

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1899.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 18

Calendar for April, 1899.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Third Quarter, 3rd, 7h. 43.2m. a. m.
New Moon, 10th, 5h. 8.2m. a. m.
First Quarter, 17th, 6h. 30.6m. p. m.
Full Moon, 25th, 3h. 9.3m. p. m.

Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High Water	Low Water
1 Saturday	5 40	6 27	11 58	8 39	4 27	10 30
2 Sunday	5 38	6 26	10 44	7 27	4 16	10 16
3 Monday	5 36	6 25	9 31	6 16	4 05	10 02
4 Tuesday	5 34	6 24	8 20	5 06	3 54	9 48
5 Wednesday	5 32	6 23	7 11	3 58	3 43	9 34
6 Thursday	5 30	6 22	6 04	2 52	3 32	9 20
7 Friday	5 28	6 21	4 59	1 48	3 21	9 06
8 Saturday	5 26	6 20	3 56	0 46	3 10	8 52
9 Sunday	5 24	6 19	2 55	0 46	3 00	8 38
10 Monday	5 22	6 18	1 56	0 47	2 50	8 24
11 Tuesday	5 20	6 17	0 58	0 49	2 40	8 10
12 Wednesday	5 18	6 16	0 01	0 52	2 30	7 56
13 Thursday	5 16	6 15	0 05	0 56	2 20	7 42
14 Friday	5 14	6 14	0 10	0 61	2 10	7 28
15 Saturday	5 12	6 13	0 16	0 67	2 00	7 14
16 Sunday	5 10	6 12	0 23	0 74	1 50	7 00
17 Monday	5 08	6 11	0 31	0 82	1 40	6 46
18 Tuesday	5 06	6 10	0 40	0 91	1 30	6 32
19 Wednesday	5 04	6 09	0 50	0 1 00	1 20	6 18
20 Thursday	5 02	6 08	1 01	0 1 10	1 10	6 04
21 Friday	5 00	6 07	1 13	0 1 20	1 00	5 50
22 Saturday	4 58	6 06	1 26	0 1 30	0 50	5 36
23 Sunday	4 56	6 05	1 40	0 1 40	0 40	5 22
24 Monday	4 54	6 04	1 55	0 1 50	0 30	5 08
25 Tuesday	4 52	6 03	2 11	0 2 00	0 20	4 54
26 Wednesday	4 50	6 02	2 28	0 2 10	0 10	4 40
27 Thursday	4 48	6 01	2 46	0 2 20	0 00	4 26
28 Friday	4 46	6 00	3 05	0 2 30	0 00	4 12
29 Saturday	4 44	5 59	3 25	0 2 40	0 00	3 58
30 Sunday	4 42	5 58	3 46	0 2 50	0 00	3 44

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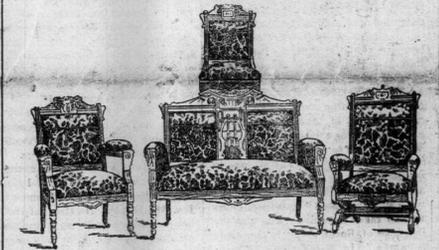
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SERMON ON THE PASSION.

Preached in St. Dunstan's Cathedral, on Good Friday last, by Rev. A. M. Clark.

Sacrifice the Essential Worship of Religion.

"Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

It is but the merest truism to say that everything that is good in this world has come and must come by the blood of man's fellow creatures. From the instant of my conception until I was a year old, I lived on the breasts of my mother. And from then until now have I not subsisted on those things for which the lives of many of my fellows have been sacrificed? In the fields, in the mines, on the ships and railways how many hundred lives have ended in the endeavor to bring to my household the flour, the coal, the clothing and the material to build the house itself for me. Lives have been sacrificed for my good, and without this spending and destruction of human life in the struggle for existence, there could be no proper existence possible. Man lives by the blood of his fellow men and as he walks through life he leaves behind him footsteps stained with the blood of those who have been destroyed that he might live. Whatever he touches reeks thereafter with the blood of the slain who died that he might possess it. As the earth revolves in its annual passage round the sun, there stands firm above it a great cross, red with the Blood of him who this day shed his Blood for the benefit of the race of men. Its top reaches to the very footstool of the great white throne and its arms embrace the world and all who dwell therein. Upon it hangs the Son of Man Who is sacrificed for the sins of the world, and every other sacrifice which men have made for the sake of their fellow men finds in the sacrifice made to-day by Our Redeemer its completion and its fulfillment. For as the body of man in order to live, demands the blood of its fellows, much more must the soul if it is to gain everlasting life have the sacrifice of the Life of Christ.

There has never been a religion worthy the name which has left out of its teachings this most essential doctrine, sacrifice. That the doctrine is primitive, and is part of the first Revelation made to man after the fall is easy of proof. It is true that where we find a religious belief the same in all races and tribes, we can say such a belief is one belonging to the race in its unity, and therefore we trace it back to the times before the human race was dispersed to wander over the face of the earth. We need not question those tribes who have degenerated so low as to have almost no religion; but if we ask of those whom we do not call semi-civilized, as the Mexicans and Peruvians, the ancient Chinese and Japanese, or the religions of Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, Greece and Rome they answer with accordant voice "There is no religion without sacrifice for sin." The Indian who sacrifices the white dog, the Malaysian who kills the black cock, and the Hawaiian who offered up the flesh of swine, will tell you in the very words of the Apostle, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

Let us take next the history of religion in its truth, that is as taught by those teachers whom God has at all times accredited to be the authoritative expounders of His truth to their fellow men; and let us see what has been their teaching from time without mind. As St. Paul says, "God has not left himself without a witness." That is he has ever had in the world his teachers who held the religion he revealed to them or to their fathers and to whom he gave the authority to teach in his name. To go back to the days of the Patriarchs before the Flood. We find in the very beginning that Abel's sacrifice of a lamb with the shedding of blood was accepted by God, while Cain offering fruits and flowers was rejected. Abel had learned and so must Cain have learned that the sacrifice which God demanded of them was the life of one of the first-born of the flock. And as if to confirm this truth, and to impress it indelibly on the mind of the race, God lets Abel give his life as a witness to the truth of this doctrine. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." So men went on sacrificing animals for sin until the Flood. Immediately after that great catastrophe Noah offers up on the mountain where the ark rested the sacrifice which God had commanded to his fathers. As Adam and Seth, and Enos, and the others whose names are preserved in the record in the book of Genesis,

were the divinely appointed teachers of religion for the race; so also Noah and after him his son Shem. Then passing over Abraham we come down to the time of Moses, when this great Law Giver who held converse with God crystallized and put into shape again the external requirements of Divine Worship and taught the same revealed truths to the Hebrews that Adam, Enos, and Noah had taught.

How and where men sacrificed to God before the days of Moses, and how often these sacrifices were offered need not concern us now. But we may infer, that in requiring the daily Sacrifice at the hands of the Priests of the tribe of Levi, Moses was only enforcing a custom which had been in vogue before his day. Now there is no one who will tell himself a Christian who is so timid as to deny that this religion which Moses founded and taught under God was Divine and true. But sacrifice was its very essence. The Tabernacle and all it contained was made for sacrifice. Aaron and all the Priests of Levi were constituted Priests to offer sacrifice.

List us now come down to the time of our Lord who came "not to destroy the Law, but to fulfil it." He taught the same doctrine, the same truth, "That without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." And He offered up Himself to-day on the Altar of the cross as the sacrifice in which all others must find their end and fulfillment. But having made His sacrifice, He did not abolish it henceforth. No, far from it; for in those tremendous words which He spoke to His Apostles the night before He suffered: "This is My Body: This is the Chalice of My Blood of the new and eternal testament: The Mystery of Faith; which shall be shed for you and for many for the Remission of Sins: As often as ye shall do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me." He gave them the command to offer up the continuation of His sacrifice on Calvary. (Mal. I. ii.) So that the words of Malachi the Prophet were fulfilled and are: "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation." So it is in the Mass that we have the same sacrifice as that of the Cross, its continuation, but not its repetition.

Christ constituted His Apostles Priests when He gave them the power to offer sacrifice in saying to them these words, "Do this for a commemoration of Me," which words in the language in which they were uttered as well as in the Greek and Latin are equivalent to "Offer this sacrifice for a commemoration of Me."

This doctrine old as humanity, proceeding from the very Heart of God, taught by him in every age, Christ also taught and his Apostles and their successors even to this day. Every day is the year the Church celebrates the Holy Mass except on that day when occurs the anniversary of the Sacrifice of Calvary. Then she bids us look at Calvary's Bloody ground in which the Cross is planted, and raising our eyes to him who hangs on the Cross behold him whom we sacrifice every other day but this. There is no Mass, no sacrifice offered here, nor in any church in the world to-day. The celebrant will go the Repository in a few moments and take thence the Sacred Body of our Lord and receive him in holy Communion.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is the great act of worship in the Church of Jesus Christ because it is the continuation of the Sacrifice of the Cross on Calvary. Come now and let us see this morning how Christ is daily offered and slain. "I saw a Lamb as it were slain standing on Mount Zion." (Apoc.) The Sacrifice of the Mass is the same Sacrifice as that of Calvary. As there outside the walls of the holy City Jesus Christ offered him self once for the sins of the whole world a complete and perfect sacrifice and as in heaven St. John saw him in vision continually offering himself to his Eternal Father, so here on the earth in this sacrifice of the Mass he offers himself up by the hands of his Priests until the consummation of all things. Mark this well, this sacrifice is not the repetition of Calvary at all. It is Calvary; nor shall Calvary and its sacrifice be no more until that happy day shall come when the last soul on earth, and the last soul in the pains of Purgatory shall have with joy accepted the merits, and the satisfaction for sin which Jesus has made for them in this tremendous Sacrifice.

On this day he, the Innocent Victim, went forth bearing His Cross on the dreadful painful way of sorrow. In that Cross was the load of your sins and mine, of which He declared Himself to be guilty. For which He declared that he was desirous

to suffer. Behold Him now as He advances toward the Altar of the Cross. He is dressed in the most abject of men, the man of sorrow and understanding our weakness. His countenance is disfigured with frowns, with spitting and sweat. His head is surmounted with a cruel crown of sharp and piercing thorns. His flesh is torn with the frightful lashes of the scourges, and His garments cling to the dried blood which poured from his wounds. In all the way he goes with gentleness and meekness, never one word of complaint, only silent, ceaseless mourning for the sins of man which have caused him all this pain. Not one word of anger, or of reprimand escapes him, nor are they ever conceived in his Divine Heart. At last they arrive at the hill of Calvary, and tearing his garments from him they throw him down upon the ground. Then they take his sacred hands which were never raised except to bless or to feed the hungry and care the sick, and pressing them on the hard rough wood they take great nails like spikes and drive them through flesh and bones into the wood. At the same time the blows of the hammer fall on the nails that pierce his feet. Those feet which carried him about doing nothing but good, which have brought him willingly where he is. In this supreme moment, as a pain unknown to any of the children of men thrills through his sacred form, he forgets the pain, and he thinks of his blessed Mission upon earth, His coming to save men from sin. And so He opens His lips to speak. Hark! Sweet and low are His accents, and tender and gracious are the words. They are the sum of Divine Love and Pity, they are the sum of Mercy and great hearted bounty. Hark! "Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Once during His Ministry He had said: "Come unto Me all ye that are burdened and I will refresh you," and now He declares that it is here upon the cross, that he wishes man to come to Him. The Son of God is praying for His enemies. For those who hate Him, for those who hold Him in contempt, and despise Him; for those who profess to love him but who love riches, ambition, honor, luxury, their own will and judgment, the thought of their own hearts better than they love him. He prays for us my brethren for we are not his executioners? Is it not our sins which nail him there. See your hearts, and behold them full of malice against your neighbors. Hearken to the uncharitable words which you daily utter, whereby you lower the reputation of your fellow men in the estimation of others. The gossiping tongue, that is ever occupied in telling the actions of others both good and bad. The slanderous and calumniating mouth which vomits forth that execrable mixture of truth and falsehood. Murderers, come and listen as you kill him. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Herein is sacrifice! This is what he demands of us. Our sacrifice is to curb our passions and to nourish and cultivate the virtues which God by nature and by grace has implanted within our souls. "Without the Shedding of blood, there is no forgiveness of sins. Christ by his Death has blotted out the handwriting that was against us." If we then will partake of this forgiveness we must be united to him in his sufferings. "For he has left us an example that we may follow in his footsteps. That we put away anger, pride, covetousness, lust and gluttony; and practice meekness, humility, poverty, temperance and purity." He asks us not to die for him, not to do any great startling act. He begs us only to do what conscience and right reason tell us infallibly is good. And now lastly what is there in sacrifice that makes it worth anything to us. How can it come to pass that the words of our Lord are accomplished, "He that hath given up Father and Mother and all things for Mine and the Kingdom of Heaven's sake shall receive a hundred fold in this world and in the world to come everlasting life?"

When we speak of self-denial and sacrifice in this sense we mean the subjection of the passions and appetites to the dominion of reason instructed by the Revealed word of God. Most of us cannot deny ourselves as we would like to do. But there are many things in which we can practice this virtue. There is the tongue which is a little member but which is set on fire of hell. No one of the members of the human frame is worse than this one in the number and variety of the sins it commits. Behold the woman with the bad tongue, eager to tell all she knows and generally also more than she knows, for her tales must be adorned. She is the very plank of vanity and what matters it if she be a little easy on the truth? It sounds well, and she loves to hear herself talk. She is at Mass of a

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week day, she runs in and out of the Church a half-dozen times a day during a Forty Hours Devotion. She knows a host of Priests and Bishops and is never tired of telling what devout, single-minded, devoted and pious clerics they are. She is very solicitous for their welfare when they are ill, I mean in words, but at the same time she has a tongue full of poison, for anyone whom she does not like. Two or three of them meet together and they proceed to discuss every one in town, and to give their opinion favorable or adverse to them and oftentimes the latter.

Behold the example now of our Lord. He was not even talking about the faults of his neighbors. No, his conversation was not of the things of this earth, but of those which concern his Father's kingdom and his own. When he was reviled he did not answer back nor attempt to make any defense of his conduct. He kept silent, and let his deeds speak for him. And how well he knew Judas, Annas, Caiaphas, Herod, Pilate, and how much he might have told "that was true" about them, but he kept silent. Not a word did he utter. He left us an example that we should follow in his footsteps.

No my dear brethren, it needs not the cloister, the Nun's garb, nor the Priest's soutane to bring one to be a very apostle of sacrifice, and to imitate him who has set us the example. There are a hundred different ways in which we who are in the world, and in which the laity can and ought to practice self denial. If I have spoken of the sins of the tongue it is because such sins are apt to be more common where the community is not so large and interesting things are fewer.

Jesus Christ who to-day is sacrificed to redeem us, hangs upon the Cross as the King of the Universe. He has conquered and the cross is now before his royal throne whence he triumphs over all that is low and base, and brings every faculty into harmony with the higher parts of him, his Divine nature. So would he have us also by the power of sacrifice united to his, bring all our faculties into harmony with our regenerate souls. "Mortify therefore your members, die to the world, be alive to God. Be dead to other's faults, weaknesses and frailties, and be alive to these facts that you are a sinner full of unclean and base desires, full of anger, pride, lust, covetousness, greediness, envy and sloth. Seek to root out your predominant passion and then and only then can you call yourself a follower of Christ and a Christian.

It is thus by sacrifice which entails suffering that sinful creatures like us can alone find peace. The whole creation bears witness to this truth, sentient and non-sentient. Mankind in every age has held this as a divinely revealed truth. The Divine Redeemer himself has declared it by his word, and has taught it by the great sacrifice consummated to-day, and continued in the sacrifice of the Mass offered every other day in the year.

It is the Royal Road to joy, to peace, to rest in this world, and to everlasting joy, peace and rest in the world to come. No other way has been prepared; "No man cometh to the Father but by Me. I am the way. I am the door; by Me if any man enter he shall find life." It is then by the uniting of all our sufferings to those of our Divine Lord, that we can enter into rest.

May it be ours when our short course of suffering is ended, to be able to say with Paul, "It is finished. Into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

Faust and Mephistopheles.

N. F. Davin, in the Commons the other day scored Hon. J. I. Tarte. In the course of his speech he said: "I see that the Hon. Minister of Public Works (Mr. Tarte) is giving my Right Honorable friend the prime minister a pointer. I say here that he must not always rely on the soundness of the advice given him in that quarter. No man ever existed in public life in any country so distrusted as the present minister of Public Works. The whole of Quebec is in revolt against him; and the unbought Liberalism of western Canada is in revolt against him, but by some extraordinary power he keeps his place and exerts an unlimited influence over the prime minister. Cuba has resolutions against him, but what happens? My right hon. friend writes letters to silence the voices of indignant Liberalism, and he himself goes to Montreal to make the peace of the Minister of Public Works with the outrage of the more respectable members of the Liberal party in French Canada. This is really one of the

MOST PECULIAR POSITIONS. that of the prime minister of Canada in regard to the Hon. the minister of public works and it excites strange and grave apprehensions in the minds of Liberals and of Conservatives. Mr. Speaker, you will remember the story of Meszmasius, who used to tie the dead bodies to living bodies not to revive the dead but to destroy the living. And some Liberals ask the question: Is this relationship between the Minister of Public Works and the Prime Minister destined to destroy the Government? Conservatives not sharing the fears of these Liberals but having correlative feelings of surprise and alarm ask: "Is it going to launch the Ship of State on a rolling sea of corruption without board or shore? What is to be the end of it? Such are the questions people ask when they see this extraordinary influence exercised over the Prime Minister by the honorable gentleman. McEwen took respectable and able men, professors of colleges, barristers, merchants, and brought them under the control of his will in such a way that while apparently in their sense they could not do other than as he bids them. Some such

HYPOCHONDRIAC INFLUENCE as that seems to be possessed by the Minister of Public Works over my right hon. friend. I would I could wake the right hon. gentleman (Sir Wilfrid Laurier) from his trance, wake him completely from the sinister spell that the minister of public works (Mr. Tarte) throws over him. Whatever effect it may have on my own party I will give them, I will give these rules, only make yourself subject to me." And the Right Hon. gentleman has not the power to say: "Get these behind me," but remains helpless, supine under the spell to this hour. There he sits the Faust of Canadian politics, and behind him the Mephistopheles."

Letter of Condolence.

The following letter of condolence was forwarded from the C. M. B. A., Souris: To R. F. McDonald.— Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove by death the wife of our esteemed brother R. F. McDonald; be it Resolved, that we, the members of Branch 281 (C. M. B. A.), of Souris, while bowing to the will of the Allwise Providence, sincerely condole with our brother in the great loss he has sustained; and Further Resolved, that we tender our brother our heartfelt sympathy, coupled with the prayer that the Supreme Comforter may support him in his affliction, and grant repose to the soul of his departed wife. Received, that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of our branch and copies be sent to the papers for publication. ALLAN L. MACDONALD, JAMES J. HUGHES, A. A. MACLELLAN, Representing the C. M. B. A., Souris, C. M. B. A. Hall, Branch 281, Souris, P. E. I., March 29, 1899.

DEED.

At Souris Line Road, on the 23rd March, 1899, Mrs. Currie, in the 92nd year of her age, relict of the late Archibald Currie, died. At her son's residence, South Shore, Lot 65, Sunday, March 26th, 1899, Mary Ann Horrie, relict of the late James Horrie, aged 92 years and 9 days, a native of Devonshire, England. At Charwood, on March 29th, Mary C. Leslie, daughter of Margaret and William Leslie, aged thirty years. At East Boston, Mass., on the 2nd inst., Anastasia, wife of Charles Madigan, and daughter of the late James and Mary Purcell, of this city. R. I. P. In this city, on the 6th inst., Judith, daughter of Romaine Gallant, aged 13 years. R. I. P. At St. Margaret's, King's County, Stephen Kelly, in the 79th year of his age. May his soul rest in peace. At South Queen's Ferry, near Edinburgh, Scotland, on Feb. 18th, 1899, Jean Irvine, widow of the late Duncan McLaren, Deane, Perthshire, and mother of Mr. J. A. McLaren, of Jas. Paton & Co's, Charlottetown. At Rastion, on the 21st inst., Dominic Plesau, aged 62 years. At Westbrook, Me., on the 27th March, William Leslie, aged 83 years, relict of Antoine Gallant, formerly of Cascopec, R. I. P. At Richmond, Lot 14, on the 17th March, Peter Condon, aged 19 years, son of Martin Condon, R. I. P. At 237 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, on the 4th inst., Arsenas Morrow, in his 61st year, a native of this Province. In this city, on the 10th inst., Archibald McNeill, in his 79th year. In this city, on the 9th inst., Charles Tysan, late of Her Majesty's Service, aged 81 years.

Minards Liniment Relieves Neuralgia. Tenders Wanted. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and on the 22nd day of April next, A. D. 1899, for the purchase of all uncollected books, debts, promissory notes, judgments and accounts due or owing to the undersigned as assignee of the estate of E. W. McParlane. Each tender must be accompanied by ten per cent of the amount thereof, either in cash or certified cheque. For full particulars apply at the office of Matthew & McLean, Souris, P. E. I., March 28, '99. (sp. 3)

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

BISHOP O'CONNOR of London, Ont., has been, it is officially announced, appointed Mr. Walsh's successor as Archbishop of Toronto. He will be installed early in May.

A NEWFOUNDLAND woman, a governess in a dockyard official's family, has been arrested at Halifax for passing bogus cheques. She is Miss Ada Randall, and well connected in St. John's.

THE mails are to be transferred from the Cape route to the Stanley tomorrow morning. The mails brought to the Cape tonight will be brought over by the ice boat on Thursday and this will be their last trip.

THE Provincial Legislature will meet at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon. The guard of honor will be under command of Major Crockett, N. Y. 4 Co. Fort. The usual salute from Fort Edward will be fired by a detachment from No. 1 Co. C. A. under command of Major H. M. Davison.

In the parliamentary bi-selection on the 5th inst., in the Harrow division of Middlesex, England, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Wm. Amrose to a mastership in lunacy in place of Mr. Bulwer, James M. Irwin B. Cox, solicitor, defeated Mr. Curtis Grant, Liberal and radical, by 1,105 votes.

THE steamer Chilkat, with six passengers and a crew of thirteen, captained on the bar at Bureka, California on the 4th inst., as she was leaving the harbor on her trip to San Francisco. Four passengers and six of the crew were drowned, the other nine persons escaping with the aid of crews from the life saving station and the steamer North Fork.

THE traveler Vivid arrived at Hiramcombe, England, on the 10th, and reported that when fifteen miles off Lundy Island they saw the masts of a large vessel suddenly disappear, and soon afterwards saw three men in a dingy praying and shrieking for help. The vessel disappeared to reach the men but the boat sank and its occupants did not reappear.

J. HASLETT, Passenger and Immigration Agent of the C. P. R., arrived at Halifax on the Vancouver the other day, and is on his way to Manitoba and the Northwest with a large party of English agriculturists. The immigration outlook is bad, as Queensland, Australia, is offering free passages, and many who intended coming to Canada will go to Australia.

RETURNS received at Dublin on the 10th from the Irish Council elections showed that 300 Nationalists, 83 Unionists, one Labor candidate and one Liberal have been returned. The Earl of Dunraven and Mount Eglis, Baron Mount Eagle of Brandon, and Baron Emily, Unionist, were elected in Limerick. The results of the elections in a few places would not be known until Monday last.

THE Cuban generals met at Marinas on Friday last and officially decided to resign. General Maximo Gomez as commander-in-chief; they also decided to appoint an executive board of three generals to assist him in distributing \$3,000,000 in deeds of disarming, and in the organization of a new police for the provinces. He will be officially notified of their action and a proclamation will probably be issued to the Cubans.

PARLIER SILVEIRA of Spain has given great satisfaction by announcing that at the forthcoming Parliamentary elections the candidates nominated by the Chamber of Commerce throughout the kingdom will be accepted in every case as the official candidates, and will receive the support of the Government authorities. This is equivalent to a declaration that they will be elected, since in this country such a thing as the defeat at the polls of an official candidate is unknown.

THE City Council of St. John, N. B., has decided to give the Standard Oil Co., Warren, Pa., the same privileges as are given to the Standard Oil Co. The oil will be brought here in tanks and by means of a pipe line from ballast wharf will be conveyed to a distributing depot south of the exhibition grounds. Mr. Clarkson, who represents the company, says it is totally independent of the Standard monopoly and will fight it for the trade of the Maritime Provinces.

A most interesting entertainment took place in St. James' hall, this city, on Monday evening last, when Rev. Mr. Fullerton concluded the winter course of entertainments by an illustrated lecture on Ireland. The lecture was illustrated with stereoscopic views of the charming scenery in the vicinity of "Dublin Bay," "Killarney," "The Giant's Causeway," and other parts of Ireland. As these scenes were thrown on the canvas they were, at intervals, interpreted by the singing of "The Harp that once through Tara's hall;" "Killarney;" "Eglarney;" "Dublin Bay;" etc. There was a large audience and the lecture was much enjoyed.

A storm which has recently swept across the English channel delayed the steamboat service between Great Britain and the continent. A number of fishing smacks have been wrecked and others are missing. A fierce gale also swept the Irish coast, causing considerable destruction to property. The British ship John Conke, which arrived at Limerick, on March 8th, from Portland, Oregon, was badly damaged, by breaking from her mooring during a fierce hurricane at midnight recently colliding with and sinking a smack and also damaging another vessel. The Norwegian bark Bonita, which left Cardiff, on January 30th for Haran, and which put into Baltimore, Ireland, on February 4th, waterlogged, has been driven on the rocks in Baltimore harbor and badly damaged.

THE April number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine is out. The frontispiece is an excellent likeness of his Honor Lieut. Governor Howland, and the table of contents embraces the following contributions: Our Entertainments. One Entertainment—Dunk Speaks. A Poem—by Professor Caven; Two Departures—by Senator Ferguson; De Robertal—by W. L. Cotton (with portrait of the author of De Robertal); A Dream Face, a Poem by May Carroll; Insula Felix II—by M. L. W. P. (Illustrated); The Bastion of Charlottetown—by A. Irwin; Side Talks with "Spicis"—by "James"; The Skerry Vore Light-house; (Illustrated with portraits of the Islanders wrecked on the Labrador); The Autobiography of an Umbrella; Notes and Queries, Correspondence, etc. The Prince Edward Island Magazine is for sale at the bookstore, price five cents a copy; subscription, one year, 50 cents.

Do Not Be Fooled

With the idea that any preparation your druggist may put up and try you will purify your blood like Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has a reputation—it has earned its record. It is prepared under the personal supervision of educated pharmacists who know the nature, quality and medicinal effect of all the ingredients used. Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures all forms of blood disease and is the World's great Spring Medicine and One True Blood Purifier.

Farms for Sale.

The following farms are offered by private sale upon easy terms: 90 acres on Souris Line Road, Lot 45, near Hartney Station, formerly occupied by the late Leuchlin McDonald, will be sold at a bargain. 63 acres on Souris River, Lot 45, formerly owned by the late Patrick O'Donnell, with buildings thereon. 78 acres near Cable Head, Lot 41, also other lands on Lot 45, formerly owned by Thomas Burke. 67 acres on Grove Pine Road, Lot 66, formerly owned by Mark McDonald. 50 acres on Grove Pine Road, Lot 66, also formerly owned by Mark McDonald and situate a short distance south of the above farm. 78 acres on the Cardigan Road, Lot 8, formerly owned by Daniel Mooney. 70 acres on Lot 54, north of the St. George's Road, formerly owned by John Campbell. 53 acres on Lot 54, on the north side of the Lanching Road, formerly owned by Angus D. Campbell. There is a cheese factory on the corner of this farm. About 30 acres near Cardigan Bridge, lying between the Grand River and St. Peter's Roads, formerly owned by Thomas Garland. 58 acres at Dromore, Lot 37, formerly owned by Owen Wise.

For further particulars apply at the office of James A. McDonald, Barrister-at-Law, Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 12, 1899.—51

A SAD and fatal accident occurred at a railway crossing in Toronto a few evenings ago, by which a woman and her thirteen year old son lost their lives. Mrs. Malone, wife of James F. Malone and three children were returning from service in the Catholic church to their home. They had to cross a railway track where there were three or four sets of rails. They had crossed three tracks and were in the act of crossing the fourth when the two younger children, evidently saw the approaching train and managed to scramble off, but the mother and the boy were overtaken and killed almost instantly. Their bodies were hurled some distance from the track. Mrs. Malone had just time to utter a scream before being struck. This aroused attention and soon brought to the spot Mr. Malone and some neighbors. The boy was dead when found; but Mrs. Malone was breathing when found and died in a few minutes. Mr. Malone, the husband and father is a son of the late Captain Malone of this city, and his mother and other members of the family still reside here. They have our sympathy in this sad family bereavement.

For Kid Gloves there is no place like Sentner, McLeod & Co's.

AFTER SERIOUS SICKNESS. The heart and nerves are left weak and the blood is thin and watery. At this time Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken. They strengthen the heart and nervous system, enrich the blood and rapidly restore the health. 50c., all dealers.

THE HERALD FOR 1899

During the coming year the HERALD will contain religious selections from the highest authorities and the most approved sources; brilliant and interesting stories from the best living authors; accounts of the proceedings in the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislature; the news of the world, condensed for busy people; accounts of all local happenings of importance. It will also discuss in clear and terse language, the different living issues as they present themselves.

Now is the time to subscribe, Price, \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office. Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Check Books Receipt Books Note of Hand Books Send in your orders at once. Address all communications to the HERALD.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Peoples' Store, Wholesale and Retail.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is arranging to establish a very fast service between Montreal and the Pacific coast. It is expected that the new service will come into operation some time during May. It is yet too early to say just what the reduction in time will be, but it is understood that at least eight or ten hours will be gained under the new arrangement. The trip across the continent now occupies upwards of six days. With the new timetable in force, it will be possible to cover the distance between Montreal and Vancouver in five and one half days. Specially large and powerful engines are being constructed to haul the fast trains, and no effort will be spared to make the train service of the C. P. R. across the continent the fastest yet attempted by any trans-continental road.

A SAD and fatal accident occurred at a railway crossing in Toronto a few evenings ago, by which a woman and her thirteen year old son lost their lives. Mrs. Malone, wife of James F. Malone and three children were returning from service in the Catholic church to their home. They had to cross a railway track where there were three or four sets of rails. They had crossed three tracks and were in the act of crossing the fourth when the two younger children, evidently saw the approaching train and managed to scramble off, but the mother and the boy were overtaken and killed almost instantly. Their bodies were hurled some distance from the track. Mrs. Malone had just time to utter a scream before being struck. This aroused attention and soon brought to the spot Mr. Malone and some neighbors. The boy was dead when found; but Mrs. Malone was breathing when found and died in a few minutes. Mr. Malone, the husband and father is a son of the late Captain Malone of this city, and his mother and other members of the family still reside here. They have our sympathy in this sad family bereavement.

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50 pairs Men's Long Boots Sydney Grain guaranteed Water proof, the best Boots for lobster men to wear, for sale at J. B. McDonald & Co's.

HOW THIN YOU LOOK! Do you like to hear it? If not, take Scott's Emulsion. It will fill out your sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and thin hands. Why not have a plump figure? Don't let disease steal a march on you.

Just opened 17 cases new Boots, Men's Women's and Children's for sale at low prices. J. B. McDonald & Co.

7 cases Men's and Boys' Clothing, just opened at J. B. McDonald & Co's.

A Big Secret.

How to Save Money.

If there is one store in Charlottetown where you can always depend on getting the very best value for your money, without doubt that store is

WEEKS & CO.,

The Peoples' Store—Wholesale and Retail, Successors to W. A. Weeks & Co.

Since buying out the business of the old firm of W. A. Week & Co., we have been ordering and receiving large quantities of

Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods.

New Spring Prints, Ladies' New Blouses, Table Napkins and Linens, Sheeting and Pillow Cottons, and Other Staple Goods.

One of our partners, Mr. Chas. Leigh, is now in the English markets making large spring purchases of

Millinery, Mantles, Dress Goods,

And other Novelties which we will show in the course of a few weeks. Remember we want all of the old firm's customers and many new ones. Buying large and paying cash will put us in a position to sell goods as cheap if not cheaper than our predecessors, who always were looked upon as the cheapest store in Charlottetown.

We Want Your Trade, Give Us a Try.

Weeks and Co.

The Peoples' Store, Wholesale and Retail.

New Clothing

New Clothing for Men, New Clothing for Boys, New Clothing for Children.

CHARTER PRICES, APRIL 11. Beef (quarter) per lb. \$2.04 to \$2.06 Beef (small) per lb. 0.05 to 0.10 Butter, (fresh) 0.18 to 0.20 Butter (salt) 0.18 to 0.17 Cheese, (lb) 0.12 to 0.14 Celery, per bunch 0.05 to 0.07 Chickens 0.30 to 0.40 Cabbages, per head 0.03 to 0.05 Cabbage, per doz. 0.30 to 0.40 Carrots 0.03 to 0.05 Cauliflowers 0.05 to 0.08 Codfish each (corned) 0.05 to 0.10 Codfish each (fresh) 0.05 to 0.10 Cuttings (trimmed) 0.07 to 0.08 Ducks 0.40 to 0.60 Eggs, per doz. 0.12 to 0.14 Flour, per cwt. 2.00 to 2.00 Fowls, per pair 0.35 to 0.50 Geese, 0.90 to 0.70 Ham, per lb. 0.12 to 0.14 Hay, per 100 lbs. 0.08 to 0.08 Hides 0.64 to 7.00 Hake 0.03 to 0.13 Lard 0.10 to 0.12 Lamb skins 0.30 to 0.60 Oats 0.33 to 0.35 Pork 0.42 to 0.05 Potatoes (per load) 1.50 to 2.50 Mackerel 0.13 to 0.14 New Hay 0.25 to 0.30 Oatmeal (black oats) per cwt 0.00 to 2.20 Oatmeal (white oats) per cwt 0.00 to 2.00 Sheep pelts 0.50 to 0.90 Straw (per load) 1.50 to 2.50 Turkeys 0.13 to 0.15 Wild Geese 0.65 to 0.70 Apples 0.35 to 0.50 Mutton, per lb. 0.05 to 0.08 Mutton, carcass 0.04 to 0.06 Mangies 0.10 to 0.15 Lamb per quarter 0.40 to 0.60

We have opened 7 cases Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Youths' Suits, Men's Double Breasted Suits, Men's Single Breasted Suits, good, for \$4.25; Boys' D. B. Coats, long Pants, \$3.50; Boys' D. B. Coats, short Pants, \$2.75; Youths' Suits, from \$1.00 up.

—ALSO—

150 Pairs Men's Separate Pants,

Good strong Tweed and fine Worsted, prices \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.50, with a guarantee of the best value to be found in Charlottetown.

You will save your expenses in town by buying your Clothing from us.

J. B. McDONALD & CO.

For Best Value in Clothing.

See Them

150 pairs Men's strong Tweed and fine Worsted Pants, the best value ever shown in Charlottetown, now open at J. B. McDonald & Co's.

Every cyclist should carry a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow O.I. It has no equal for taking out inflammation, reducing swelling or relieving pain. Price 25c.

36 CASES HATS AND CAPS.

\$5,000

Boots & Shoes.

\$5,000

Ready-to-wear Clothing

Will arrive in a few days.

Latest Styles, Lowest Prices.

R. H. Ramsay & Co

Grafton St., New Prowse Block, Charlottetown.

ALWAYS BUY EDDY'S MATCHES AND GET the MOST of the BEST FOR THE LEAST MONEY PROPORTIONATELY.

HAIR GOODS. Our Famous Lily Glove.

We keep a full line of Ladies' Hair Switches in all colors, which cannot be detected from your natural hair. Please send sample of hair. The King-toms of the world I will give them. I will give these rules, only make yourself subject to me." And the Right Hon. gentleman has not the power to say: "Get these behind me," but remains helpless, supine under the spell to this hour. There he sits the Faust of Canadian politics, and behind him the Mephistopheles."

Send for samples of our New Spring Dress Goods, state what color you prefer, and we will be pleased to mail you samples

THE NEW SPRING GOODS ARE HERE.

THEY'RE PRETTY THEY'RE GOOD THEY'RE CHEAP

Sentner, McLeod & Co., Successors to Beer Bros.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Doctors now agree that consumption is curable.

Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.

THE LIGHT OF THE LORD.

(Written for the S. H. Review.)

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O shine and song of Easter morn!

O touch of heaven's low bending!

Our souls like April buds new-born,

Open at thy sweet descending.

O Risen Lord! Thy golden light

Transfigures our contrition,

And tears are but as dewdrops bright

Where guilt hath found remission.

Thy lilted peace is so sweet,

Thy smile, uplifting power;

It glorifies Thy Mercy-Seal,

Love's full seraphic flower!

It quickens our reluctant souls;

O warmth of deep desire,

The strength abides, Thy grace controls.

New flame of spirit fire!

It is Thy presence, Lord of All!

Thyself in this, Thy festival,

May we adore its shining!

IN BED FOR WEEKS.

Mr. Lewis Johnston, living near

Toledo, Leeds Co., Ont., says that

he had Rheumatism so bad that he

was confined to bed for weeks. Two

doctors did him no good. In one

week after taking Millbourn's Rheuma-

tism Pills he was out of bed and is now

cured.

Love's Resurrection.

"There, that an sin' with

nuthin'."

Jacob Stern pushed the small

wooly animal out of the way with

his foot. It certainly did not look

much, that wool lamb only two

days old, as it lay on a bunch of

straw gasping its little life away.

It was very small, very thin, and

very ugly. It seemed all legs.

If its eyes had been either open or

shut it might have excited more

pity, but there was something almost

repulsive in the half-closed orbs that

had the death-film over them.

"Yes, it'll be as dead as a doornail

in half an hour, I tell ye," the

man continued, as he gave his atten-

tion to other more likely lambs of

big flock. But Sarah Stern was

obed the dying creature with a grow-

ling pity in her eyes. She had stood

near her husband when he kicked it,

and a pain shot through her heart

when the big, coarse boot touched

the helpless thing. A moment

longer she watched, then stooping

down she gathered the ugly, shiver-

ing lamb in her checked apron and

started for the house.

There was nothing to suggest ten-

derness or pity in the retreating

figure of Sarah Stern. Her back

was stiff and straight. Determina-

tion and repression were written on

those broad, flat shoulders and in

that springless walk. There was

nothing to awaken a thought of pity

in the awkward figure in its short,

seam skirt, slipping the tops of the

heavy shoes, as it took a neat cut

to the house across the corner of the

ploughed field. Her face, when she

turned an instant to see if she were

followed, was scarcely more attrac-

tive. It was wrinkled, yellow, and

dried, and resembled a leaf which

had withered in the unfolding. The

eyes were cold, the lips firmly pres-

sed together, and the iron-gray hair

was wiry and lifeless. It would

never occur to any one to ask Sarah

Stern for sympathy, but just now,

when she opened one corner of the

blue and white apron and looked

again at the motionless thing she

carried, there was a strange expres-

sion on her face. Now and strange

as it was, it did not look out of place

on those homely features.

"I believe he's gettin' harder

every day," she muttered, as she

hurried along. "Laws, I guess

we've both bin gettin' harder and

colder some."

The sentence was left unfinished,

but the heavy sigh and the one word

"Mamie" that quivered through the

thin lips told there was much not

said in that unfinished sentence.

"You'll live, little lamb; you'll

live just for the sake of them old

days." The woman was crooning

over the lamb now as if lay on a rag-

ged straw under the kitchen stove.

Sarah Stern, who had never been

known to say a crooning word in

twenty years, was lifting that moral

of life with the tenderness she might

have bestowed on an infant. She

coaxed a few drops of warm milk

between the lamb's nerveless lips,

covered it snugly with the shawl,

and then sat down beside it to await

results.

When Jacob came into the house-

an hour later the lamb had recovered

enough to open its eyes, and its

breathing was more regular. Sarah's

face wore a brighter expression than

it had for years. Jacob saw it and

wondered.

"Queer critter, women be," he

muttered. "There, she's loakin' "

more pleased over that m'able lamb "

'han I ever seen her look at me "

ere—," and Jacob stopped abruptly "

when he reached the point in his "

entrance where his wife had fallen "

an hour before.

Like other men, when Jacob Stern "

was puzzled he was apt to be un-

reasonable. He strode over to the "

stove, lifted the shawl none too "

gently and looked at the lamb.

"Tain't no use oddin' that "

thing. I told you it wasn't worth "

rubbin', and it ain't. Yell see it'll "

die and ye'll hev ye're trouble for "

nothin'."

"If I want to waste my time "

over a sick lamb it ain't none of your "

affair," was the gruff answer that "

Jacob received for his prying.

Between the preparations for din-

ner Sarah found many opportunities

to visit the corner behind the stove

and watch the struggle between life

and death that was going on there.

Sometimes her eyes were bright and

sometimes troubled, when she went

back to the potting or table-

setting; it all depended on the pro-

gress nature was making in its fight

with death. At dinner the man and

woman were silent. They were

never talkative, but there were fre-

quently remarks to exchange about

the condition of the weather or the

crop; to day there was none. But

twice they looked at each other and

caught a look in the other's eyes that

made shadow of some remembered

thought flit over their faces. Each

was conscious of it and each wanted

to hide it from the other. Cold and

apathetic as these two were, there

was an undercurrent in their

lives that was being stirred to-day.

Sarah showed it by being more cold

and reserved than ever. Jacob

showed it by being more than usu-

ally irritable. The lamb seemed to

be the cause of his ill-nature. It

was able now to bleat feebly at in-

tervals, and there was an occasional

wriggling under the shawl that be-

tokened greater activity shortly.

"You surely don't expect to keep

that creature around the house if I

should live a day or two. 'Twon't "

live more'n that, I know," Jacob "

said, while he changed his old house- "

coat at for an older one he wore about "

the barn.

"I haven't said yet what I was "

going to do, and I guess ye hev "

your hands full with them other "

lambs at the barn without troublin' "

about this one," and Sarah caught "

up the remains of the roast pork and "

went down cellar to escape further "

questioning. When she came back "

Jacob had gone and the kitchen was "

quiet.

"He don't seem to have any more "

heart than a stone. He can't seem "

to think about anything that isn't big "

and strong and that will bring in "

money. Money! Money!—tha's' all "

we either seem to live for now— "

O Mamie! it might hev bin different "

if ye'd hev stayed with us." The "

voice that was irritable at first sank "

to a wail of grief, the grey head "

dropped on the table and Sarah wept "

bitterly. Great sobs that shook her "

from head to foot sounded through "

the quiet kitchen and the stillness "

was oppressive with that terrible sor-

row. Sarah did not cry often.

Tears did not come readily to her "

eyes; her grief would have been "

lighter if they had. Deep sorrow, "

like deep waters, are not easily stirred; "

when water is moved there is a "

change in consequence.

The clock struck the half-hour "

since Jacob left the house. The din-

ner table was still covered with the "

remains of the last meal. The fire "

had gone out and the lamb under "

the stove was very quiet. The woman's "

head was still bowed on her "

arms. Her sobs had ceased and she "

sat there motionless. In the silence "

of that hour Sarah Stern saw a "

pleasant vision.

It was twilight in the summer-time.

The evening meal had been finished "

an hour ago, and Sarah sat by the "

open window, through which the "

sweet-scented honeysuckle nodded, "

and hummed a child's white frock. "

Jacob's broad back could be seen "

in the distance leaning over the gate "

he had just closed on his herd of "

cows. The sleek creatures were "

wading knee-deep through the dewy "

grass looking for the juiciest little "

bite in that luscious field of clover. "

They were not hungry, and soon lay "

down one by one among the rank "

grass and were satisfied. In the "

pool over by the woods the frogs were "

croaking and an occasional June-bug "

flew against Jacob's hat in its flight "

towards the light. The air was heavy "

with the perfume of clover and wild "

flowers. Nature was in her most de-

lightful mood and man and beast "

were content. The stillness in the "

house was broken by a childish voice "

saying, as a little figure stepped over "

the doortone:—

"Mamma, I want to sleep with my "

pet lamb; he's all alone tonight."

"What'll mamma do if Mamie "

sleeps in Billy's pen? She'll be all "

alone then."

"Oh, do let me sleep with him "

just for tonight, mamma."

Sarah put down her sewing and "

took the little one in her arms. She "

was a sturdy little miss; her big hazel "

eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, "

were troubled now when she thought "

that after His Resurrection Christ "

showed Himself to His Mother first "

alone. The mother pushed back the "

mass of yellow curls and looked in "

the baby face that already had a "

woman's tenderness dawning in it.

"Will Mamie leave mamma and "

sleep out doors with Billy? She'll "

be very cold, I'm afraid."

"Tain't a bit cold tonight, mam-

ma; and besides, I'll lay close by "

side Billy, and his wool is very warm "

you know. Do let me go, mamma."

"What was the use of arguing? "

The child's heat was set upon it, "

coaxing would not convince her, so "