinting a kiss on the small, pitiful face, I went to look at the new post-mortem room, which had lately been finished and which I had not seen. I was walking round, the light of the lantern gleaming weirdly on the white tiles which lined the walls and floor, when I suddenly heard a door bang. Without knowing exactly what had happened, I shivered with apprehension and my face crept uneasily. In a moment I had flown through the mortuary and into the chapel. Too late! The door was shut, and all was in darkness!

In a moment I knew what had happened. The porter, supposing that I had gone and left the visitors to him, had turned out the gas, locked the door and gone away with them. Oh, it was too horrible! I beat on the door with both fists. I raised my voice in a fearful scream, but it was worse than the awful silence, for the hollow walls took up the sound, and the mocking echo came back to me as if the dead were shrieking in their places. I sank on my knees on the damp stones and covered my face with my hands.

The building stood far away from any other; the blustering wind would prevent my voice being heard even had I the courage to shout again, which I had not; no one would be in the grounds in such weather as this; I should not be missed. In the ward I should be supposed, being off duty, to be in my own room. Nurse Fleming, missing me from the supper table, would imagine that I had gone to bed, and

would probably retire without, as she thought, disturbing me.

What should I do? What could I do? To remain there all night seemed impossible, yet how much more impossible to get away. I had always been accounted among my fellow-nurses as the most courageous, and I fear I had been wont to boast that nothing could frighten me, but that nothing dreamed of anything like this. To sit among friendly faces in the day-light, or beside a cheery fire, was one thing; to be forced to spend a night alone with the dead was another.

At length I gathered sufficient courage to turn round and try to realize my position. Oh, how I envied those fortunate mortals who, in moments of danger and dread, can quietly faint away into calm unconsciousness, to recover their senses only when the horror is past! If I could only lie down on that cold floor and sleep. Aye! even if it were the sleep that knows no waking, how gladly would I have done so. Anything rather than remain terror-stricken with these dreadful companions.

I glanced at the lantern; how long would it burn? Could I depend on its light lasting till dawn? I looked at the trolley, with its cold, still burden, then, with a mighty effort, I crossed the chapel, and seizing the end of the ghastly carriage, whirled it quickly into the large mortuary. With as much strength as my arms possessed, I sent it into the darkness and flew back into the dimly lighted chapel, closing the door behind me.

Now at least I was alone, with nothing more unearthly than white flowers and a large oblong cross which hung against the wall. Sinking down into the corner most remote from the inner door, wrapping my shawl closely round my shivering shoulders, I vainly tried to think of pleasant things. I tried to think of the ward, with its cheerful fire and rows of beds with their cozy red rugs; of the fun we had had at Christmas with the children and the Christmas tree; of home, with the dear faces I hoped to see when the summer came, and with it the long anticipated holiday.

But all in vain! My eyes would keep glancing round at the horrible door. My ears would strain themselves to listen for sounds from the silent room. Oh! I should go mad! I could not bear it! How wicked! how cruel! that no one came to seek me! What was that? The great clock at the entrance was striking. One! two—but no, seven! eight! then silence. Only eight o'clock. Only two hours since I ran through the garden to fetch the stimulants!

Almost involuntarily I slipped my hand into my apron pocket. Yes, there were the two bottles carefully wrapped around with my handkerchief as I had put them.

For a moment a ray of hope darted across my mind; surely when the bottles were missed from their place inquiry would be made and I should be sought for. But a moment's reflection brought back the old despair. It was not an unheard-of thing in those busy times for the dispensary to be forgotten until the door was locked and the dispenser gone. Mixtures and medicines would be left on the little shelf outside, but not the stimulants—and Sister, with a sigh at the forgetfulness of the nurses, would serve the patients from the stock bottles, and no thought would be directed to me.

Whether I fell asleep or not, I have never since been able to determine, but when I roused from the semi-conscious hours into which I had fallen so early, my ears would strain to have elapsed. Instead of the dim light of the lantern at my side the chapel was flooded with silver moonlight. In spite of my thick shawl, I was fearfully cold and cramped with leaning so long against the chilly stones. I was aware that something had aroused me; something besides moonlight and discomfort. A glance at the skylight over head showed me the moon sailing calmly through the dark, blue vault of heaven, surrounded by fleecy clouds; and even as I looked and listened the great clock struck 2!

For nearly six hours I had lain unconscious in that awful place. The fact did not tend to bring me comfort; I felt sick and ill, my limbs ached; the black cross, touched by the moonbeams, loomed dark and awful against the white wall, to die and forget everything!—What was that? A sound—a groan! Oh, heaven! coming from the other side of that inner door!

I had arisen to my feet, but now I sank back, frozen with horror, into the sheltering corner. For a few moments, silence, then it came again. I listened—a low, long moan—but to my confused brain it was not the hollow, unearthly groan of the sage ghost such as we are wont to associate with rattling chains and lurid blue fire, but rather the groan of a human creature in pain. As soon as this idea took possession of my weakened mind, my courage returned. All my nurse-like instincts came to my aid.

The thought that a living human being was near, much more a fellow creature, who needed help, filled me with new energy, and I rose and took up my lantern. What I expected to find I hardly know, perhaps some workman who had been assisting with the new building had fallen asleep, or been overcome with drink, and shut in, like myself, through misadventure. How improbable a theory this was did not, fortunately, occur to me until long afterward, and I opened the door and looked into the dark interior. At the sound of the opening door the groaning ceased, and for a while I stood, uncertain which direction to take.

Presently a movement at the further end decided me, and I made my way slowly round the stone ledges, causing the light of the lantern on the ground as I went. No sign of a human figure could I see. No British workman's recumbent form gladdened my eyes. I stood still in perplexity.—Oh, heavens! what was that? Could it be me, not yet placed in a shell, but lying on the stone slab, lay a long, still figure. Still! Oh horror! As I looked, unable to stir, I saw the white sheet that covered it move—a long, thin hand pushed itself from beneath and almost touched me. All my former experience was nothing to this. In a moment the fingers had pulled the sheet from the face, and a pair of dark eyes gazed into mine!

How long I stood thus I shall never know. At length, a long, quivering sigh from the white lips called me to myself, and I gathered courage to bend over and touch the prostrate form. Enough! The spell was broken! I knew then that this was no time to hesitate—no time to give way to womanish fears. I took the cold hand in mine.

"Do not fear," I said, in a calm voice as I could command. "I will do all I can for you," and, taking the shawl from my shoulders, I folded it round the shivering form. Instinctively I remembered the bottles in my pocket, and drawing them forth, dropped a little brandy between the chattering teeth. After a while the returning color in the lips, the increasing warmth of the limbs, told me that my efforts had not been in vain. Oh, if I could only summon aid, but that was impossible! If I could keep life in my companion, my patient, until help arrived. Fortunately, my shawl was a large, warm one; fortunately, old No. 26 had not got his brandy, but I had it safely here.

"Where am I?" asked the man, as he looked round the dim place, his face full of surprise—and no wonder, for his surroundings had, to say the least, an unusual appearance. I did not think it wise or necessary to explain matters more than to tell him he was in St. Alban's hospital, and would soon doubtless be well. He told me what I had already guessed, that in travelling on foot through the snow he had been overtaken by intense fatigue and being unable to overcome the drowsiness he knew well might be fatal, he had fallen asleep. "It's a wonder I'm not dead," he concluded, and I made no answer.

I had been so absorbed in my work that I had taken no account of the hours as they went by, until now I heard the clock ring out 6! Oh, the joy of that sound!

We kept early hours at St. Alban's, and at 6 o'clock we were expected to rise. I should be missed, sought for, and found!

I was shivering and sick. The man had fallen into a doze, from which I could not find it in my heart to rouse him, lonely and miserable as I felt. Oh, how cold it was! My thin cotton dress was scanty covering from the icy air. How long would it be before they found me?

Would they seek long before they thought of the mortuary? Would they think of the mortuary at all? How all these thoughts tormented me, chasing each other through my aching brain until, at last, a sound of a key turning in the lock—the voice of my dear nurse's companion saying in bewildered tones, "She cannot be here, porter." Then the whole place spun round and I saw and heard no more.

It was long before I returned to my work. Pneumonia had set in and for weeks I was too ill to leave my bed.

Tenderly I was nursed and much was I praised for what they were pleased to call my bravery. My patient, I learned, had recovered, and was full of gratitude for his strange rescue from an untimely end. The case of "suspended animation" was much talked of among the doctors, and the medical men took it up with interest. "You saved his life, you know," said the nurses to me, to console me for my unpleasant experiences; and the patient himself had told me the same thing a hundred times since that day, for I am now his wife.

A Fortune in a Name.

One who was very likely a devout client of St. Anthony, a wealthy citizen of Vienna, sought to perpetuate the name of his patron in a novel way. He died recently, and his heirs upon opening the will found the following conditions imposed on those who would enjoy the benefits of his bequest:—"I bequeath the whole of my property, movable and immovable," says he, "to my six nephews and my six nieces, but on the sole condition that every one of my nephews marries a woman named Antonia, and that every one of my nieces marries a man named Anton." The twelve are further required to give the Christian name Antonie or Anton to each first born child, according as it turns out to be girl or boy. The marriage of each nephew and niece is also to be celebrated on one of the St. Anthony's days, either January 17, May 10 or June 13. Each is further required to be married before the end of July, 1896. Any nephew or niece remaining unmarried to an Antonie or Anton after that date forfeits half of his or her share of the property."

Catarrh in the Head. Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following:—"My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FURBER, Newmarket, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

HE LOVES THE CARDINAL.

Touching Meeting of the Aged Archbishop Kenrick and His Entrance.

Cardinal Gibbons' recent visit to St. Louis was marked by a touching occurrence. His Eminence visited the St. Louis University, and after leaving that institution met Archbishop Kenrick. The Cardinal, Archbishop Kenrick and Bishop Donahue breakfasted together. At the invitation of Archbishop Kenrick, accompanied in a theological train, the Cardinal, Archbishop Kenrick and Bishop Donahue breakfasted together. At the invitation of Archbishop Kenrick, accompanied in a theological train, the Cardinal, Archbishop Kenrick and Bishop Donahue breakfasted together.

Archbishop Kenrick led the way to the room, which the aged prelate seldom leaves. The door was open, and there, in his great chair, sat Archbishop Kenrick, absorbed in a theological treatise. For a moment the little party stood looking at the white haired prelate, and then Archbishop Kenrick advanced and said: "Your Grace, a visitor."

Archbishop Kenrick looked up. Although he had not been told that His Eminence was in the city, his face lit up immediately, and as the Cardinal advanced he sank from his chair to his knees and reverently kissed the Cardinal's ring. Then he resumed his seat, muttering: "Your Eminence, I am overjoyed." So affected were the members of the little group within the room that for several minutes no one broke the silence.

The Cardinal was the first to speak. Drawing his chair near to the venerable prelate, he began to speak of Church affairs, and found the mind and memory of Archbishop Kenrick wonderfully active for so old a man. But as often as the Cardinal touched upon the affairs of to day the venerable Archbishop would carry the thread of the conversation back a score of years. He talked long, intelligently and at times even eloquently of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in which he was such a prominent figure.

When the Cardinal referred to Archbishop Kenrick's deceased brother, the aged prelate's emotions proved too much for him. He shed tears, and it required the combined efforts of the party to bring him back to his former state of composure. It is well known that the Kenricks—Richard and John—loved each other tenderly, and no burden of episcopal cares or press of official duties ever prevented them from corresponding frequently.

Cardinal Gibbons is probably the venerable Archbishop's dearest living friend. His Eminence has always held the aged Archbishop in the deepest reverence on account of his great piety and learning, and also because it was Archbishop Kenrick's brother that ordained him a Bishop. Cardinal Gibbons in succeeding the Right Rev. John Kenrick in the See of Baltimore likewise succeeded him in the affections of his brother, Peter Richard Kenrick. When at last the Cardinal took his leave Archbishop Kenrick again shed tears.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold of death is upon the victim before they are aware of danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dyspepsia Remedy, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.



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If the book is not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser it may be returned at our expense. I am well pleased with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I find it most valuable work. J. M. CHASTAN, CHASTAN, Ont.

"I am highly pleased with the Dictionary," writes Mr. W. Scott of London, Ont. Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, Ont.

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decision that it has withdrawn its Ambassador from Lisbon, and the Portuguese Ambassador will probably be also withdrawn from Rome. The Italian Government feels very much hurt because it cannot persuade any Catholic power to recognize the Italian occupation of Rome, even in the informal way of making a visit to King Humberto, and the Duke of Aosta has been commissioned to endeavor to persuade King Carlos to carry out his original intention to visit Rome as Humberto's guest, though it is not at all likely he will succeed in his mission. Thus at the very moment when the Pope's enemies assert that the question of the restoration of the Pope's temporal authority can never be effected, it is shown that the Catholic powers still regard it as an unsettled question which must come up at some future date for a settlement which will be satisfactory to the Catholic world.

The following quaint and curious bit of "olde Englyshe" rhyme has come down to us from the days when the Catholic faith was yet strong in the hearts of the English nation, and before the misnamed "Reformation" had entirely robbed them of their faith and completed its ghastly and deforming work. The simplicity of the lines quoted is, indeed, charming, and they, besides giving one a glimpse of the everyday troubles and pleasures of the sixteenth century, and an indication of the prevalent faith of the people of all conditions in the efficacy of the Holy Mass, go to show that, as the centuries roll by, the doctrines of the Church are ever the same, ever consoling, ever efficacious, ever true. It is simply inconceivable, and, on the face of it, absurd to maintain that countless multitudes should, century after century, and age after age, believe in, and teach their children to rely upon, the helpfulness of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass in smoothing the path of the Christian through life's journey, unless experience had convinced them of its wonderful power and blessings. May God hasten the day, now apparently fast approaching, when once more the "pure offering" and the "clean oblation" shall be daily made again in England upon ten thousand altars for the sins and necessities of its people:

MASSE opens heaven's gates, and doth deliver men from hell. MASSE leadeth all the diseases, and doth sick MASSE doth relieve the burdened mind, and slimes defile the conscience clean. MASSE pleaseth him that guideth the skies, and gives the heavenly rain. MASSE plucketh the shaft of sin from out the Paragardie fire. MASSE comforteth the afflicted sort, and makes them to aspeeth. MASSE washeth cleane the minde, and makes the quillie conscience cleere. MASSE doth obtayne the grace of God, and keeps his favour close. MASSE driveth the wicked devils hence, and overthows the feendes. MASSE bringeth about good from hie, and makes them faythful freendes. MASSE doth defend the travayler, from danger and disease. MASSE doth preserve the sayling, ship amid the raging seas. MASSE driveth away the corn and graine, and helpeeth husbandrie. MASSE blesseth every such as seeks in wel this state to bee. MASSE gets a man a pleasant wife, and gettes the mayd her mate. MASSE helps the Captain in the field, and carterth the debaile. MASSE doth assuage the hate that in the heart doth rage. MASSE doth defend the pleasant grapes, and eyerwards doth maintain. MASSE helps the hunter with his game, and makes the dox to runne throught his face. MASSE sendeth store of sport and game into their nettes. MASSE mollifieth the angry widders, and driveth rage away. MASSE bringeth the woeful Lovens to their long desired joy. MASSE doth destroy the vices' works and makes the charnyng vale. MASSE causeth good deliverance, and helps the woman's justice. MASSE makes thy prayers to be heard, and giveth thy request. MASSE drives away the greedy wolfe, that doth the sheepe molest. MASSE makes the murrain for to cease, and MASSE makes thy journey prosper well, whersoever thou turnest thy face. MASSE, overthows thine enemies folow, and doth resist his might. MASSE drives out the sinfull sinners, and those that walk by night. MASSE, plague and hunger doth expell, and will maintain. MASSE makes a man with quiet mind, and conscience cleere to die. Thomas Nazgeorgis. (Englished by Barnabe Gooldy, 1577)

From acts of the present Czar in the beginning of his reign it was supposed that he would inaugurate a new era of toleration in his empire, but he is not fulfilling public expectation in this regard. It is stated on good authority that he is of indolent and inactive character, and though he is naturally kind at heart he permits matters to go in the old routine, and is ready to sign any document or decree which his advisers lay before him, provided they do not brother him with the work of thinking. As a consequence the old persecuting officials have full liberty to annoy in every possible way, Catholics and Protestants alike, and all who do not conform to the Church of Russia. The latest interference with matters belonging to the Catholic Church is an official order providing that no ecclesiastical candidates shall be accepted without a knowledge of the language, literature and history of Russia. Inspectors have also been appointed to in-

investigate the teaching of the seminaries, and they do their office in an arbitrary manner as possible, interfering with the curriculum of studies under pretence of controlling the study of the Russian language and history. The object of these measures is to prevent the ordination of Poles and to destroy the last vestige of Polish nationality.

APROPPOS of the recent transfer from Mitchell to Toronto of the remains of the Hon. John Rolph, one of the famous leaders of the patriots of 1837, it may not be generally known that his widow, his daughter, Mrs. Haywood, and the latter's daughter (now a Visitandine nun), embraced the Catholic faith, one by one, during the past thirteen years.

The Archbishop of Lyons having presented to the Holy Father a report of a conference of Bishops in which a strong protest was made against the imposition of the unjust tax on religious corporations, Cardinal Rampolla replied stating that the Holy See leaves full liberty to the superiors of the various orders to adopt whatever course they consider best in defence of their interests. As a consequence many religious orders have resolved to resist passively the imposition of the tax. The Pope's action refutes a statement made by the Government organs to the effect that the Holy Father by his silence indicates a desire that the religious congregations should submit unconditionally to the decree of the Government.

A REMARKABLE miracle is reported to have been wrought at the shrine of Joan of Arc at Dreumery, her birthplace in France. A religious who was one of the Sisters in charge of an orphanage at Fruges, contracted cancerous swelling of the joints in one of her feet, and the bone commenced to decay. There was apparently no remedy except amputation of the limb, but as a last resort the poor sufferer made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Joan of Arc. After the ninth visit she was suddenly cured; the disease completely disappeared, leaving behind not even a cicatrix. The medical man who attended the Sister during her malady vouches for the complete cure. An investigation was held to ascertain the reality of the miracle, and the committee has sent to Rome a favorable report. It is believed that the fact will have great weight in determining the Holy Father to confer upon the French heroine the title "Blessed," that of "Venerable" having been conferred already.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Circular Letter of the Archbishop of Kingston on the Annual Collection for the Holy Places in Jerusalem and the Missions to the Negroes in Africa.

To the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy of the Archdiocese of Kingston: Dear Fathers,—Let me call your attention to the mandate of Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., addressed to all the Bishops of the Catholic Church a few years ago, and requiring them to collect alms every year from the faithful in their dioceses for two most grave and sacred objects, namely, the restoration of the Catholic institutions in the holy city of Jerusalem and the establishment of missions in Africa for the protection and Christian civilization of the long-neglected and cruelly abused negro races inhabiting the dark continent. In a Pastoral Letter addressed by me to you in April, 1891, I signified my wish that we should propose to each congregation to combine their alms for both objects in a single offering on the day appointed for the collection in the church, and exhort them to regulate the extent of their contribution by the magnitude and urgency of the two great works of charity for which their aid is solicited, avoiding by this method the inconvenience of multiplying collections among our faithful people.

The published list of the annual offerings of the several dioceses of Canada exhibits a slackening of zeal or charity in this archdiocese. Our annual contribution has been gradually diminishing, and our place on the list is much lower down than it was a couple of years ago. We should endeavor to correspond more fully with the behests of Our Holy Father, the Pope, and stir up the zeal of our people in favor of these great works of religion and charity. I rely on you to do your best. Be pleased to impress on your congregations that, although but one collection is taken up annually, this is only an economic arrangement of mine for the sake of avoiding the multiplication of diocesan collections; nevertheless there are virtually two collections for two very distinct religious objects, and, accordingly, each one's alms should be equivalent to what would fairly be given, were there two separate collections for the two separate kinds of work.

In my Pastoral Letter above referred to, I named Ascension Thursday for the annual collection, leaving it to your discretion to select some Sunday at the earliest convenient date, if the holiday were not found suitable. With regret I have to mention that the pro-

ceeds of last year's collection in several of the missions were returned to me so late that the total diocesan offering was not received until the middle of January, 1895, and consequently the published list of last year's offerings makes the Archdiocese of Kingston appear a defaulter. This is unpleasant, and does not add to our credit. Be pleased, therefore, to send your special offerings to Rev. J. V. Neville, my financial secretary, before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, that I may be able to forward it to headquarters before the end of the year.

I submit two extracts from my pastoral letter of 1891, which you may advantageously read and explain to your people.

Praying God's blessing on you and your congregations, I remain, dear Fathers, Yours devoutly in Christ, James Vincent Clergy, Archbishop of Kingston.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM. Your acquaintance with ecclesiastical history will enable you to explain to your people with what sacredness the Catholic Church has ever regarded the holy places in Jerusalem, most particularly the sepulchre in which the mangled body of our Lord Jesus lay on the first Good Friday, and which was the scene of His glorious triumph over death and hell on the first Easter morning. The prophet Isaiah, many years before the advent of the Messiah, described with historical accuracy and thrilling detail the agonies He would undergo to endure, in the hour of the redemption of our fallen race, and the multiplied iniquity of His crucifixion, foretold also that His sepulchre should be glorified. *Et locum sepulchri eius gloriosum.* The Catholic Church has ever solicited throughout the past eighteen centuries for which she related the prophetic announcement. The moment she was emancipated from the yoke of the Emperor, her majestic temples, her monasteries, her convents, her religious edifices for the perpetual worship of her buried and risen Lord, and for the promotion of His glory, the pilgrims from all nations, whose fervor of faith and penitential spirit moved them to accept the severities of long journeyings on foot and on horseback, to the Holy Sea, in order to feast their eyes on the scenes of the Saviour's passion and to kiss the ground sanctified by His footsteps. It was to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel Saracens that the Emperor Constantine the Great, in the year 335, ordered the removal of the Holy Places by means of international treaties, and has appointed the Patriarch of the Orders of St. Francis of Assisi perpetual sentinels, to keep watch and ward over that shrine of our Lord's mourning and personal joy, wherein the sleeping Magdalene, who wept for the while garments watching at day-break on the morning of the Resurrection. It is chiefly for the restoration of those religious edifices around our dear Redeemer's burial-place, which have been in latter times falling into decay, that the alms of the Christian world are demanded by the Holy Father in Christ's name and in return for Christ's love.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS TO THE NEGROES IN AFRICA. The work proposed by Pope Leo to be done in Africa is of a nature that appeals no less forcibly to the best feelings of our human nature than to the high principles of our Christian faith. Who can contemplate without pity the horrors of the slave-trade and the life-long woes of slavery, to which the hapless people of that continent have been subjected for the last several centuries, comprising, not alone the periods of Grecian and Roman civilization, which, being Pagan, ignored the law of human brotherhood, but also the ages of the Christian dispensation also, and despite the divine illumination of men's minds by the celestial doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth, and the sublime example of the Man-God, proclaiming the dignity of man as man, regardless of race, color, or condition, and brotherhood of all, their common origin and common destiny, under the paternity and loving providence of their common Father in Heaven, and through the recesses of the earth, and the remotest corners of the globe, but also to our confusion be it said, under the Christian dispensation also, and despite the divine illumination of men's minds by the celestial doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth, and the 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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

PREPARATION FOR ADVENT.

For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and appeareth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.

Our holy Mother the Church, in the gospel of this last Sunday of the year before Advent, fixes our attention upon the second advent or coming of our Lord Jesus Christ in His majesty to judge the living and the dead.

Our Lord in this gospel foretells at the same time the destruction of Jerusalem and the final destruction of the world.

Jerusalem may be taken as the figure of the soul, so that what befall Jerusalem represents to us in lively colors what shall befall souls which, dying unrepentant to God, shall fall under His judgments.

Now, our Lord says of Jerusalem that she shall suddenly be surrounded by her enemies, who shall dig a trench around her, and wall her in on every side so that no one can escape from her.

That her inhabitants shall die victims of pestilence, of famine, and of the edge of the sword, until she shall be left an utter waste.

All this horror and desolation is a mere figure and shadow of what shall take place at the end of the world. The sufferings of that time are nothing in comparison of what the wicked and disobedient shall endure at the awful day of judgment.

Jerusalem, that city of God, so beautiful and glorious, was utterly destroyed because of her sins and obstinate rejection of God's mercy offered her by the Son of God, the Messiah, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The soul, the greatest and noblest work of the Creator, capable of unbounded happiness, if she chooses sin and disobedience, if she refuses to repent and accept God's forgiveness, shall fall a prey to His justice, and for ever fall from her high estate by her own folly.

The hour of death shall shortly be upon us. Then the soul will be in great straits. The devils of hell shall surround us, and our own sinful passions shall rise against us.

The great judgment day for the whole world may be a long way off; but, after all, that is of little consequence to us, for each one of us must have his own particular judgment within a few years or months or weeks—when the time of his death comes.

Let us take our Lord's counsel then: leave Jerusalem before the enemy surrounds her; flee to the mountains; do not stop to take anything with us, but flee at once, nor hesitate a moment—that is, flee from our sins, flee from all sinful practices, and indulgences.

Love Your Protestant Neighbors. We should cultivate a spirit of love for our Protestant neighbors. They are our brethren. We are in a measure responsible for their salvation.

The demand for Ayer's Hair Vigor in such widely-separated regions as South America, Spain, Australia, and India has kept pace with the home consumption, which goes to show that these people knew a good thing when they try it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Neddy's Long word.

"Remember, Neddy," said mamma one day, "always to accommodate every one that you can."

"Yes," answered Neddy, heartily, "I will." And mamma felt sure that he would, because Neddy is one of the very best boys to remember things you ever saw.

The next day Mrs. Camp called to him as he was running down the street with his new sled flying along behind him.

"Neddy, Neddy! come here a minute, won't you?"

Neddy heard her and stopped, though he didn't much want to. He was going over on the Wilson hill coasting, and was in a great hurry; but he went up to the door where Mrs. Camp was standing, and pulled off his fur cap with a polite little bow, which pleased the lady very much.

"Will you run down to the store for me, dear?" she asked. "I want a spoon of twist, and I have no one to send."

It didn't take long, after all. The store was not a great way off, and there was no other customer; and Neddy, in less than five minutes, was back again with the spoon of twist.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Camp, smiling at him. Then she took a bright, new dime from her purse.

"Here is something for you to buy peanuts with," said she, kindly. "And I'm very much obliged besides."

But Neddy shook his head at the dime, though he liked peanuts almost as well as maple sugar, which is saying a good deal.

"You're welcome as can be," said he, "but I can't take pay for going, Mrs. Camp, 'cause, you know, mamma tells me always to accommodate every one I can?"

Didn't Mrs. Camp laugh! Of course, poor little Neddy meant to use the word accommodate. But the lady could not help laughing though she tried so hard that she almost choked, and frightened Neddy, who could not think what the trouble was.—Youth's Companion.

Return of Memory.

A lady who was formerly a resident of Boston relates a singular experience. She was the widow of a Brazilian officer who had lost his life in an expedition sent by the Emperor to investigate a case of plague which threatened to become epidemic in a certain part of Brazil.

On the death of her husband, finding that the Brazilian government offered her no assistance, she decided that she could better support and educate her son if she returned to Boston, where she had friends and was known.

She accordingly returned to her native land, and became a teacher. Just as her son had been put through college by the most strenuous efforts on his mother's part, his health failed, and the physicians ordered a sea voyage.

His mother was in despair. Just at this time, however, Dom Pedro was in Boston (in 1876), and she was advised to apply to him for aid, as her husband had lost his life in the service of the Brazilian State.

Mrs. Louis Agassiz offered to speak in her behalf to the Emperor, and a time was fixed for an interview.

The widow welcomed any chance of help for her boy, but predicted that nothing would come of the meeting.

"The Emperor will surely speak to me in Portuguese," she said, "to see if I am what I profess to be. Of course I spoke the language easily enough when I lived in Brazil, but for ten years I had not pronounced a word of it, and I cannot remember a syllable."

At the appointed hour she went to the hotel, and found the Emperor with several ladies and gentlemen. The conversation was at first in French, and she did very well; but suddenly, and without warning, Dom Pedro turned to her and addressed a question to her in Portuguese.

For an instant she looked at him in silent dismay, utterly unable to say a word. Then with a desperate feeling that perhaps her son's life hung on her words, she opened her lips almost mechanically, and, to her surprise, quite as greatly as to her relief, she found herself speaking Portuguese with as much fluency as if it were her native tongue.

In the twinkling of an eye it had all returned to her; and it is pleasant to be able to record that the Emperor soon after sent her word that a passage had been taken for her and her son on a steamship running between New York and South America, all expenses being paid.

Timid Boys.

Some timid boys are judged too harshly by their companions; nay, by their nearest relatives, and even by their own mothers. Johnny's mother kept it for years as an awful secret that he, a robust-looking boy, was afraid of the dark!

How relieved she was to discover that another mother's Tommy was afflicted with the same infirmity! If she had gone extensively into the study of biography, she would have found that several of the most illustrious men who ever lived were mortally afraid of the dark.

Charles Lamb, for example, suffered for years from this cause, and suffered terribly. As soon as the candle was extinguished, his misery began, and he fell asleep sometimes only from exhaustion of terror.

relative had but known his infirmity, he might have been gradually relieved, and at last, entirely cured. If he had known that half the boys in the world, at some period of their boyhood, are afraid of the dark, the bitter sting of shame would have been taken from him.

It is to be noted that good boys of lively imagination are peculiarly liable to this kind of fear. They are often brave in meeting real dangers, and if necessary they could fight well in self-defense, or in defense of a girl, or of a boy weaker than themselves. It is against imaginary dangers that their courage is wanting.

"I used to be awfully afraid of the dark," said a little girl of ten the other day.

"And how did you cure yourself of it?" asked one of her friends.

Her answer was a wise one, for so young a philosopher. She said, "Whenever I felt afraid, I would do nothing in this room except what there was before dark."

Let us not overvalue the bull kind of courage. It has its value; we must not undervalue it. The courage of a bull is good in a bull; the courage of a man is quite another thing. The human hero protects, defends and assists; "he dares do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."—Youth's Companion.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

I was once called in a Southern city to the bedside of a gentleman who was suffering from a protracted disease. Cardinal Gibbons once said, "He had been a life-long disciple of Voltaire, and was imbued with the doctrines of that able and insidious writer. He was a most cultivated and polite gentleman and would not intentionally give offence or pain to anyone."

When I entered the room I began to set before him, as well as I could, the teachings of the Christian religion, and to impress upon him the obligation of accepting the claims of the Catholic Church.

He listened to me with great patience and attention till I had exhausted all the arguments that suggested themselves to my mind. When I was done he thanked me for my interest, but said that my words did not remove the difficulties from his mind. There was a chasm which had not been bridged over.

While I admired the candor and sincerity of the patient I was mortified at the failure of my efforts to convert him. I determined to make another effort to relieve my conscience.

"You certainly admit," said I, "the existence of One Supreme Being, the Creator and Lord of all things, visible and invisible?"

"That," he replied, "cannot be denied, for all creation must have a first great cause."

"You admit," said I again, "that this Supreme Being is endowed with supreme intelligence, for He must possess, in an eminent degree, all the attributes possessed by His most intelligent creatures?"

"Reason assures me of that," he said.

"You admit," I continued, "that this Supreme Being takes an interest in His creatures, especially in His intelligent creatures, that he loves us, that He possesses all the affection and paternal solicitude which an earthly father has for his children; in a word that He is eminently our Father?"

"That," he replied, "cannot be denied."

"You admit, therefore, that He may be moved by our prayers and entreaties?"

"Most assuredly," he answered. "Then," said I, "you admit the utility and necessity for prayer?"

This, he said, necessarily followed from what I had asked.

I asked him, then, as a special favor, to promise me to offer up daily this short prayer to the Supreme Being:

"Oh, God, give me light to see the Truth, and grace to follow it."

He replied most earnestly that he would comply with my request. I left him with serious misgivings about his future.

A few days later I was called to his bedside, and was struck with the glow of enthusiasm that shone on his countenance in contrast with the gloom that sat on it before. He made an eloquent profession of his faith in the Christian religion in language at once simple and sublime, and begged me to baptize him.

Here is a striking instance of the power of prayer and the direct agency of God in the conversion of a soul without man's interposition. One ray of God's light did more than human words could accomplish.

Prayers, earnest and contrite, have frequently been instrumental in converting and reclaiming even the most hardened of God's creatures. For there stretches a hand from Heaven towards the head of the worst man living. It is a hand not clenched as to smite, but outstretched as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom and immensity no iron-bound shore to confine the sea of God's love. "Watch and pray" is a maxim necessary to obey to-day as it was when first pronounced by the Founder of Christianity. Cardinal Gibbons's story has an excellent moral for all who read it. How to be a saint is easily told—live so as never to forget God in thought, word or action.

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

ALMOST DEAD.

Pitiable Condition of a Young Girl in Toronto—A Mysterious Illness—Doctors Were Unable to Give Her Relief—Her Uncle's Story of the Case.

From the Toronto News.

The remarkable recovery of Cora Gray from a mysterious illness that baffled two of the best known physicians of West Toronto has been the subject of a good deal of talk among the residents in the neighborhood of Bloor street and Brunswick avenue.

As it was expressively put by a neighbor, "She was all but dead, when suddenly she began to regain strength, and in a short time was out on the street with the color restored to her cheeks and the brightness to her eye."

Learning of the case a News reporter called on her uncle, Alpheus Ramsay, who is the proprietor of the Bloor street shoe store, at the corner of Brunswick avenue, and with whom she has lived almost since infancy.

On learning that his visitor was a reporter he was somewhat loth to speak of the case.

"Everybody about here knows of the case," he said, "and I will be glad to tell any sufferer all about it, but I would rather not have it published."

When the reporter pointed out that he was in a position to let thousands know and probably be the means of giving them information that would lead to their recovery, he began to relent, and finally, he gave a brief account of the girl's marvelous restoration. He said:

"My niece is more like a daughter to me. She has been in my care since she was a child, and when she was taken sick a few months ago I was heart-broken. I got two of the best doctors in the west end to prescribe for her, but their medicines made her worse instead of better. She laid in bed week after week, looking like a corpse, eating nothing, and apparently wasting away in a mysterious manner. Her blood was thin and poor, and almost every day there was a change for the worse. She could not take the doctors' prescriptions, for the sickened taste of them. While I was in this state of worry and anxiety a man came around one day delivering pamphlets and he threw one into my shop. I picked it up and I read an exact description of the illness from which my niece was suffering. The remedy prescribed for the cure of the malady described was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box, and Cora took them in a mechanical kind of a way. Well, sir, when she had taken them four days a change came over her. She began to eat with a relish, and every day she seemed to gain fresh strength. She adhered faithfully to the directions, and took four boxes. By that time the roses had returned to her cheeks and she was a different looking girl. She discontinued taking the pills, and later the same languid feeling began to creep over her, so she bought another box, and is now as bright and well as ever she was."

"That is the whole story," added Mr. Ramsay. "There may not be much in it for others, but I believe these pills saved Cora's life, and while I am not anxious for not publicity on her account, it may be that other sufferers will be benefited by hearing of this remedy. I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills. I recommend them to everyone I know, and I take them myself."

Mr. Ramsay is one of the best known men in his neighborhood. He is the superintendent of the Sunday school of Concord Congregational church, and has the confidence of the entire community among which he lives. He has spent two years in business at his present location and his business has grown so much that he is about to remove to larger premises in the Douglas block on Bloor street, near Bathurst.

His statements as to the young girl's condition are amply corroborated by residents of the locality, and up that way there is a boom in Pink Pills.

Any septic who has the inclination to visit Mr. Ramsay will be courteously received, no doubt, and the circumstances frankly related. His gratitude for his niece's recovery leads him to make the most enthusiastic statements regarding the efficacy of the remedy that saved his girl's life.

The Woman Who Most Influenced.

The venerable author Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells of "the woman who most influenced him," in the current Ladies' Home Journal. The woman, of course, was his mother; and her beautiful character is sketched with such tenderness and veneration that we know not whether to admire more the worthy mother or the dutiful son.

One passage of Colonel Higginson's article which is specially interesting to Catholic readers is the following:

"In another direction I learned from my mother one of the most important lessons—that of religious freedom. In the year 1834, when I was ten years old, I watched by her side the burning of a mob of the Ursuline convent, on Mount Benedict, a hill some two miles from our house. The flames lighted up all Cambridge, and were watched by her with an indignation shared by all our immediate neighbors. But when the next morning, I went out with her to confer on the subject with the family butcher, representing the sentiment of what was then the 'village,' we encountered a different phase of feeling.

"Well, Mr. Houghton," said my ever eager mother, "what do they think in the village of this great outrage?"

"Well, I dunno," replied the deliberative functionary, as he cut the morning breakfast. "I guess some of them Bishops are real dissipated characters."

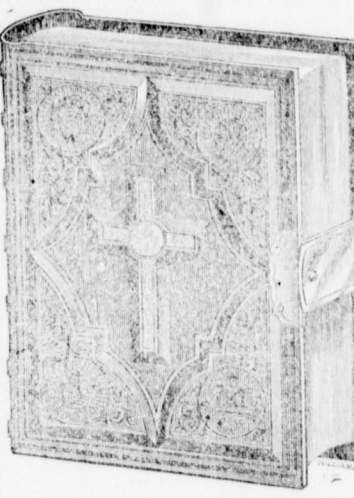
I recognize the same inherited note in some of the sermons and speeches of the present day, but have fortunately carried through life the just instincts of my mother."

It is sad to read, however, after a glowing eulogy of his mother's deeply religious nature, that "none of her children shared this full habit,—not even that one, the most gifted, who was for twenty years a Roman Catholic, and who finally left that Church because it did not seem to her that it provided a sufficiently assured place for my mother."

"It did not seem to her" is a carefully worded clause; but his sister was not the gifted woman the colonel thought her to be, for she seems to have lived within the Catholic Church a long time without knowing much about it.—Ave Maria.

Differences of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. THOMAS' EMULSION OIL, do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c and \$1.



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What The Angels See.

If there are angels who look into the ways of man, how different are the notions which they entertain of us from those we are apt to form of one another.

We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories.

They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience, and thankfulness under the pressure of what titled minds call poverty and distress.

They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomp of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and bye-paths of life.

The evening walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men.

A contemplation of God's works, a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind, tears shed in silence for the misery of others, a private desire of resentment broken or subdued—in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable.

The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, contempt, or indignation, whilst those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, appropriation, and esteem.— Addison.

Boyle O'Reilly's Three Paces.

Convicts who were forced to drag about a ball and chain at the galleys could often be detected, when released, by their habit of trailing one foot after the other. John Boyle O'Reilly, condemned to convict life in Australia for his Fenian sympathies, had also in after years a habit which told a like sad story:

When walking abstractedly and mechanically, he always went a short distance, and then retraced his steps no matter how wide a stretch he had before him.

It was always three paces forward, turn, and three paces back, exactly like the restless turning of a lion in a cage. One day Jeffreys Roche asked him:

"Boyle, what was the length of your cell when you were in prison? How many paces?"

"Three," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, when you are absent-minded, you always walk three paces forward and then retrace your steps."

No family living in a bilious country should be without Paroel's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Paroel's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Vertical advertisements on the left margin including Sarsaparilla, Agency, and various other products.



